Dec. 10, 1938

THE NEW YORKER

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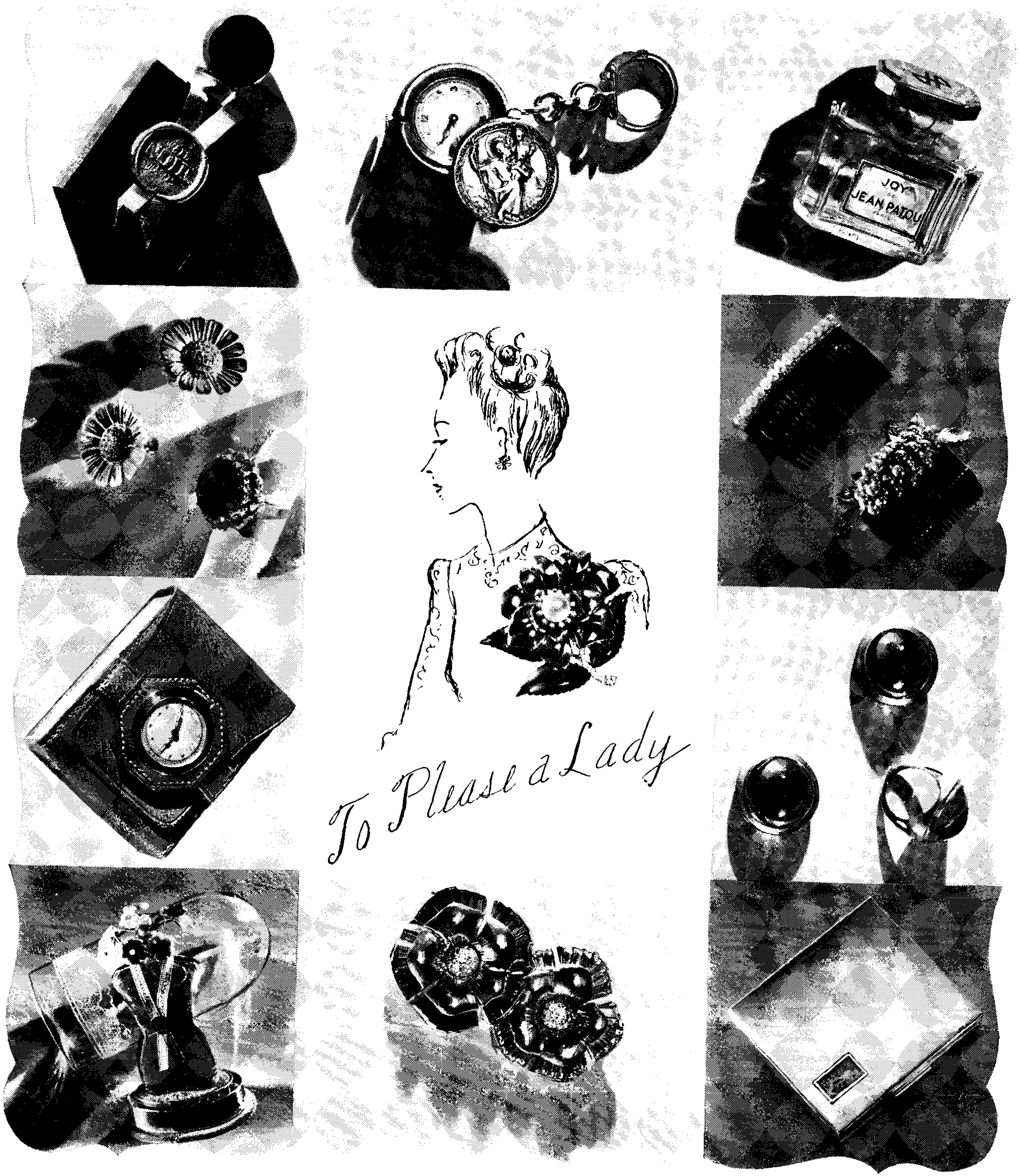

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"Noir," perfume for enchantment, by Weil.
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Cluster ring, with big unreal emerald, $50

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
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Comb with fake pearls, $5. Gilt-berries comb, $2

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Top, St. Christopher medal fob watch, $22

Unreal topaz cabochon button-pins, each $8
Ring set with huge unreal topaz to match, $14
Cigarette case white-bronze fini[illegible]

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M., and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS—Raymond Massey demonstrating what a fine actor can do with a beautiful play. The cast also contains Muriel Kirkland, Adele Longmire, Wendell Phillips, and Albert Phillips. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE—Elmer Rice's solution to the problems that confront America, including Nazism and the Economic Crisis. Not so much a play as a debate. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

BACHELOR BORN—An English boys' school infested with young ladies. Several changes have been made in the cast since last season. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699.)

HAMLET—Maurice Evans, Mady Christians, and Katherine Locke, all acting away in a version that takes a little over four and a half hours, with one hour out for dinner. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. 6:30 P.M. Mat. Sat. only, 1 P.M.)

KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE—Miss Clare Boothe demonstrating her contempt for the human race in a comedy about a girl who wants to play in "Gone with the Wind." Helen Claire is the ambitious actress and Sheldon Leonard is the producer who tries to seduce her. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR. 9-3970. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

OSCAR WILDE—A play which shows us a wit who is really witty, thanks a good deal to the extremely intelligent performance given by Robert Morley. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380.)

ROCKET TO THE MOON—A new play by Clifford Odets, this time without a Leftist message but with considerable discussion of Love and Marriage in a dentist's office. It is, for the most part, good discussion. Excellent Group Theatre cast, including Morris Carnovsky, Luther Adler, and Eleanor Lynn. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-5100. Mat. Thurs.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Sixth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45 P.M.)

VICTORIA REGINA—Helen Hayes still taking no nonsense from the British Empire. A lovely performance. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M. Closes Sat., Dec. 17.)

WHAT A LIFE—Ezra Stone as a high-school boy who can't seem to keep his mind on much of anything. Typical, expert George Abbott comedy. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. 8:45 P.M. Mats. 2:45 P.M.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

HERE COME THE CLOWNS—A play by Philip Barry, with Madge Evans, Doris Dudley, Hortense Alden, Eddie Dowling, Leo Chalzel, and Russell Collins. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969.)

WITH MUSIC

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE—Shakespeare's "The Comedy of Errors" made almost unrecognizable by George Abbott in a successful attempt to make a modern musical riot of it. Rodgers and Hart have done even more by contributing their best score in a long time. Jimmy Savo, Teddy Hart, Eddie Albert, Wynn Murray, and others. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

HELLZ-A-POPPIN—A collection of vaudeville acts crazily supervised by Olsen and Johnson, who do everything but assassinate the audience. Good fun for those who remember and loved the Palace. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M. Extra performance, for European Refugee Relief, Sun. Eve., Dec. 18.)

I MARRIED AN ANGEL—Vera Zorina in the Rodgers-Hart explanation of what might happen in this unusual situation. Pretty, musical, and gay. Vivienne Segal, Dennis King, Audrey Christie, and Walter Slezak are in it, too. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Dec. 11, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY—Maxwell Anderson offers us a musical comedy, including some thoughts on government. Kurt Weill's music is fine and so are the transplanted Hollanders who sing it, especially Walter Huston, Jeanne Madden, Ray Middleton, and Harry Meehan. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

LEAVE IT TO ME!—Victor Moore, William Gaxton, and Sophie Tucker, with Cole Porter music, rushing in and out of Moscow on undiplomatic missions. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

PINS AND NEEDLES—A revue presented by garment workers, which for satire, score, and general verve is better than most we have seen. Second year. (Labor Stage, 39, E. BR 9-1163.)

SING OUT THE NEWS—Friedman and Rome, who gave us "Pins and Needles," are responsible for this revue, which may be a little anticlimactic. Philip Loeb, Hiram Sherman, Will Geer, and Mary Jane Walsh are in the cast. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636.)

OPENING

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent last-minute changes by managers.)

SPRING MEETING—A play by M. J. Farrell and John Perry, with Gladys Cooper, A. E. Matthews, Jean Cadell, and Arthur Shields. Opens Thurs., Dec. 8. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230.)

MISCELLANY

ANGNA ENTERS—One more recital by the celebrated dance mime: Sun. Eve., Dec. 11, at 8:45. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114.)

CECILIA LOFTUS—Continuing her series of Sunday-night programs of impressions and impersonations: Sun. Eve., Dec. 11, at 9. (Vanderbilt, 48, BR 9-0134.)

STARS FOR SPAIN—Second annual entertainment to aid Spanish Democracy, in which well-known performers from stage, screen, and radio will appear: Sun. Eve., Dec. 11, at 8:15. (Mecca Temple, 133 W. 55.)

FRENCH THEATRE—Théâtre des Quatre Saisons company in Jean Anouilh's "Le Bal des Voleurs": Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Dec. 8-9, at 8:30, and Sat. Aft., Dec. 10, at 2:30. Honoré de Balzac's "Le Faiseur": Mon. through Fri. Eves., Dec. 12-16, at 8:30; Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30 P.M. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. CI 7-7000.)

THE GIRL FROM WYOMING—A burlesque on Wild West melodrama which is enjoyable enough provided you enter into the spirit of the thing. You sit at a table, of course, and that helps. (American Music Hall, 141 E. 55. PL 3-8565. Nightly at 9:15.)

WPA PRODUCTION—"Big Blow," a dramatization of Theodore Pratt's novel, starring the Florida hurricane. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CH 4-5714. No mats.)

FOR CHILDREN—Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Alice in Wonderland": Sat., Dec. 10 at 11 A.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.) . . . Clare Tree Major Children's Theatre Company in "Nobody's Boy": Sat. Aft., Dec. 10, at 3. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. ST 3-6700.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is pleasant and decorous, and a fine place for serious dancing; Dick Gasparre's and Vincent Bragale's orchestras. Dress preferred.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room presents Phil Spitalny and his all-girl orchestra, through Dec. 14. Horace Heidt opens Dec. 15.

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—Small and generally gay; you can dance to the music of George Sterney's orchestra or just sit and listen to Anne Francine and the Tisdale Trio.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—This favorite East Side spot has Ernie Holst's orchestra and Divera's rumba band. Dress preferred.

EL RIO, 130 E. 58 (EL 5-8489)—A new rumba place with a nice Ferdinand-the-Bull sort of atmosphere. Entertainment by Sheila Barrett; music by Bobby Parks and Gus Martel's orchestras.

ESSEX CASINO, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300)—A pleasant, impersonal sort of a room that looks across at Central Park. Music by Nat Brandwynne.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Manages to achieve an intimate atmosphere without the usual space restrictions. Music by Joe Smith and Eddie Davis.

LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787)—This little upstairs room is the nearest thing to a Parisian *boîte* in town. Greta Keller, Elsie Houston, Cy Walter and Gil Bowers, and others entertain from 11 P.M. on. No dancing.

MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A great haunt of people who live in the Seventies, and many who don't. Music by Hal Saunders' orchestra and Rodriguez's rumba band.

PARK LANE, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Freddie Starr and his orchestra play for dinner and supper dancing in the new Queen Elizabeth Room. Dress preferred.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Harold Nagel's orchestra plays for dinner dancing in the Corinthian Room weekdays, and for Marion Cooley's Sunday-night buffet dinners in the Neptune Room.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The perennial Persian Room has Eddy Duchin's orchestra, songs by Morton Downey, and dances by Maurice and Cordoba. Must dress (at least if you want to dance).

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (CI 6-1400)—Up above the world so high, you'll find Alec Templeton, the remarkable pianist; Harris and Shore, dancers; and King, the "Wonder Dog." Music by Al Donahue's orchestra and Eddie Le Baron's tango-rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . The McFarland Twins and their band play in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800)—Basil Fomeen's orchestra and Alexis's Gipsy Serenaders alternate in the Restaurant de la Paix. Dances by Theodore and Denesha; songs by Yvonne Bouvier.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room offers Charles Baum's orchestra, Don Marton's tango-rumba band, and an attractive "Entertainment on Ice." Formal dress required *on the dance floor.* . . . The Maisonette Russe, downstairs, is full of nostalgia and Cossack uniforms. Billy Hicks' colored swing band and Nicolas Matthey's orchestra play, and Eva Ortega sings.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-2600)—Emile Petti (to be replaced on Dec. 15 by Gerry Morton) leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge. Dwight Fiske tells his merry stories, old and new, at the piano.

SHERRY'S, 300 Park (PL 3-0200)—Bernie Dolan's orchestra plays for dinner dancing. Dress preferred.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Popular before- and after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Sonny Kendis and José Lopez.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Songs by Suzanne Miller; music by Maximilian Bergère's and Panchito's orchestras.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—In the Sert Room, the incomparable Paul Draper does some new dances, Emil Coleman's orchestra plays, and there are songs by Alice Marble, of all people. Must dress. . . . Benny Goodman and his orchestra hold forth in the informal Empire Room (dinner and supper). . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant (supper only).

MISCELLANEOUS—The Madhattan Room of the Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000), has Kay Kyser and his orchestra. . . . The Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000), presents Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . Guy Lombardo and his orchestra are at the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46 (MU 6-9200). . . . You'll find Artie Shaw and his band in the Blue Room of the Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500). . . . Zez Confrey and his orchestra play for dinner dancing in the Della Robbia Room of the Vanderbilt, Park at 34 (AS 4-4000), and for supper on Sat. only. . . . The Raleigh Room of the Warwick, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700), offers Vic Piemonte's orchestra and magic by Dell O'Dell. . . . Mon Paris, 142 E. 53 (EL 5-9800), has Charlie Murray's music, Virginia Uppercu, and the Royal Lukawella Hawaiians. . . . Sammy Kaye and his orchestra play in the Palm Room of the Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000). . . . Val Olman (to be re-

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

weekly by F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R.

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CHICAGO

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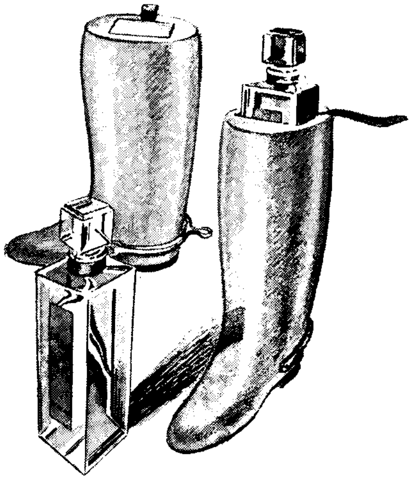
(CHRISTMAS OR ANY OTHER TIME)

a woman likes excitement



CHARBERT'S GRAND PRIX FOR HER . . . racy, poignant, and a good stayer—booted and spurred in leather. An amusing gadget, as well as a fine lingering fragrance. 14.00. Street Floor.

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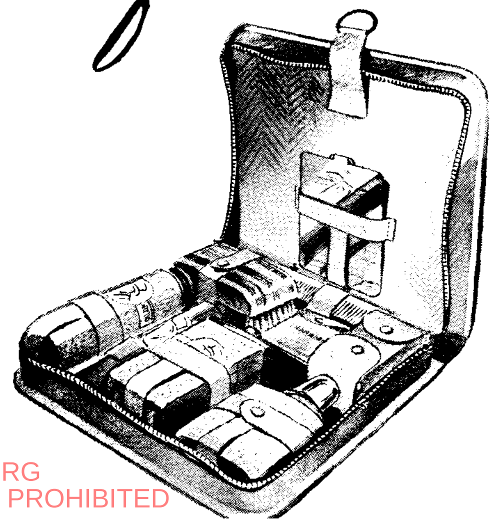
FOR HIM—CHARBERT'S NEW LOCKER KIT, in real pigskin. Cream, hair-tonic, after-shaving lotion, brush, soap, mirror, and room for (optionally) extra golf balls, a razor, tees, or razor blades. All for 25.00. Street Floor.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

placed on Dec. 12 by Joe Venuti) leads the orchestra at the Glass Hat, 130 E. 50 (WI 2-1200). . . . John Hoysradt does his impersonations at Chez Firehouse, 141 E. 55 (PL 3-8565); music by Al Evans' orchestra and a rumba band.

Some places where you'll find swing music are: The Onyx, 62 W. 52 (WI 2-3619), with the Merry Macs, Jack Jenney, and Dr. Sausage; Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524), with Joe Marsala; the Yacht Club, 150 W. 52 (CO 5-9811), with Fats Waller; the Famous Door, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9543), with Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey; and Nick's, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-1967), with Bobby Hackett, Sidney Bechet, Pee Wee Russell, Zutty Singleton, and others.

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Broadway Atmosphere—The International Casino, B'way from 44 to 45 (CH 4-2244), presents an elaborate revue, "Plaisirs de Paris," at dinner and supper. Eddie Brandt's, Val Ernie's, and Vincent Travers' orchestras. . . . Billy Rose's Casa Mañana, 7 Ave. at 50 (CO 5-7070), features Lou Holtz, Helen Morgan, Benny Fields, Holland and Hart, and others. Vincent Lopez's orchestra. . . . The Paradise, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1080), has a colorful show and Russ Morgan's band. . . . Jack White and Gordon Andrew's orchestra are at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (EL 5-9858). . . . N.T.G.'s The Midnight Sun, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50 (CI 5-8530), has Swedish décor and cuisine, Jack Melvin's orchestra, and a floor show.

The Cotton Club, B'way at 48 (CI 7-1000), has Cab Calloway's orchestra and a show featuring the Nicholas Brothers, W. C. Handy, the Berry Brothers, and others. . . . The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543), also offers Negro entertainment; music by Roy Durant's band.

Greenwich Village—*Barney's, 86 University Pl.* (ST 9-0209), has entertainment by Nellie Paley, Angela Velez, Frank Carter, and Arthur Bowie. . . . Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414), is a lively late spot if you're in a carefree mood.

Harlem—The Plantation, Lenox Ave. at 142 (AU 3-9613), has a fast show and Skeets Talbert's band. . . . You can watch the dancing and hear Don Redman's orchestra at the Savoy Ballroom, Lenox Ave. at 140 (ED 4-0271). . . . Dickie Wells, 169 W. 133 (TI 5-8945), has a hot band. Go late.

Foreign Atmosphere—Cuban: Havana-Madrid, 1650 B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461), with Nano Rodrigo's orchestra and a lively little show; and Club Yumuri, 1678 B'way, at 52 (CI 7-6269). . . . Russian: The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Scandinavian: Castleholm, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); Queen Mary, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313); and Garbo, 148 E. 48 (EL 5-9623). . . . Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833), with dances by Dimitri and Helen Virgil.

ART

American Artists Congress—Group show of small paintings, water colors, etc., some good, some terrible: A.C.A. Gallery, 52 W. 8. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 10.

Andreu—Surrealist paintings by a Spaniard of mixed influences but considerable power: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 20.

Art for the Home—Homer, Twachtman, and other turn-of-the-century Americans contrasted with some moderns—to the advantage, generally, of the former: Milch, 108 W. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 17.

Barlach—Memorial show of the German sculptor, who, though "medievalist" in style, was quite modern in feeling: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 20.

Bauhaus—Paintings by Klee, Kandinsky, and the rest of the Bauhaus Group, plus sculpture, films, furniture, and so forth, in a big thoroughgoing exposition of this important movement's aim: Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 49. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 15.

Chagall—*Recent paintings: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57.* Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 7.

Drawings and Etchings—Drawings, 1450 to 1900, in an admirably chosen collection. Noteworthy especially for the Claude Lorrain and the several Tiepolos: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 10. . . . Drawings by Fragonard, Boucher, and other French artists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 17. . . . "Gothic Memories," etchings and drawings by John Taylor Arms: Kennedy, 785 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 24. . . . Big annual members' show of prints by the Society of American Etchers: National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Pk. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 27.

Du Bois—Retrospective show of paintings, 1908 to the present: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave. Open 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 10.

French—Another well-selected group of paintings, mainly of the Paris School, "for the young collector": Perls, 32 E. 58. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31. . . . Big, varied selection, from Renoir to Rouault; Newhouse, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 15. . . . "Boudin to Cézanne": Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open Paris, New York: Sullivan, 460 Park. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 17.

[*THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17.*]

Gris—Paintings by a talented early Cubist, whose one mistake was in dying young: Seligmann, 3 E. 51. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 10.

Gros, Géricault, Delacroix—Loan show, made up chiefly of foreign-owned canvases, many never before exhibited here: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 10.

Laurens—Excellent show of sculpture, occasionally reminiscent of Picasso, but rhythmic and powerful always: Brummer, 55 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 7.

Lednicka—Portrait busts and other sculpture, all handled with considerable assurance: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 12.

Marin—Oils and water colors by one of the unquestioned modern American masters: An American Place, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 27.

Marsh—Recent paintings, water colors, and line engravings: Rehn, 683 5 Ave. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 10.

Matisse—Paintings and drawings by Henri Matisse, 1918-1938, the later ones showing surprising changes in style: Pierre Matisse, Fuller Bldg., 51 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 10.

Renoir and Dufy—Six paintings by the one and eight by the other, showing the contrasts between the two: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 20.

Sculptors' Guild—Lively show, though in more *chaste surroundings than last year's open-lot one:* Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 11.

Sepeshy—Good landscapes and some robustly handled city-genre paintings: Midtown, 605 Madison. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 10.

Spanish Moderns—Benefit show, for the Spanish Child Welfare Association, of paintings by Orgaz, Sola, Rubio, and others: Arden, 460 Park. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Toulouse-Lautrec—Forty-six posters and colored lithographs: Marie Harriman, 63 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Vorst—Paintings of Ozark Mountain life, deeply Bentonesque in manner, but subtler in color and general treatment: Morgan, 37 W. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 10.

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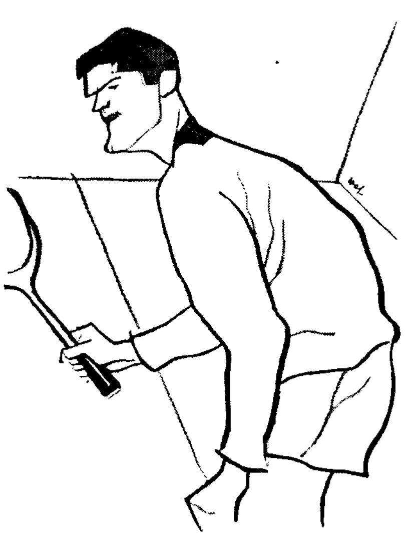

HARRY WOLF,

national squash-tennis champion for the last nine years, now on his way toward making it ten. He is thirty-one, is vice-president of a handkerchief company in Passaic, lives in Orange, and commutes to the New York courts by bus. He's known among squash-players for his impeccable dress, his unrelenting game against even the feeblest opponents, and the cries of "Fight! Fight!"

Whitney—The big annual exhibition of contemporary American paintings. Important, as always: Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8. Open weekdays 1 to 5 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 11.

Miscellaneous—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; unless otherwise specified—Sculpture by Stuart Benson; also, paintings by Hardie Gramatky: Ferargil, 63 E. 57; through Dec. 10. . . . Still-life and flower *paintings by Laurence Biddle: John* Levy, 1 E. 57; through Dec. 10. . . . Paintings and drawings by Angna Enters: Newhouse, 5 E. 57; through Dec. 10. . . . Water colors by Gordon Grant: Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Ave.; through Dec. 17. . . . Paintings by Rose Kuper and Edith J. Green: Studio Guild, 730 5 Ave.; through Dec. 10. . . . Water colors by Dwight Shepler: Harlow, 16 W. 50; through Dec. 24. . . . Water colors by twelve Americans: Boyer, 69 E. 57; through Dec. 20. . . . Paintings by Florance Waterbury: Montross, 785 5 Ave.; through Dec. 31. . . . Paintings by Daniel Serra: Karl Freund, 50 E. 57; through Dec. 17. . . . Water colors by Horace Day: Macbeth, 11 E. 57; through Dec. 19. . . . Paintings by Joseph Albers: Artists' Gallery, 33 W. 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 9 P.M.; through Dec. 31. . . . Water colors by George Yater: Babcock, 38 E. 57; through Dec. 31. . . . "Humor in Sculpture": Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Open weekdays 2 to 5, and 7 to 10 P.M.; through Dec. 31. . . . Paintings and lithographs by Jack McMillen: 8th Street Playhouse Gallery, 52 W. 8; through Dec. 17. . . . Oils and water colors by resident New York artists: Municipal Art Galleries, 3 E. 67. Open daily, except Mon., 12 noon to 6 P.M ; through Dec. 24. . . . Memorial exhibition of the works of Charles Adams Platt: American Academy of Arts and Letters, B'way between 155 and 156. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.; through Apr. 30. . . . Photographs by Richard Wurts, "Building the New York World's Fair": Museum of the City of N.Y., 5 Ave. at 104. Open weekdays, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 9. . . . Posters: Federal Art Gallery, 225 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. 12 noon to 5:30 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 11. . . . Islamic Art, from the Kirkor Minassian Col*lection: American-Anderson Galleries, 30 E. 57.* Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 10. . . . Folk Arts from the Hawaiian Islands: Folk Arts Center, 673 5 Ave. (entrance on E. 53 St.). Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31. . . . Water colors by Frederic Soldwedel: Sporting Gallery & Bookshop, 38 E. 52; through Dec. 10. . . . Abstract paintings by Harold Anton: Mercury, 4 E. 8; through Dec. 10. . . . Paintings of Alaska by Marianne Appel: Walker, 108 E. 57; through Dec. 17. . . . Paintings and masks by W. T. Benda: Portrait Painters Gallery, 642 5 Ave.; through Dec. 17. . . . Paintings by Henry Major: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave.; through Dec. 27. . . . Works by Buffalo artists: Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr. Open weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 18.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

Mieczyslaw Munz—Pianist: Town Hall, Fri. Aft., Dec. 9.

Efrem Zimbalist and Vladimir Sokoloff—Concluding their series of Bach-Beethoven-Brahms sonatas: Sat. Afts., Dec. 10 and 17, at 5:30.

New Friends of Music—Kolisch Quartet, Beethoven cycle: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Dec. 11, at 5:30.

Musical Art Quartet—Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Dec. 11, at 8:45.

Muriel Dickson—Soprano: Town Hall, Mon. Aft., Dec. 12.

Beethoven Association—Raymonde Delaunois, Marjorie and Carlos Salzedo, Frank Sheridan, Georges Barrère, and others participating: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Dec. 12.

Marcel Maas and Alfred du Bois—Continuing piano-and-violin sonata series: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Dec. 13.

Mischa Elman—Benefit recital, for the New York League for the Hard of Hearing: Hotel Plaza, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 15, at 8:45.

Robert Virovai—New York recital début of this violinist, heard earlier in the season with the Philharmonic-Symphony: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 17.

Francis Moore—Pianist: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 17.

Yehudi Menuhin—McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, Sat. Eve., Dec. 17.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 8, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 9, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Dec. 10, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Dec. 11; Thurs. Eve., Dec. 15, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 16, at 2:30. (Soloist: Eugene List, Dec. 10-11.) . . . Young People's Concert, Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Dec. 17, at 11.

Trapp Family Choir—With Yella Pessl, harpsichordist· Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 10.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17.]

conducting: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 10.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA—Dittler conducting: McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, Sat. Eve., Dec. 10.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Dec. 12, at 8:45. (Soloists: The Vienna Choir Boys.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Pension Fund Concert (not in subscription series), Ormandy conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Dec. 13, at 8:45. (Soloist: Fritz Kreisler.)

MENDELSSOHN GLEE CLUB—Sodero conducting: Waldorf-Astoria, Tues. Eve., Dec. 13.

BENNY GOODMAN *AND HIS* ORCHESTRA—Lecture-recital, with John Erskine: Town Hall, Wed. Aft., Dec. 14, at 5:30.

PEOPLE'S CHORUS—Camilieri conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Dec. 14.

DON COSSACK CHOIR—Jaroff conducting: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Dec. 14.

SCHOLA CANTORUM—Ross conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 16.

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB—Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 16.

WPA—At the Federal Music Theatre, 254 W. 54—Federal Symphony, Schenkman conducting: Sun. Aft., Dec. 11, at 1:30. . . . New York Civic Orchestra, Miss Brico conducting: Sun. Eve., Dec. 11, at 8:45. . . . Bach Cantata Series, Madrigal Singers, Engel conducting: Sat. Eve., Dec. 17, at 8:45.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Manon," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 8, at 8:15; "Lohengrin," special performance under the auspices of the Educational Department of the Metropolitan Opera Guild, Fri. Aft., Dec. 9, at 1:30; "Pagliacci" and "Salomé," Fri. Eve., Dec. 9, at 8; "Siegfried," Sat. Aft., Dec. 10, at 1:45; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., Dec. 10; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Dec. 11; "Götterdämmerung," Mon. Eve., Dec. 12, at 7:30; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Wed. Eve., Dec. 14; "Tristan und Isolde," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 15, at 8; "Falstaff," *benefit performance for the Florence Crittenton* League, Fri. Aft., Dec. 16, at 2; "Orfeo ed Euridice," Fri. Eve., Dec. 16; "Mignon," Sat. Aft., Dec. 17, at 2; "Aïda," Sat. Eve., Dec. 17, at 8:15. (PE 6-1210.)

JUILLIARD OPERA—At the Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave.—Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro": Wed. through Sat. Eves., Dec. 14-17. (Tickets by invitation. MO 2-3502.)

WPA—At the Federal Music Theatre, 254 W. 54—"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "The Princess on the Pea": Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Dec. 15-16.

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: Oregon vs. City College; and Northwestern vs. St. John's, Sat. Eve., Dec. 17, at 8:15.

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Tommy Farr vs. Lou Nova, heavyweights, fifteen rounds, Fri. Eve., Dec. 16; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.

DOG SHOW—Newark Kennel Club Show: 113th Infantry Armory, Sussex Ave., Newark, N.J., Sat., Dec. 10, 9 A.M. to 7 P.M.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:45 P.M.: Rangers vs. Boston, Sun. Eve., Dec. 11; Americans vs. Detroit, Tues. Eve., Dec. 13; Rangers vs. Americans, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 15. . . . Amateur games: Sun. Afts. at 2.

INDOOR POLO—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94—Sat. Eve., Dec. 10: Hempstead Polo Club vs. Squadron A, at 8:30; West Point Officers vs. Squadron A, at 9:30. . . . Sat. Eve., Dec. 17: Squadron A vs. Squadron C, at 8:30; Pegasus Polo Club vs. Squadron A, at 9:30.

JAI ALAI—At the Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43: nightly at 8:30; Sat. and Sun. Afts. at 2:45.

OTHER EVENTS

WINTER SPORTS SHOW—Annual North American Winter Sports Show and International Ski Meet: Madison Square Garden, 8 Ave. at 49, daily at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 10.

POWER SHOW—National Exposition of Power and Mechanical Engineering: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46, 12 noon to 10:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 10.

PRINCETON TRIANGLE SHOW—"Once Over Lightly," presented by the Triangle Club of Princeton University: 51st Street Theatre, B'way at 51, Fri. and Sat. Eves., Dec. 16-17, at 8:30.

PUBLIC BALLS—Annual Allaverdy Ball, sponsored by the Caucasian Society Allaverdy: Hotel Plaza, Fri. Eve., Dec. 9. . . . Seventh Regiment Military Ball, "Streets of St. Moritz": Armory, Park at 66, Sat. Eve., Dec. 10. . . . Miami-Biltmore Fashion Show and Ball, "A Night of Rhythm," for the benefit of the Goddard Neighborhood Center: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Dec. 16. . . . Victorian Ball, under the auspices of the National Arts Club: Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., Dec. 16.

ROBERT FROST—Lecture-reading: New School, 66 W. 12, Tues. Eve., Dec. 13, at 8:20.

HEARST COLLECTION—Exhibition of paintings, furniture, rugs, and objects of art collected by William Randolph Hearst: Parish-Watson Galleries, 46 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 742 5 Ave., at 57—American and English eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture, porcelains, silver, and hooked rugs, the property of Leon David: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Dec. 8-9, at 2. . . . Jewelry, the property of Mrs. Henry W. August and other owners: Wed. Aft., Dec. 14, at 2:30. . . . Library of Samuel Huey; also, sporting and color-plate books and prints, Currier & Ives lithographs, Audubon's "Birds of America," etc.: Wed. and Thurs. Eves., Dec. 14-15, at 8:15. . . . Furniture, porcelains, rugs, and objects of art, the property of Bruce W. Dennis and other owners: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Dec. 15-17, at 2.

At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—Chinese and Japanese pottery, porcelains, bronzes, decorations, and Chinese rugs, from various collections: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Dec. 9-10, at 2. . . . American history in paintings and prints, and Currier & Ives lithographs, the collection of the late Julian H. Youche: Fri. Eve., Dec. 9, at 8:15. . . . Rare and valuable books, autographs, and manuscripts, the property of Edgar W. Dunbar: Mon. and Tues. Eves., Dec. 12-13, at 8:15. . . . English and Continental furniture, porcelains, glass, Georgian silver, and Oriental rugs; also, platinum-mounted precious stones; the property of various owners: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Dec. 15-17, at 2.

At Hampton Shops, 18 E. 50—Entire stock of furniture, Oriental rugs, paintings, tapestries, Sheffield ware, and lamps: Afts. at 1, through Sat., Dec. 17.

ON THE AIR

ANTHONY EDEN—Addressing the National Association of Manufacturers convention at the Waldorf on "Democracy and the Modern World": Fri. Eve., Dec. 9, at 10, WJZ and WOR.

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Siegfried," with Flagstad, Hartmann, Schorr, and others: Sat. Aft., Dec. 10, at 1:45, WEAF.

MARIA REINING—Radio début of Viennese soprano, as soloist with the Ford Symphony, Iturbi conducting: Sun. Eve., Dec. 11, at 9, WABC.

ALEC TEMPLETON—Half-hour recital by the composer-pianist: Mon. Eve., Dec. 12, at 8, WQXR.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN—Great Britain's Prime Minister addressing the Foreign Press Association banquet in London: Tues. Aft., Dec. 13, at 4:40, WABC.

SOME WEEKLY FEATURES—(Listing is chronological; times P.M., unless otherwise noted.)

THURSDAY—Rudy Vallée's Varieties, 8, WEAF. Kate Smith, 8, WABC. Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 8:30, WOR. "Good News of 1939," 9, WEAF. "Music and Ballet," 9, WQXR. America's Town Meeting, 9:30, WJZ. Bing Crosby's Music Hall, 10, WEAF. Columbia Workshop, 10, WABC.

FRIDAY—Music Appreciation Hour, Damrosch conducting, 2, WJZ. Burns and Allen, 8:30, WABC. Herzer and Zayde, pianists, 9, WQXR. Orson Welles' Campbell Playhouse, 9, WABC.

SATURDAY—Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, 11 A.M., WABC. Saturday Night Swing Club, 7, WABC. Fred Waring, 8:30, WEAF. Your Hit Parade, 10, WABC. N.B.C. Symphony, Rodzinski conducting, 10, WJZ.

SUNDAY—Dr. Charles Courboin, organist, 12 noon, WOR. Music Hall Hour, 12 noon, WJZ. Great Plays, 1, WJZ. WPA Concert, 1:30, WNYC. Magic Key of R.C.A. Hour, 2, WJZ. Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, 3, WABC. Metropolitan Opera Auditions, 5, WJZ. Ben Bernie, 5:30, WABC. New Friends of Music Concert, 6, WJZ. Silver Theatre, 6, WABC. Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. Eddy Brown's "String Classics," 7, WQXR. Nelson Eddy and Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. Bach Cantata Series, Wallenstein directing, 8, WOR. Charles Boyer, 9, WJZ. Robert Benchley, 10, WABC.

[illegible] Institute of Music, 3, WABC. Rochester Civic Orchestra, Harrison conducting, 3, WJZ. Eddie Cantor, 7:30, WABC. Margaret Speaks, 8:30, WEAF. Lux Radio Theatre, 9, WABC. Eddy Duchin, 9:30, WEAF. WOR Symphony, DeLamarter conducting, 9:30, WOR. Guy Lombardo, 10, WABC.

TUESDAY—Edward G. Robinson, 8, WABC. Al Jolson, 8:30, WABC. Clifton Fadiman, 8:30, WJZ. Federal Theatre Elizabethan play series, 9, WQXR. Benny Goodman, 9:30, WABC.

WEDNESDAY—Indianapolis Symphony, Sevitzky conducting, 3, WABC. Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, 7, WQXR. Paul Whiteman, 8:30, WABC. Tommy Dorsey, 8:30, WEAF. Fred Allen, 9, WEAF. Star Theatre, 9, WABC.

MOTION PICTURES

ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES—Cagney as a killer again, with Pat O'Brien and the "Dead End" boys. Underworld and thorough. (Strand, B'way at 47; continuous from 10 A.M.)

BALLERINA—Ballet people, but the grim side of their lives for the most part. French film, with Mia Slavenska, Yvette Chauvire, and Janine Charrat. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; daily at 12 noon, 1:40, 3:20, 5, 6:40, 8:20, and 10 P.M.; also Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

THE CITADEL—*Rosalind Russell and Robert Donat* in a solemn, sometimes brilliant screen version of the novel. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 8-12. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Dec. 9-11. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 9-12.)

DRUMS—Sabu and Raymond Massey as India and the Empire, respectively. With lots of bright colors and brawls. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Thurs., Dec. 8. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Dec. 10. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 10-12. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14.)

GRAND ILLUSION—Another French picture of the serious, impressive type. About the last war and prison life, with Eric von Stroheim. (Filmarte, 202 W. 58; daily at 1, 2:50, 4:40, 6:30, 8:20, and 10:10 P.M.)

THE MAD MISS MANTON—Crime and the Junior League, a comic combination. With Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. (Colonial, B'way at 62; Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 8-12. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. through Fri., Dec. 14-16.)

PYGMALION—The Shaw play and a Shaw script, *with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. A very* pretty film and not in the least old-fashioned. (Astor, B'way at 45; starting Thurs., Dec. 8; continuous from 10 A.M.)

THE SISTERS—Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, and others, all worthy, in a sketch of family life. Various upheavals, and even an earthquake. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs. through Sun., Dec. 8-11. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. through Fri., Dec. 13-16. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; starting Fri., Dec. 16.)

SOUTH RIDING—A respectable sketch of Yorkshire life, for sober folk interested in English country doings. With Edna Best most in evidence. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Mon. and Tues., Dec. 12-13. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14.)

THE STORY OF A CHEAT—Still another French product. With Sacha Guitry, and exceptionally bright. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; continuous from noon.)

THAT CERTAIN AGE—*Deanna Durbin*, escorted by Jackie Cooper, in a very likable film about young people. (Rio, B'way at 160; and Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Thurs., Dec. 8. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 8-9. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sun., Dec. 11. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 8-12. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 9-12.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—A rather lengthy, sometimes laborious film of the delightful Kaufman-Hart play. With Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold, and James Stewart. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., Dec. 10. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 10-12.)

NOTE—Walt Disney's "Ferdinand the Bull" is at the Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Fri., Dec. 16.

REVIVALS

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT (1930)—Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Fri., Dec. 9.)

BRINGING UP BABY (1938)—Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 8-10.)

BRITISH AGENT (1934)—Kay Francis and Leslie Howard. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 14-15.)

THE GREAT GARRICK (1937)—Brian Aherne and Olivia De Havilland. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 11-12.)

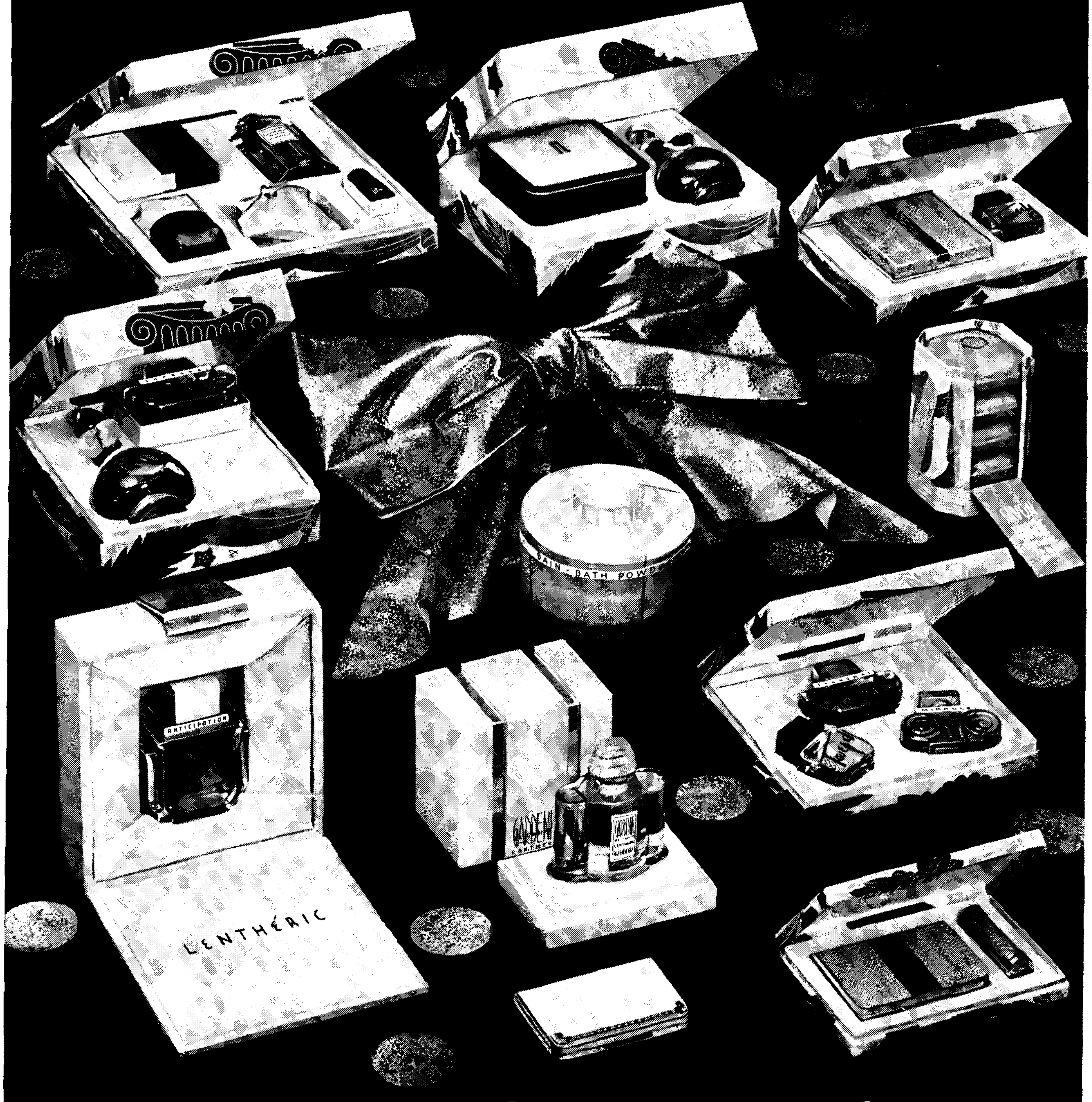
JOY OF LIVING (1938)—Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 14-15.)

LES MISÉRABLES (1935)—Charles Laughton, Fredric March. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14.)

LIFE DANCES ON (1938)—French film, with Marie Bell. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 8-10.)

SCARFACE (1932)—Paul Muni and George Raft. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; and Olympia, B'way at 107; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14.)

POEMS TO PAMPERED LADIES



GIFTS BY Lenthéric

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AT THE MOVIE HOUSES

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14

[THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT FIRST-RUN AND SELECTED NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY BLACK TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 6, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."]

FIRST RUN

ASTOR, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—From Thurs. Morn., Dec. 8, at 10: **"Pygmalion,"** Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—From Thurs., Dec. 8: "Out West with the Hardys," Mickey Rooney, Cecelia Parker, Lewis Stone.

CRITERION, B'way at 44 (CI 6-8600)—From Thurs., Dec. 8: "Storm Over Bengal," Patric Knowles, Rochelle Hudson, Richard Cromwell.

GLOBE, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—Through Fri., Dec. 9: "Sharpshooters," Brian Donlevy, Lynn Bari. . . . From Sat., Dec. 10: "Secrets of a Nurse," Edmund Lowe, Helen Mack.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43 (CH 4-7022)—"Thanks for the Memory," Bob Hope, Shirley Ross.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—From Thurs., Dec. 8: "Dramatic School," Luise Rainer, Paulette Goddard, Alan Marshall.

RIALTO, B'way at 42 (WI 7-0206)—Through Tues., Dec. 13: "The Last Warning," Preston Foster. . . . From Wed., Dec. 14: "Cipher Bureau," Leo Ames, Joan Woodbury.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—"Up the River," Preston Foster, Arthur Treacher; also "Ferdinand the Bull," Walt Disney short.

ROXY, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—Thurs., Dec. 8: "Just Around the Corner," Shirley Temple. . . . From Fri., Dec. 9: "Thanks for Everything," Adolphe Menjou, Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Arleen Whalen.

STRAND, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—**"Angels with Dirty Faces,"** James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, the Dead End Kids.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

BELMONT, 125 W. 48 (BR 9-0156)—"Abused Confidence," French film, Danielle Darrieux, Charles Vanel.

CAMEO, 138 W. 42 (WI 7-1789)—"Professor Mamlock," Soviet film.

5TH AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—**"The Story of a Cheat,"** French film, Sacha Guitry.

55TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55 (CO 5-0425)—Through Mon., Dec. 12: **"All Quiet on the Western Front,"** revival, Lew Ayres; also "Magnificent Obsession," revival, Robert Taylor, Irene Dunne. . . . From Tues., Dec. 13: not announced.

FILMARTE, 202 W. 58 (CI 7-6591)—**"Grand Illusion,"** French film, Eric von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, Dita Parlo.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57 (CI 7-1294)—**"Ballerina,"** French film, Mia Slavenska, Yvette Chauvire, Janine Charrat.

NORMANDIE, Park Ave. at 53 (PL 8-0040)—"Sacrifice d'Honneur," Annabella, Victor Francen.

WORLD, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—"Rancho Grande," Mexican film, Tito Guizar.

EAST SIDE

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 8-10: "Youth Takes a Fling," Joel McCrea, Andrea Leeds; also **"Bringing Up Baby,"** revival, Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant. . . . Sun. through Tues., Dec. 11-13: "Young Dr. Kildare," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore; also "There Goes My Heart," Fredric March, Virginia Bruce. . . . From Wed., Dec. 14: **"Joy of Living,"** revival, Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also **"British Agent,"** revival, Leslie Howard.

LOEW'S 42ND STREET, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Thurs., Dec. 8: **"That Certain Age,"** Deanna Durbin; also "A Man to Remember," Edward Ellis, Anne Shirley. . . . Fri. through Sun., Dec. 9-11: **"The Citadel,"** Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell; also "Girls' School," Anne Shirley. . . . Mon. and Tues., Dec. 12-13: **"South Riding,"** British film, Edna Best, Ralph Richardson, Edmund Gwenn; also "Illegal Traffic," J. Carroll Naish, Mary Carlisle. . . . From Wed., Dec. 14: **"The Mad Miss Manton,"** Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda; also "Gangster's Boy," Jackie Cooper.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 8-12: "Men with Wings," Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland; also "Listen, Darling," Freddie Bartholomew, Judy Garland. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14: "Crime Takes a Holiday," Jack Holt; also *"The Little Adventuress,"* Edith Fellows.

TRANS-LUX 52ND STREET, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 8-9: "Young Dr. Kildare," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore. . . . Sat. through Mon., Dec. 10-12: "Suez," Tyrone Power, Loretta Young, Annabella. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14: **"Drums,"** Raymond Massey, Sabu.

SUTTON, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 8-10: **"Life Dances On,"** revival, French film, Marie Bell, Harry Baur. . . . Sun. and Mon., Dec. 11-12: Spawn of the North," Henry Fonda, George Raft; also **"The Great Garrick,"** revival, Brian Aherne, Olivia De Havilland. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14: **"Les Misérables,"** revival, Fredric March; also *"Journal of a Crime,"* revival, Ruth Chatterton, Adolphe Menjou.

RKO 58TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 8-12: "Submarine Patrol," Richard Greene, Nancy Kelly; also "Service de Luxe," Constance Bennett, Vincent Price. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14: "Swing That Cheer," Tom Brown; also "Mr. Wong, Detective," Boris Karloff.

PLAZA, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Thurs., Dec. 8: **"Drums,"** Raymond Massey, Sabu. . . . Fri. through Mon., Dec. 9-12: **"That Certain Age,"** Deanna Durbin. . . . From Tues., Dec. 13: "There Goes My Heart," Fredric March, Virginia Bruce.

68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Thurs., Dec. 8: "Great Expectations," revival, Henry Hull. . . . Fri. through Mon., Dec. 9-12: "Peg of Old Drury," revival, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anna Neagle. . . . From Tues., Dec. 13: not announced.

LOEW'S 72ND STREET, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 8-12: "Men with Wings," Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland; also "Listen, Darling," Freddie Bartholomew, Judy Garland. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14: "Crime Takes a Holiday," Jack Holt; also "The Little Adventuress," Edith Fellows.

COLONY, 2 Ave. at 79 (BU 8-9009)—Through Sat., Dec. 10: **"You Can't Take It with You,"** Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold; also "The Thirteenth Man," revival, Weldon Heyburn, Inez Courtney. . . . Sun. and Mon., Dec. 11-12: "Sing You Sinners," Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray; also "I'm from the City," Joe Penner. . . . From Tues., Dec. 13: "There Goes My Heart," Fredric March, Virginia Bruce; also "Young Dr. Kildare," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore.

TRANS-LUX 85TH STREET, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 8-9: "Suez," Tyrone Power, Loretta Young, Annabella. . . . Sat. through Mon., Dec. 10-12: **"You Can't Take It with You,"** Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold. . . . From Tues., Dec. 13: **"The Sisters,"** Errol Flynn, Bette Davis.

RKO 86TH STREET, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—*Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 8-12:* "Submarine Patrol," Richard Greene, Nancy Kelly; also "Service de Luxe," Constance Bennett, Vincent Price. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14: "Swing That Cheer," Tom Brown; also "Mr. Wong, Detective," Boris Karloff.

LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—*Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 8-9:* **"That Certain Age,"** Deanna Durbin; also "A Man to Remember," Edward Ellis, Anne Shirley. . . . Sat. through Mon., Dec. 10-12: **"Drums,"** Raymond Massey, Sabu; also "Stablemates," Wallace Beery, Mickey Rooney. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14: "The Storm," Charles Bickford; also "Wanted by the Police," Frankie Darro.

ORPHEUM, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 8-12: **"The Citadel,"** Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell; also "Girls' School," Anne Shirley. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14: **"South Riding,"** British film, Edna Best, Ralph Richardson, Edmund Gwenn; also "Illegal Traffic," J. Carroll Naish, Mary Carlisle.

WEST SIDE

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Through Sun., Dec. 11: **"That Certain Age,"** Deanna Durbin. . . . From Mon., Dec. 12: "A Man to Remember," Edward Ellis, Anne Shirley; also "How to Raise a Baby," Robert Benchley short.

SHERIDAN, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 8-12: **"The Citadel,"** Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell; also "Girls' School," Anne Shirley. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14: **"South Riding,"** British film, Edna Best, Ralph Richardson, Edmund Gwenn; also "Illegal Traffic," *J. Carroll Naish, Mary Carlisle.*

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Thurs through Sun., Dec. 8-11: "Suez," Tyrone Power, Loretta Young, Annabella; also "Meet the Girls," June Lang, Lynn Bari . . . From Mon., Dec. 12: not announced

RKO 23RD STREET, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 3-2766)—*Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 8-12:* "Submarine Patrol," Richard Greene, Nancy Kelly; also "Service de Luxe," Constance Bennett, Vincent Price. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14: "Swing That Cheer," Tom Brown; also "Mr. Wong, Detective," Boris Karloff.

TERRACE, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 3-0960)—Through Sat., Dec. 10: **"Drums,"** Raymond Massey, Sabu; also "Stablemates," Wallace Beery, Mickey Rooney. . . . Sun. and Mon., Dec. 11-12: "The Storm," Charles Bickford; also "Touchdown, Army," John Howard, Mary Carlisle. . . . From Tues., Dec. 13: "If I Were King," Ronald Colman, Frances Dee; also "Vacation from Love," Dennis O'Keefe, Florence Rice.

STATE, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Thurs. through Wed., Dec. 8-14: "Men with Wings," Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland.

PALACE, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Thurs. through Wed., Dec. 8-14: "Submarine Patrol," Richard Greene, Nancy Kelly; also "Service de Luxe," Constance Bennett, Vincent Price.

ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 8-12: "Men with Wings," Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland; also "Listen, Darling," Freddie Bartholomew, Judy Garland. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14: "Crime Takes a Holiday," Jack Holt.

COLONIAL, B'way at 62 (CO 5-0485)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 8-12: **"The Mad Miss Manton,"** Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda; also "Gangster's Boy," Jackie Cooper. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14: "Broadway Musketeers," Margaret Lindsay, Ann Sheridan, Marie Wilson; also "Night Hawk," Robert Livingston, June Travis.

BEACON, B'way at 75 (TR 7-4396)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 8-12: **"That Certain Age,"** Deanna Durbin; also "A Man to Remember," Edward Ellis, Anne Shirley. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14: "Five of a Kind," Dionne Quintuplets; also "The Road to Reno," Randolph Scott, Hope Hampton.

RKO 81ST STREET, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 8-12: "Submarine Patrol," Richard Greene; also "Service de Luxe," Constance Bennett, Vincent Price. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14: "Swing That Cheer," Tom Brown; also "Mr. Wong, Detective," Boris Karloff.

LOEW'S 83RD STREET, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Thurs. through Wed., Dec. 8-14: "Men with Wings," Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland; also "Listen, Darling," Freddie Bartholomew, Judy Garland.

STODDARD, B'way at 90 (SC 4-0460)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 8-12: "Sing You Sinners," Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray; also "Touchdown, Army," John Howard, Mary Carlisle. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14: **"Scarface,"** revival, Paul Muni; also "Hell's Angels," revival, Ben Lyon, Jean Harlow.

THALIA, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Thurs., Dec. 8: "The Vow," Yiddish picture. . . . From Fri., Dec. 9: "The Childhood of Maxim Gorki," Soviet film.

CARLTON, B'way at 100 (AC 4-0750)—Thurs. through Sun., Dec. 8-11: **"The Sisters,"** Errol Flynn, Bette Davis; also "Time Out for Murder," Michael Whalen, Gloria Stuart. . . . Mon. through Wed., Dec. 12-14: "Young Dr. Kildare," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore; also "King of Alcatraz," Lloyd Nolan, Gail Patrick.

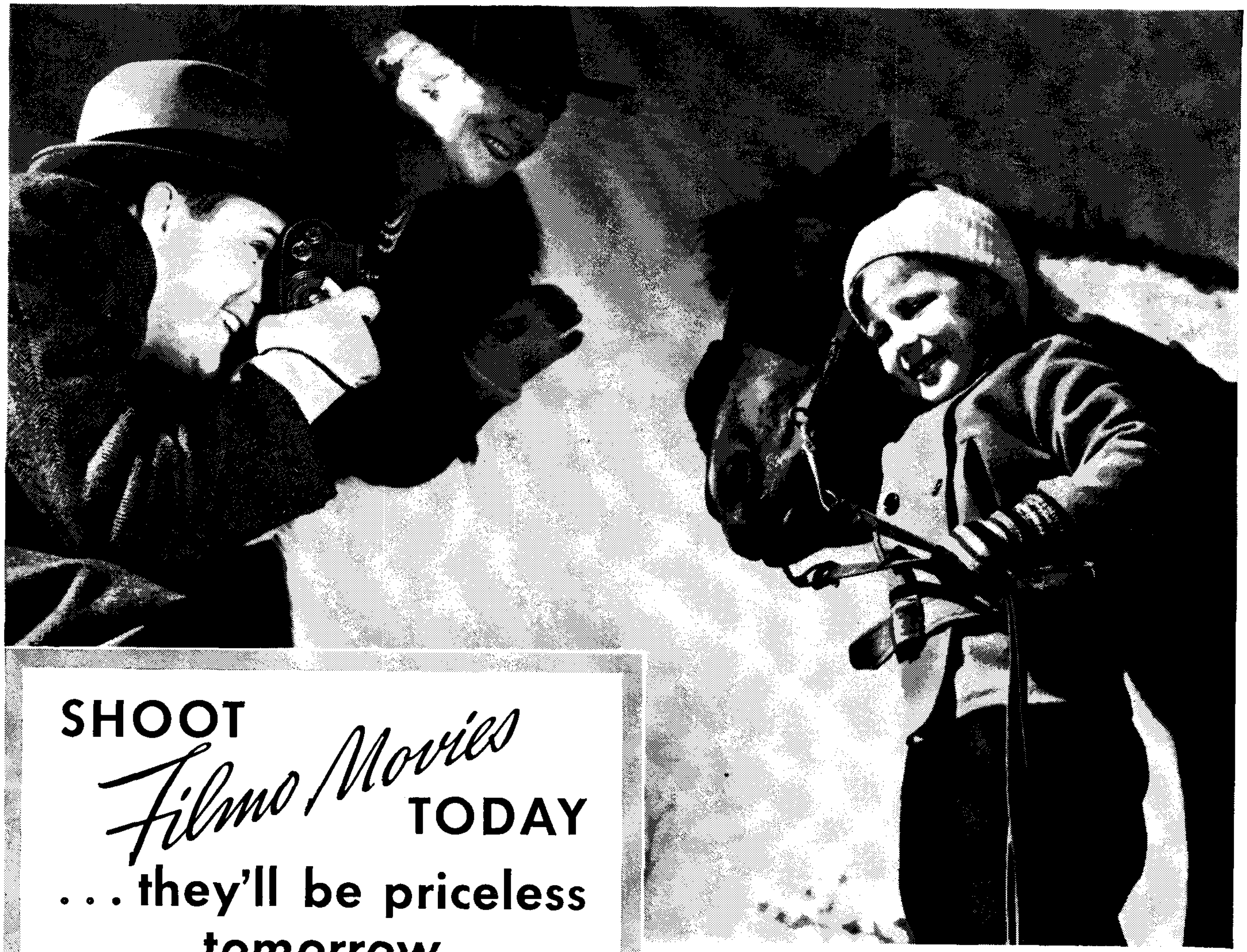
OLYMPIA, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 8-12: "Sing You Sinners," Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray; also "Touchdown, Army," John Howard, Mary Carlisle. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14: **"Scarface,"** revival, Paul Muni; also "Hell's Angels," revival, Ben Lyon, Jean Harlow.

HAMILTON, B'way at 146 (ED 4-0287)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 8-12: "Submarine Patrol," Richard Greene, Nancy Kelly; also "Service de Luxe," Constance Bennett, Vincent Price. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14: "Swing That Cheer," Tom Brown; also "Mr. Wong, Detective," Boris Karloff.

RIO, B'way at 160 (WA 7-1135)—Thurs., Dec. 8: **"That Certain Age,"** Deanna Durbin; also "A Man to Remember," Edward Ellis, Anne Shirley. . . . Fri. through Mon., Dec. 9-12: **"The Citadel,"** Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell; also "Girls' School," Anne Shirley. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14: "Listen, Darling," Freddie Bartholomew, Judy Garland; also "Gangster's Boy," Jackie Cooper.

LOEW'S 175TH STREET, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 8-12: "Men with Wings," Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland; also "Listen, Darling," Freddie Bartholomew, Judy Garland. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14: "Crime Takes a Holiday," Jack Holt; also "The Little Adventuress," Edith Fellows.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 8-12: "Submarine Patrol," Richard Greene, Nancy Kelly; also "Service de Luxe," Constance Bennett, Vincent Price. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 13-14: "Swing That Cheer," Tom Brown; also "Mr. Wong, Detective," Boris Karloff.



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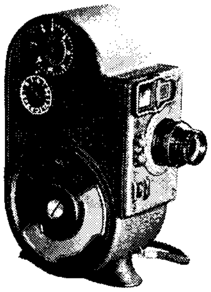

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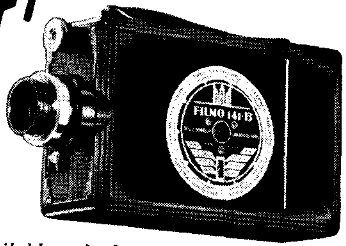

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Enable her to play up her moods in the most charming way . . . with the Chanel Perfumes that match them. Any three of the following in a smart little case: No. 5, Gardenia, Cuir de Russie (Russia Leather), Glamour, Jasmin, No. 22. **$6.75**

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PURE DYE SILK . . . that's the trump card of this dress! As easy to keep impeccable as a piece of silk lingerie . . . it's made of Truhu's famous Master Crepe . . . tested Ivory-washable. Be casually smart . . . "they" will know it's *hand-fagoted!* You can look like an angel in white . . . or a Botticelli in frosty pastels. But do keep it your favorite, freshest dress by tubbings in pure Ivory Flakes Sizes 12 to 40 $25

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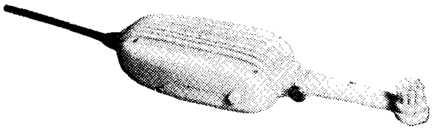

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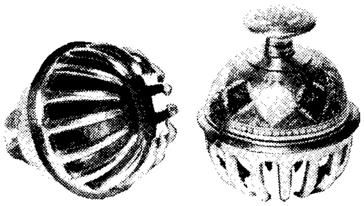
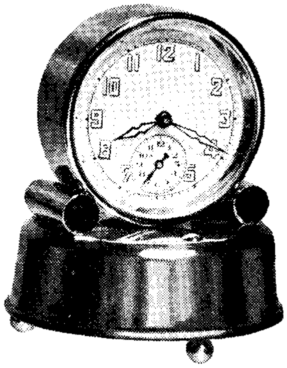


ELEPHANT BELLS—the very kind that tinkle on elephants in India; used as dinner bells in this country. They have a deep, mellow note. $3.50.



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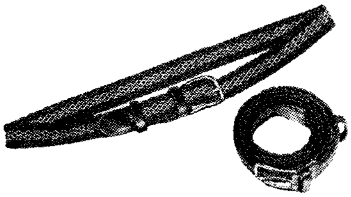
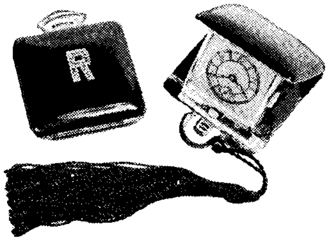


MEN'S ELASTIC BELTS—smart and extremely comfortable imports from Paris. Hand-braided silk elastic in stripes or solid colors. $3.50.



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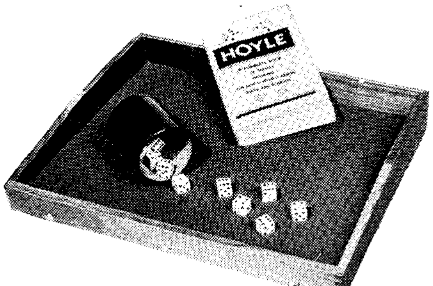
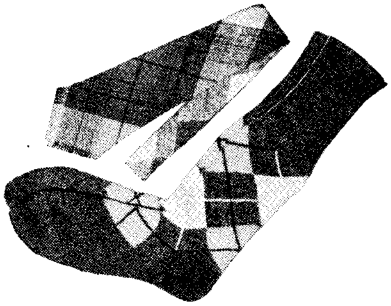


DICE BOARD SET—equipment for playing every

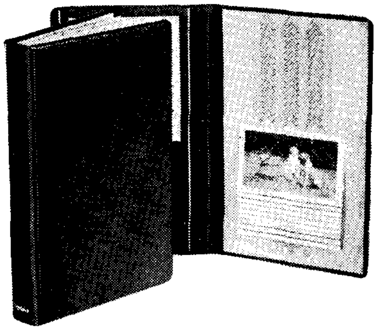


SOCK AND TIE SET—an exclusive A&F combination inspired by the popular Argyll plaids. In gift box, $5. Wool hose separately, pair, $3.50.

SCARF AND BAG SET—a lovely gift for any woman. Soft plaid wool in wine, navy, green, black or brown, with contrasting check. $12.50.

MEN'S CLUB BAG—very practical cowhide case with pocket holding set of toilet fittings. $37.50. The same style without fittings or pocket, $22.50.

WOMEN'S SNOW BOOT—the perfect boot to keep her feet as warm as toast all Winter. Lamb's-wool lined. Safety-tread crêpe rubber sole. $8.50.



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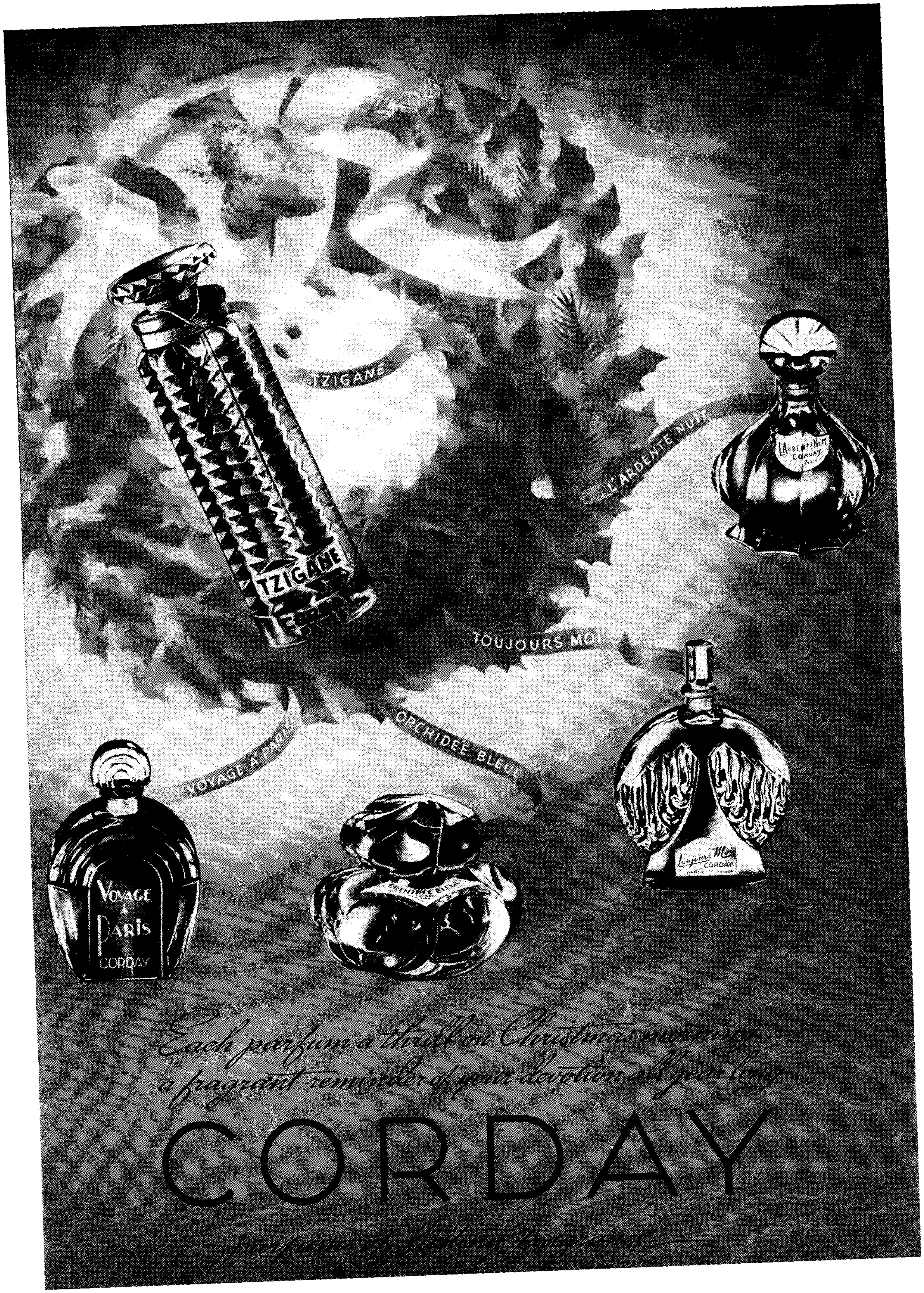
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Each parfum a thrill on Christmas morning,
a fragrant reminder of your devotion all year long

CORDAY

parfums of lasting fragrance

HAMILTON
The Watch of Railroad Accuracy
1
2
3
4
5
6
7

Jim—
Read this note
before you open
the package
Mary

Dear Jim,

Do you remember last Christmas? I gave you some neckties. You said they were very pretty, but something in your voice sounded like a little boy that Santa Claus had forgotten. I went upstairs and cried.

I thought how wonderful Christmas must have seemed when you were Dicky's age. And how it had become a day when you did everything for us, and got nothing for yourself.

I've waited a whole year to give you something to bring back the feeling of Christmas the way you used to know it. I think this Hamilton will do it. I hope it will remind you for many, many years that Dicky and I think you are the finest fellow in the world—even though we sometimes forget to say so.

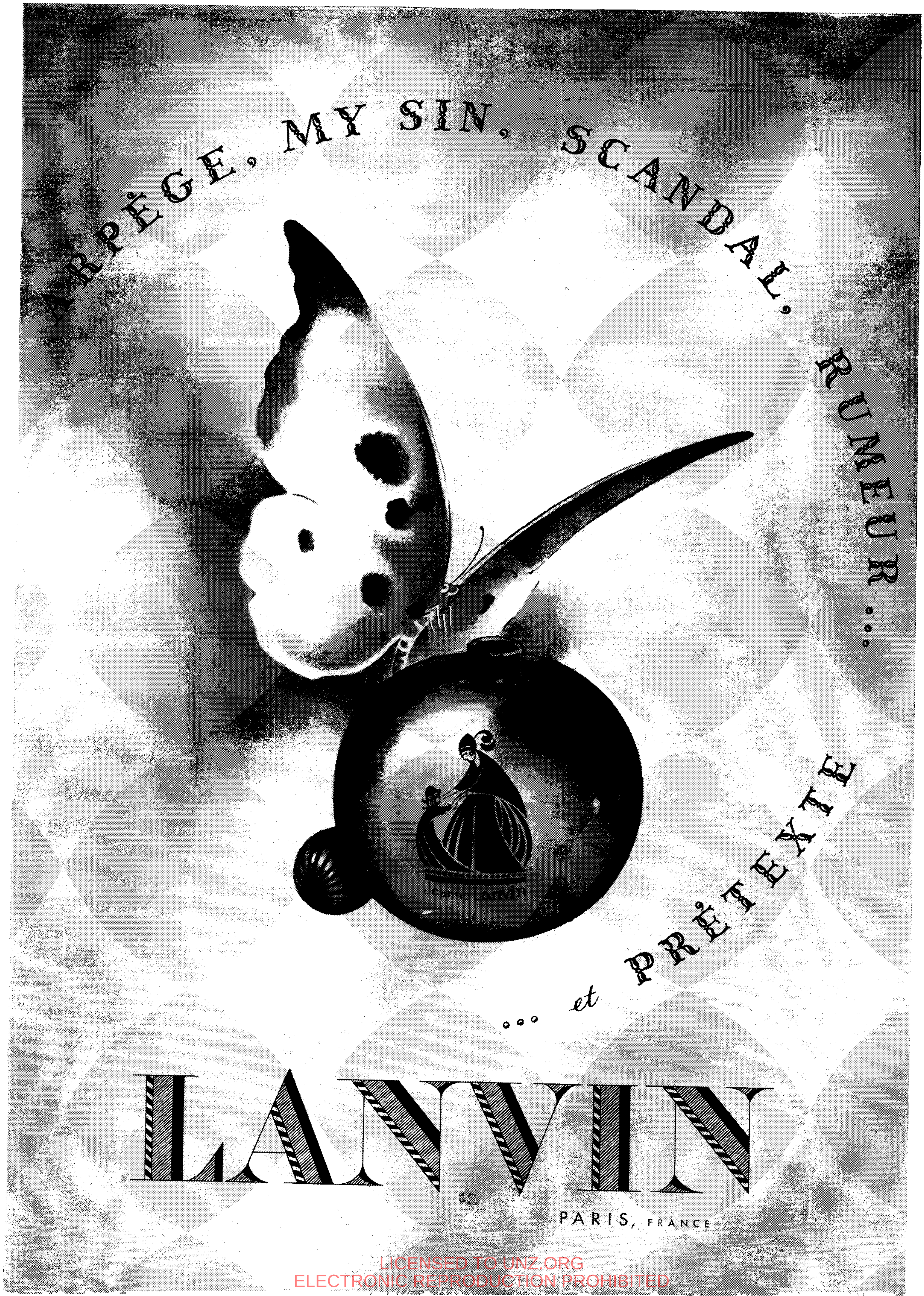
Your wife, Mary

1. ***Reversible watch!*** A flip of the finger, over she goes! OTIS (two views). 17 jewels. 14k gold filled, natural yellow. 18k applied

2. ALLISON. 19 jewels. 14k natural yellow gold. 18k applied gold numerals. . . . . . $90.
3. DODSON. 17 jewels. 10k gold filled, nat-

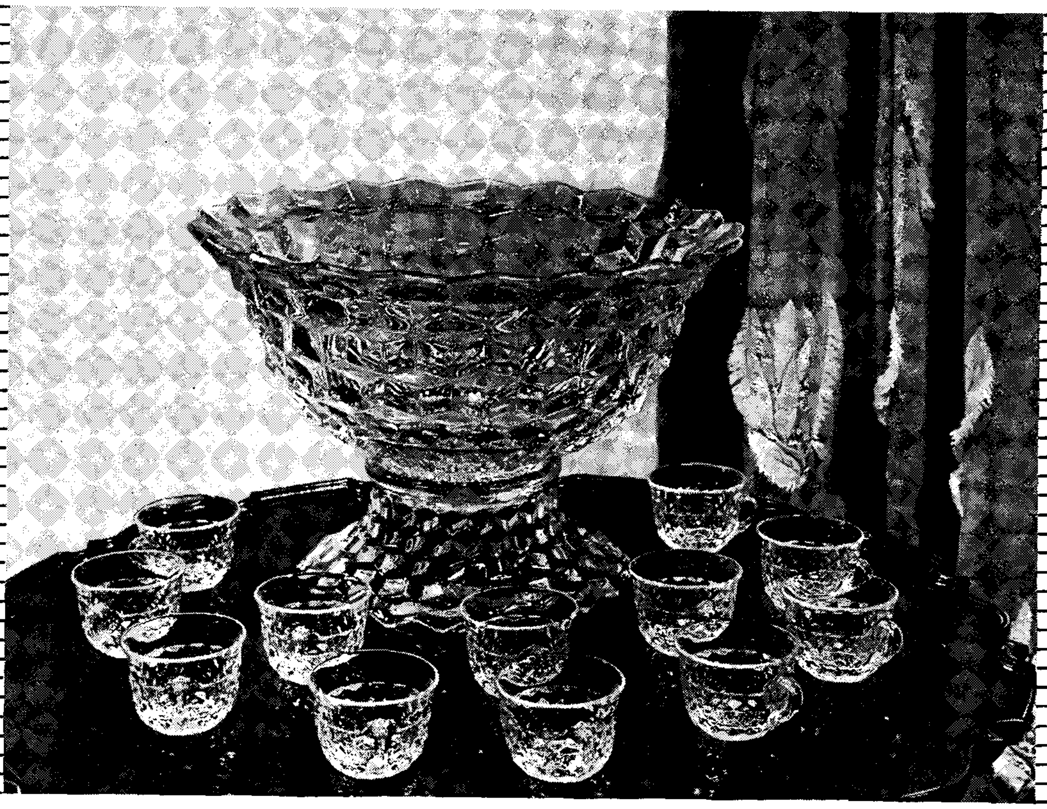
4. DIANE. New decorative motif. 17 jewels. 10k gold filled, white or yellow. Silk cord. $40.
5. MAXINE. 17 jewels. 10k gold filled, white

6. LEILANI. 17 jewels. 14k yellow gold, *white relief*. 18k applied gold numerals. $55.
7. LADY HAMILTON (A6). 17 jewels. 14k


ARPÈGE, MY SIN, SCANDAL, RUMEUR...
... et PRÉTEXTE
Jeanne Lanvin
LANVIN
PARIS, FRANCE

MIX YOUR *Poor-man's Punch** IN THIS RICHLY BRILLIANT

Fostoria Bowl



Bowl holds 2 Gals. Bowl, Base and Dozen Cups Only $10.00; Without Base $8.25.
3¾ Gal. Size, $13.60. Without Base, $12.00.

When convivial friends gather around the flowing bowl, they'll find a potent welcome *in a *Poor-Man's Punch.* It's simple, but not plebeian by any means.

And for a fitting service, there's nothing finer than Fostoria's *American* Pattern. It, too, is inexpensive, but far from plebeian. An abundant bowl with jewel-like facets to reflect light and multiply colors. A traditional bowl, reminiscent of the cozy hospitality that marked an old New England Christmas or a cheerful New Year's celebration.

A tremendous bowl with a capacity of 2 gallons, and rugged, too. Quite unafraid of a happy-go-lucky Christmas scramble when the gang gathers around for "just another touch."

Price? Don't furrow your brow! Bowl, base and a dozen cups only $10.00. Extra cups a mere 30 cents each. On display at department stores, jewelers and gift shops. Wherever you go, you'll find the Set keeping company with nearly 200 other *American* items. They all make superb gifts. A note to 38-CC, Fostoria Glass Company, Moundsville, West Virginia, will bring a descriptive folder.

★ ★ ★

**POOR-MAN'S PUNCH—1 cup lemon juice, 1 cup orange juice. An ample chunk of ice in the Fostoria Bowl. Pour in the juice and follow with — 2 quarts of claret. Now add sugar to taste. When ready to serve, add two syphons of seltzer or sparkling water, and decorate with fruit. Serves approximately 30 rounds. Double or triple recipe as required.*

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

"AMERICAN" by Fostoria

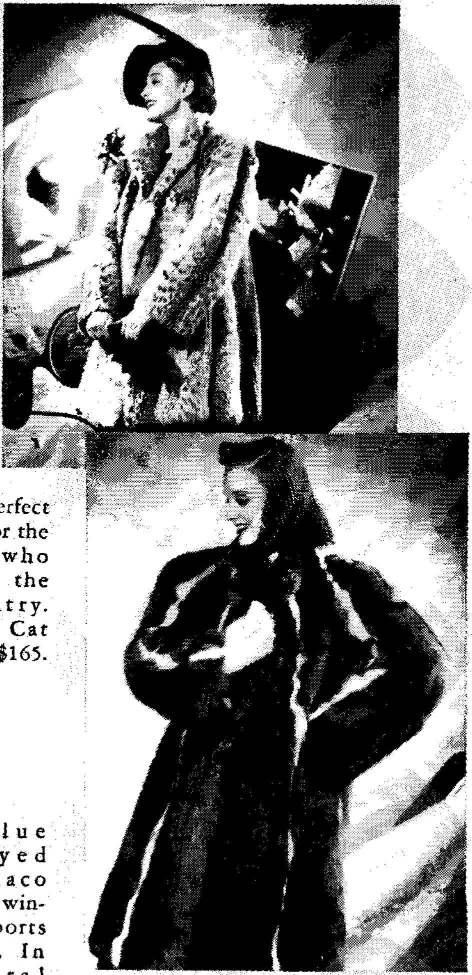
MADE IN U.S.A.

LET **JAECKEL** SAY

"Merry Christmas"

FOR YOU

'Tis said to be more blessed to give than to receive . . . these lovely creations by Jaeckel should make the giving a joyous event and the giver forever blest.



Perfect for the lady who loves the country. Lynx Cat backs $165.

Blue dyed Guanaco for all winter sports $400. In natural Guanaco ..... $300.

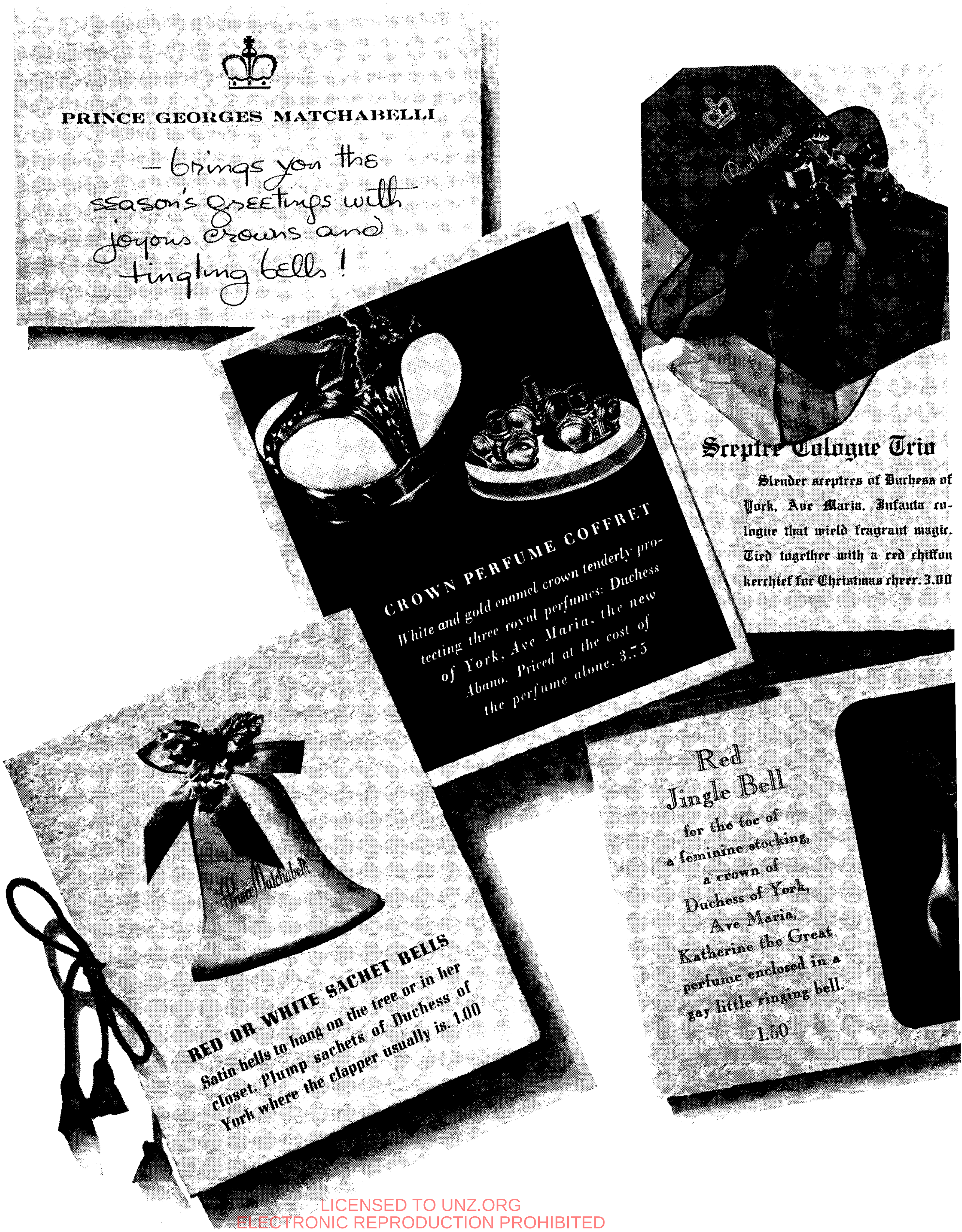
Perfection in Mink. Natural Eastern Mink ....$3250. Others from $1500 to..$5000. Muffs from ......$75.

Gay young jacket in white Russian Ermine $475. Muff $85. In sheared Beaver $275; muffs from . . . $60.

Ring out the old . . . ring in the new . . . with gifts of fur by . . .

JAECKEL

546 FIFTH AVE. AT 45TH ST., N. Y. C.
8660 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



PRINCE GEORGES MATCHABELLI

—brings you the season's greetings with joyous crowns and tingling bells!

CROWN PERFUME COFFRET

White and gold enamel crown tenderly protecting three royal perfumes: Duchess of York, Ave Maria, the new Abano. Priced at the cost of the perfume alone, 3.75

Sceptre Cologne Trio

Slender sceptres of Duchess of York, Ave Maria, Infanta cologne that wield fragrant magic. Tied together with a red chiffon kerchief for Christmas cheer. 3.00

RED OR WHITE SACHET BELLS

Satin bells to hang on the tree or in her closet. Plump sachets of Duchess of York where the clapper usually is. 1.00

Red Jingle Bell

for the toe of a feminine stocking, a crown of Duchess of York, Ave Maria, Katherine the Great perfume enclosed in a gay little ringing bell. 1.50

Merry Christmas

Golden Jingle Bell

Tingling reminder of you all the year. Beneath the musical bell, crowns of precious perfumes; Duchess of York, Ave Maria, Katherine the Great. Priced at the cost of the perfume alone. 3.75

Soap Crown Almost a pound of delicious pink or blue soap that will delight a lady long after Christmas. Rose Geranium or Verbena scents. In a Cellophane case, 2.00

PLEASE TEAR THIS OFF AND MAIL TO ANY OF THESE STORES:

B. Altman • Arnold Constable • Bergdorf Goodman • Best & Company • Bloomingdale's • Bonwit Teller • Franklin Simon • Gimbel Bros • Lord & Taylor R. H. Macy • James McCreery • Oppenheim Collins & Co • Saks—5th Avenue Saks—34th Street • Stern Bros • Jay-Thorpe • John Wanamaker • AND IN BROOKLYN ***Abraham & Straus • Frederick Loeser • Namm & Son • Oppenheim Collins & Co.***

		QUANTITY
THE CROWN COFFRET . . . 3.75		
SOAP CROWN. . . . 2.00	*(Pink)*	
	(Blue)	
SCEPTRE COLOGNE TRIO. 3.00		
GOLDEN JINGLE BELL . . 3.75		
RED JINGLE BELL 1.50		
SACHET BELL. 1.00	*(Red)*	
	(White)	

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

____

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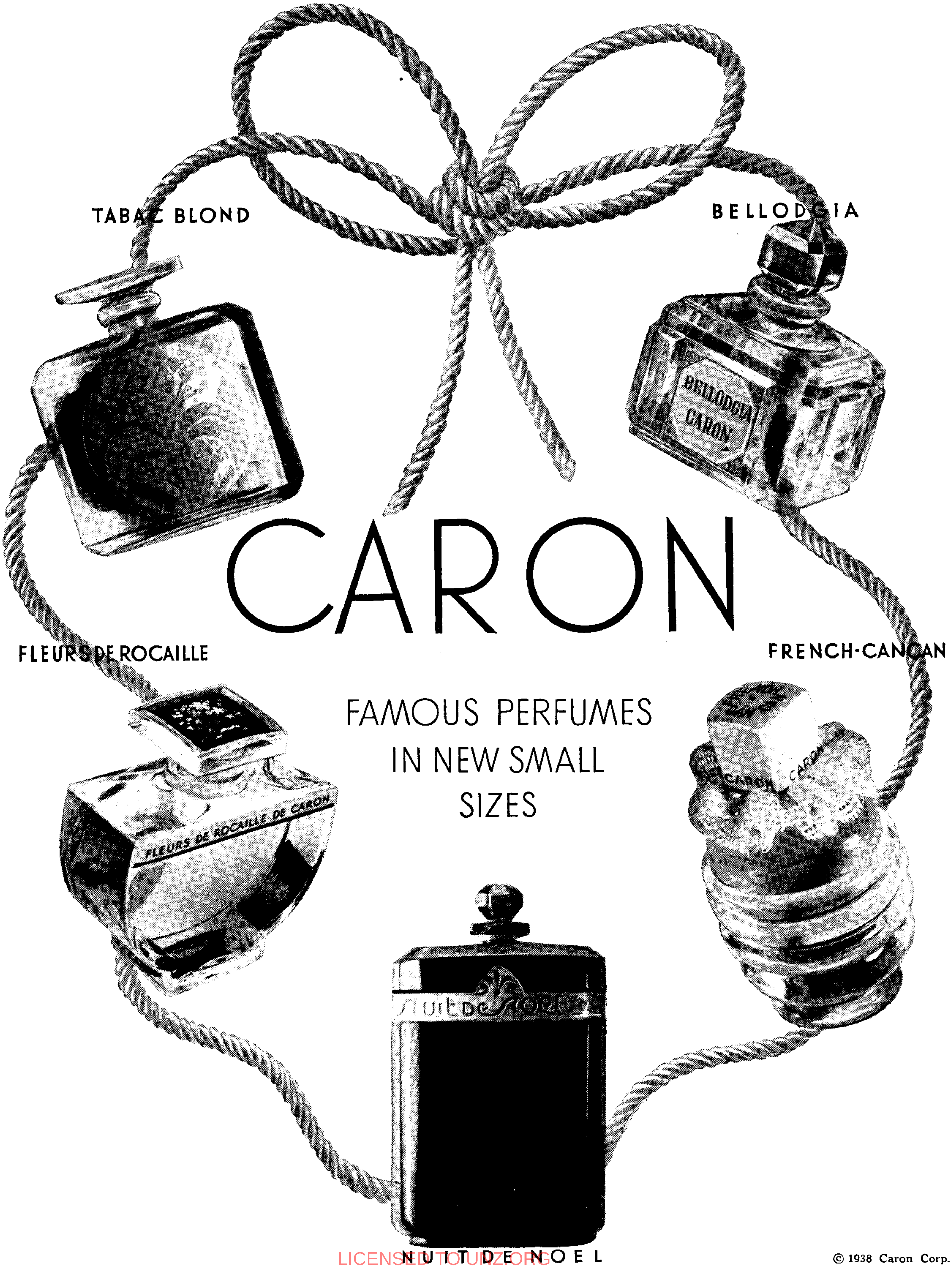
Charge ☐

Check Enclosed ☐


TABAC BLOND
BELLODGIA
BELLODGIA CARON
FLEURS DE ROCAILLE
FLEURS DE ROCAILLE DE CARON
FRENCH-CANCAN
CARON
NUIT DE NOEL
Nuit de Noel

CARON

FAMOUS PERFUMES
IN NEW SMALL
SIZES

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

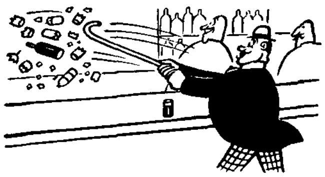
Notes and Comment

THE two hundred Jewish children, none over seventeen, who left Germany last week were lightly burdened. The Nazi government permitted each one to take forty cents and whatever clothes would go into a small handbag. None of them will ever go back; most of them, presumably, will never see their parents again. It is easy to think of them as the most harmless exiles who ever left a nation—two hundred homeless children with eighty dollars among them. The Nazis, however, who can take everything else, cannot take knowledge from even the youngest of them or the power of conviction which will inevitably go with such innocent testimony. The children, in fact, won't need to testify at all. Their condition and the fact that they are being thrown on the charity of the world say almost all that has to be said about the Hitler regime. Telling nothing about the looted shops, the concentration camps, the father or brother dead (who knows how?), they may be more dangerous witnesses against the State than all the writers and scientists and men of practiced eloquence who went before them.

ON December 15th, the Treasury is going to borrow another billion-odd dollars, we read in the *Times*. "We could get by until March if we wanted to," said Mr. Morgenthau carelessly. This sounds like a whim. "Why in hell don't you want to?" we felt like shouting back.

IN his book about the Algonquin Hotel, Mr. Frank Case expresses his deep affection for writers, actors, and other public entertainers, and then goes on to propound one of the most disastrous theories we have ever heard Chuck-

the late John L. Sullivan took his walking stick and knocked all the glasses off a shelf in back of the bar. This kind of behavior, it appears, has Mr. Case's whole approval and his episcopal blessing. "We should not," he says, "expect extraordinary folk to behave like commonplace folk . . . I think that gifted people should not only be tolerated but should be encouraged in their strange

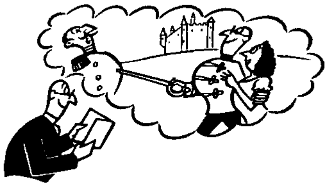


and temperamental antics." The literary or dramatic performer is hard enough to keep in order under the best conditions: six drinks will make practically any actor insufferable, and five can turn the gentlest poet into a spectacular nuisance. It is only because the rest of the world has always regarded people of artistic impulses with profound suspicion and has been prepared to deal violently with them that they have remained in even tolerable adjustment to society. A remark like Mr. Case's can undo the work of centuries. Let an actor or a writer know that it is O.K. for him to shout and throw glasses, and you are on your way to bedlam. We are not, we're afraid, going to be able to work up much sympathy about anything that happens in Mr. Case's bear pit during the next few weeks. You asked for temperament, sir, we shall say as the riot cars come screaming through Forty-fourth Street, and, lo, you've got it.

THE other night we went to see "Angels with Dirty Faces," a good picture though somewhat confusing morally. In it, as you probably know by now James Cagney is shown as a

all around than Al Capone and the James Boys put together. Everything, in fact, is fine right up to the end, when Cagney, condemned to the electric chair, pretends to be yellow, in order to fool the reporters and, subsequently, the Dead End Kids, who would otherwise have taken up the dirty work where he left it. This turns out all right in the picture, and the disillusioned children slope off to a church. We keep wondering about those Dead End Kids, though. Presumably even they have friends who go to the movies and will tip them off to the real story. How are they going to feel when they learn that they were sucked into morality under false pretences, miserably tricked by Will Hays and the Warner Brothers?

STRANGE indeed are some of the ideas that come to inhabit the human skull, and none for a long time has been stranger than the one contained in an advertisement we read last week in a magazine called *Cue*. "Fictionize yourself!" it said. "Novelist will mail original unpublished short story in which you are the heroine or hero. $1. Send photograph or description of hair, height, hobby, profession. Box 109C." We can



think of no lovelier experience than to read a short story in which we are the hero, free from debt and the crowding infirmities of middle age, untroubled by the state of the world, only certain that we are going to get the girl in the end. It is probably the literature of escape in its perfect form. We are about five feet ten, Box 109C, a blond bankrupt with an setti; the time should be about 1870; the locale, Graustark.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: On the Puget Sound boats of the Canadian Pacific Railway, passengers so disposed may buy, for a nickel, specially put-up boxes of sea-gull food.

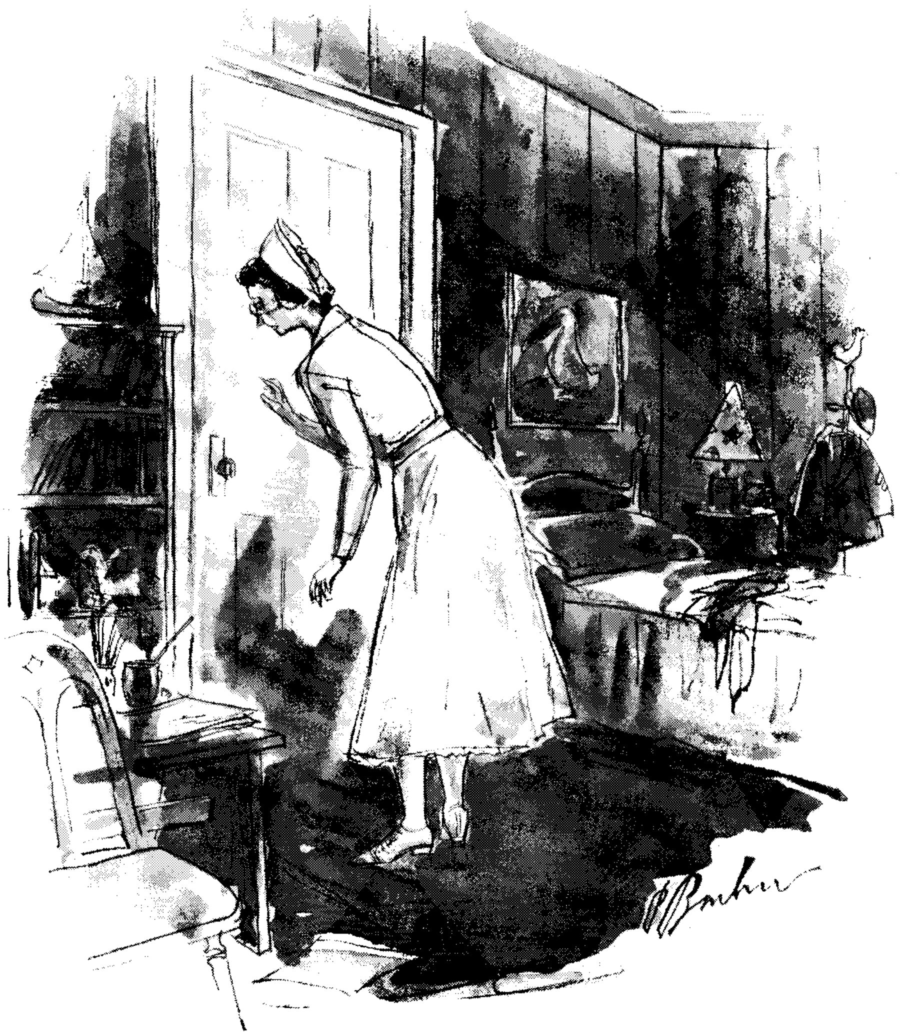
The statue of the Virgin in the Church of St. John the Martyr, at Seventy-second Street and Second Avenue, has a blue neon halo.

A real-estate agency in the Oranges is corporately named Frank H. Taylor Note the First Name, Inc.

Last Ride

RATHER unpredictably, the good folk of this city chose to make the last evening of service on the Sixth Avenue Elevated a municipal fete. Having read in the Sunday newspapers that the last uptown train was to leave Rector Street at ten-thirty that evening, we went around to make a routine check-up. It seemed that practically every other idler in town had had the same idea; the uptown platform was crowded with all sorts of urban types—people who looked as if they had just come from El Morocco, people who looked as if they had just come from the corner of Fourteenth Street and Third Avenue, very young reporters with press cards tucked in their hatbands, photographers, officials of the Elevated, several very pretty girls, and lots of cops. It seemed that everybody was there just for the excursion. One of the reporters was pacing the platform excitedly, crying, like Diogenes, "I'm looking for an honest passenger. Isn't there *anybody* here who hasn't come just to take the last ride?" There wasn't.

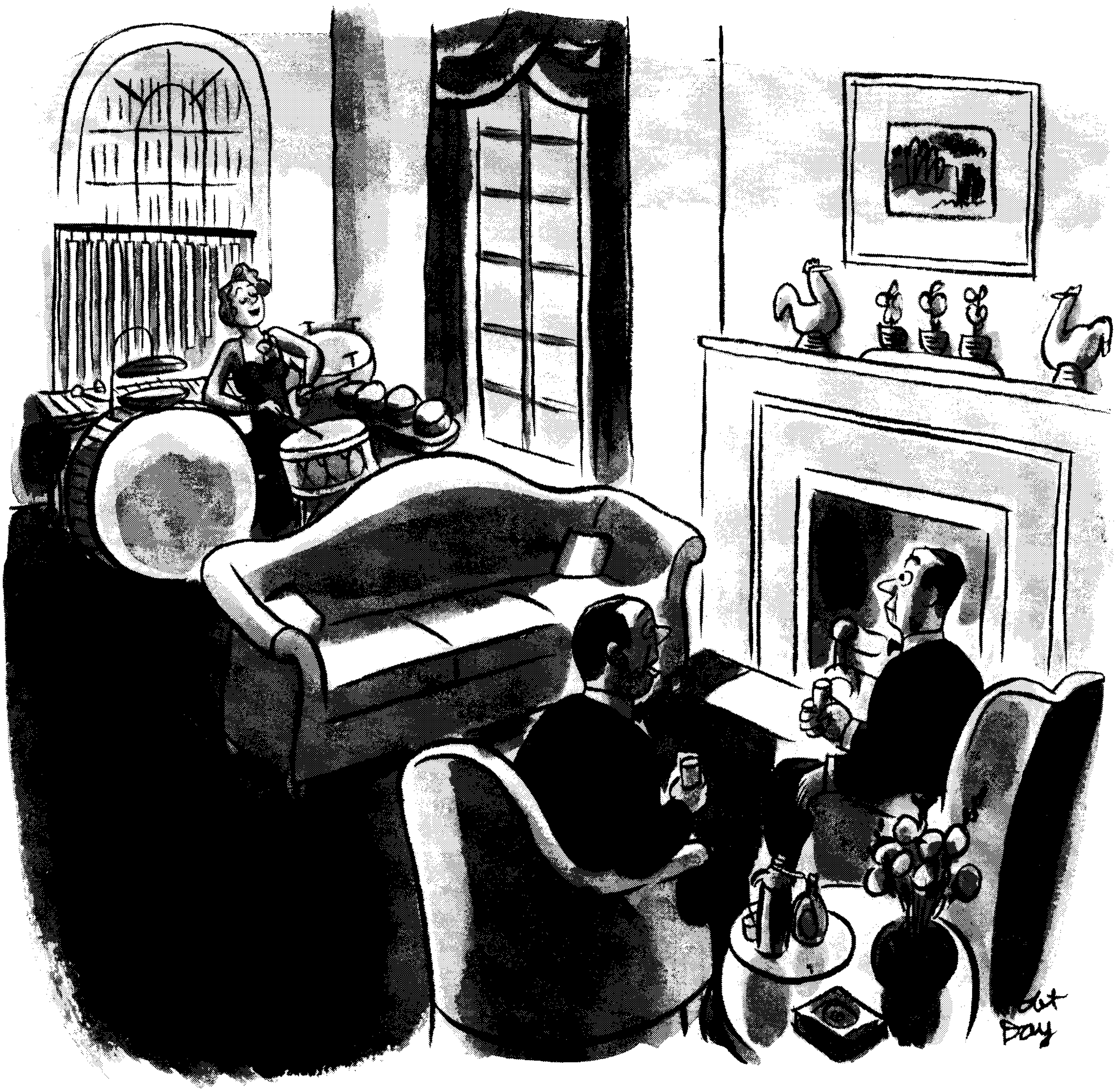
At ten-forty, a long train came tooling up from South Ferry. It had seven cars, and they were already comfortably filled with celebrants who had been forehanded enough to get on at the Battery. The Rector Street crowd got on, too, creating about the same sort of jam you find in the streetcars coming back from the Yale Bowl. The photographers on the platform flashed their bulbs, and everybody cheered. After the train left Rector Street, the passengers started singing—the first time that anybody ever sang just because he was riding on the Sixth Avenue Elevated. And the last, of course. We sang "Auld Lang Syne," "The Sidewalks of New York," "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," and other songs of that day. People leaned out of windows beside the tracks and waved to us—those people who in future will have to get up and go to bed and eat their meals and make love in comparative solitude. Our passage through the Village was a triumph; there were spectators at every street corner and every window. The motorman got whipped up to a festive mood, and tooted the whistle continuously.



"*Please try to stop crying, dear. And listen carefully: Just turn the little catch to the right, and then turn the doorknob to the left.*"

The only discordant note in this gaiety was the discovery that our train wasn't the last—couldn't be, because we didn't stop between Rector and Forty-second Streets, leaving many prospective passengers gaping as we belted through the stations. "Damn it," cried a man sitting near us, "I wanted to get off at Twenty-third." When we stopped at Forty-second Street, he complained to the guard. "I wanted to get off at Twenty-third," he said. "Oh, you did, did you?" said the guard, who had nothing to lose. What we, along with everyone else, had been tricked into taking was the "official" last train. We waited at Forty-second for the real, true last train, which turned out to be a disappointment. It was just a lot of tired people going home on the "L."

A rather fine-drawn legal point was brought up when we got off at the last stop on the Sixth Avenue line, at Eighth Avenue and Fifty-third Street. Since the city wasn't to take over the property until a minute after midnight, and it was then only twenty to twelve, one seedy but spirited old fellow insisted that, having paid his nickel to the I.R.T., he could stay on the platform until a minute past midnight. He and a cop with no neck had quite a discussion about it. "Ga wan," said the cop, "break it up." "I know my rights," cried the citizen. "I got my orders," said the cop. "Get down to the street." "You can't order me around," said the citizen. "Want to talk to the Inspector?" said the cop with no neck. "Yes," the other said. "Where is he?" "Ga wan, break it up before I run ya



"Well, she's happy, and that's what matters."

• •

in," said the cop with no neck. He had the final word, as cops so often do. When the last Elevated structure in the city is razed, we'll still have plenty of cops with no necks or manners.

Attn: Martin Dies

A REFUGEE from Poland recently managed, after months and months of wire-pulling and filling out of forms, to get an American visa on his passport. He was by this time rather thoroughly cowed by official red tape as encountered here and there on the Continent, and approached his New York customs examination with a good deal of trepidation. The officer went through his effects thoroughly but gently, making polite conversation the while. "How does New York look to you?" he asked. "Wonderful!" the immigrant exclaimed. "Your skyline is breath-taking." The customs man snorted with disgust. "Do you know what those skyscrapers are?" he said. "They're simply the monuments of capitalism."

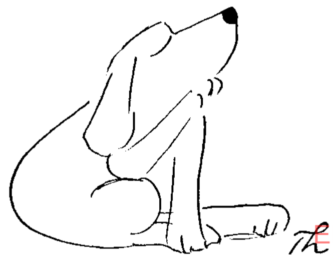
Birds and Flowers

ANY expensive Christmas cards you get this year which feature stars, flowers, angels, or doves will quite likely be the work of Miss Dorothy Simmons, a large-scale designer and manufacturer of them. The stars, flowers, and birds actually play a large part in Miss Simmons' life, we learned this week. The bird-and-flower motif is strong in her home and in her office, both on the fifteenth floor of 235 East Twenty-second Street. She keeps a couple of lovebirds in a cage and wears a brooch in the shape of a dove. From her terrace she watches the stars. In addition she is fond of cats and alligator-pear plants. These latter she raises in her living room. They are non-fruit-bearing, but she likes to have them around, a habit she acquired from the Chinese of San Francisco, where she studied painting for a while. She was born in Atlantic City.

Miss Simmons got into Christmas-card designing the way one might surmise. She began by designing her own cards and then did some for friends and was encouraged to go into the thing as a business. She was an artist of some repute when, six years ago, she designed a series of cards and went from store to store here, taking orders. Now she has a host of delivery boys and a factory, and this year her line comprises seventy-four new designs. Her sales will total several hundred thousand cards before the year is out. All these will have been printed at her factory in Brooklyn, which she visits occasionally, dazing the printers by mixing their inks as an artist blends paints on a palette. Her cards range in retail price from $13 to $85 a hundred; wholesale they're half that. She does nearly all the designing herself, and is addicted to modernism. The names of her cards sound like those of compositions by Raymond Scott: "Angel à la Mode," "Sub-Deb Angel and Deer," "Reindeer in a Persian Garden," and "Still-Life with Candy-Cane."

She holds no brief for the traditional themes of Santa Claus and holly, or for the traditional colors of red and green. She uses any color that strikes her fancy, and any material too: celluloid and cellophane; handmade paper from China, England, Holland; tracing paper, wood veneer, metallic foil and leaf; cloth. One of this year's angels has hair of Brillo, which is ordinarily used for scrubbing out pots.

Miss Simmons began preparations for this season in June a year ago, since it takes her about eighteen months to get a line of cards designed and printed. Last July, when the country had its mind on Independence and fireworks, she distributed her samples to stores all over the world. She has many customers who place their orders early through stores. One man last year bought 500 eighty-eight-cent cards and another 300 sixty-eight-cent ones. In the case of large orders, Miss Simmons is so thoughtful of the buyer's welfare that she encloses several extra envelopes to allow for false starts in addressing. Several movie stars, one Rockefeller, and Walt Disney are among her customers. Last year Disney sent out angelic cherubs sitting on a cloud. Miss Simmons, a lady who we would say is in her thirties, herself sent out a gay rose-and-dove number on heavy transparent celluloid, with the design printed in reverse on the back. She hasn't got around to designing her personal card this year but has the idea for it. Her Christmases are quiet, relaxed days. She sets up a small tree in her apartment and with a few friends around reads the cards that have come to her from all over, a good many of them her own.



Obstacle

THE problems of modern youth were strongly impressed upon at least one mother not long ago by her daughter, a freshman at Vassar, who complained in her weekly letter home about her biology course. "The teacher is swell," she wrote, "but I am having trouble with my microscope. All I can see through it is my eyelashes."

Minor Aid

WHEN we read in an ad in a financial paper that platinum discs are being offered for sale to nervous investors by the Platinum Corporation of America, we called upon the president of that organization, Mr. G. G. Serkau, to find out more. The Platinum Corporation is in the general platinum business, mostly importing the metal for jewellers. This is the first time it has offered its service to the public, Mr. Serkau told us, adding, however, that he has long felt that a little platinum in the average investment portfolio should give its owner a sense of security. "Many people have bought jewels as an investment that will not disappear," he said, "and platinum is in that class." His company sells discs of uniform size for $36 apiece. Each is the size of a half-dollar and is stamped, severely, "1 oz. 99.80% platinum." The edges aren't raised, as on a coin, but the pieces will stack as well as poker chips. A thousand dollars' worth is the least the company likes to sell.

While it's illegal to hoard gold, it's all right to keep platinum in your safe-deposit box. It isn't bulky, will not deteriorate, and is readily salable. Right now the price is as low in comparison with gold as it's ever been and Mr. Serkau doesn't see how it can drop much lower, unless *everything* goes to pieces. When Roosevelt revaluated gold, platinum's rise was exactly proportionate to the revaluation, and if you'd owned some then you'd have had a tidy profit.

Mr. Serkau told us that since the offer appeared a few weeks ago, his company has sold platinum to half a dozen or so investors and that these, so far as he knows, have held their buys. He doesn't think the solution to an investor's worries lies solely in platinum. One Wall Street man who wanted to convert a hundred-thousand-dollar trading account into something safe was advised by Mr. Serkau to put only five per cent of it into platinum. "Platinum is not a complete way out," Mr. Serkau told us. "It's just a minor aid."

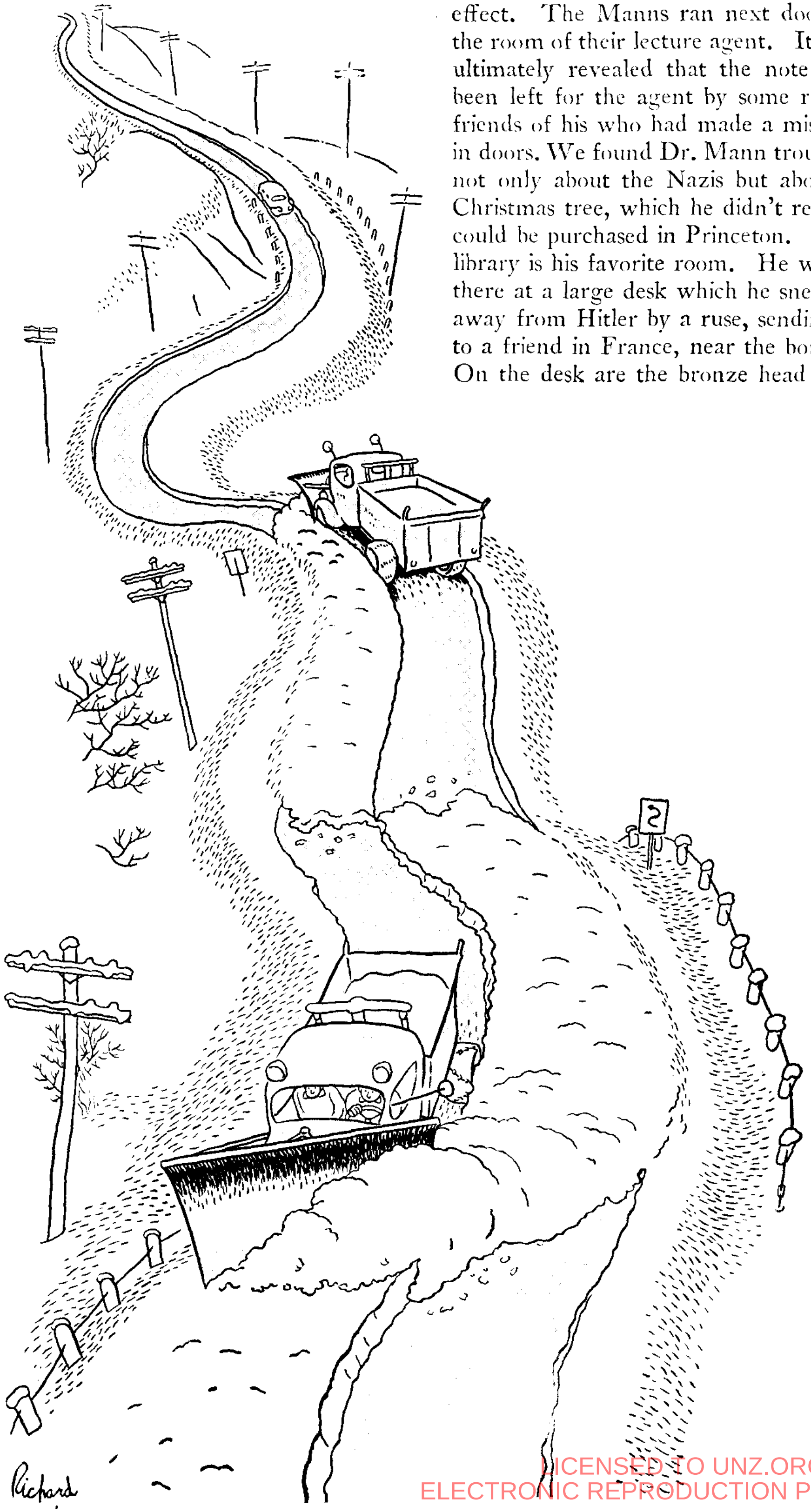
Past Glory

COMMUTERS on the Long Island Railroad almost always glance up from their newspapers between Forest Hills and Woodside, to see how the World's Fair buildings are coming on. One day last week a gray-haired gentleman peered out at the Trylon and Perisphere, then remarked thoughtfully to his seatmate, "You know, there used to be something rather picturesque about the Flushing dumps."

Exiles in Princeton

WITH both Thomas Mann and Einstein settled in Princeton, that community could easily advertise itself as a centre of German intellectualism. Dr. Mann has rented a large red-brick house at 65 Stockton Street, a short distance from the campus, and lives there with Mrs. Mann and whichever of his six children are at home. Ever since he left Germany, the author told us in his library the other afternoon, he has wanted to live in a university town. Princeton opened the way by appointing him Lecturer in the Humanities. He is giving six lectures, four in English to the public and two in German to advanced students, on four subjects: Goethe, Wagner, Freud, and his own book, "The Magic Mountain." He writes his lectures in German and his wife translates them into English. He will continue to write in German no matter what Hitler does. His only composition in English to date, aside from a few letters, has been his speech at a pro-Czechoslovakian meeting in Madison Square Garden a couple of months ago. At the moment he is at work on a novel based on the life of Goethe. Dr. Mann says this will be a "tragi-comic little thing." He writes about three hours every morning, starting directly after breakfast. His afternoons are devoted to reading and answering correspondence. His wife serves as his secretary.

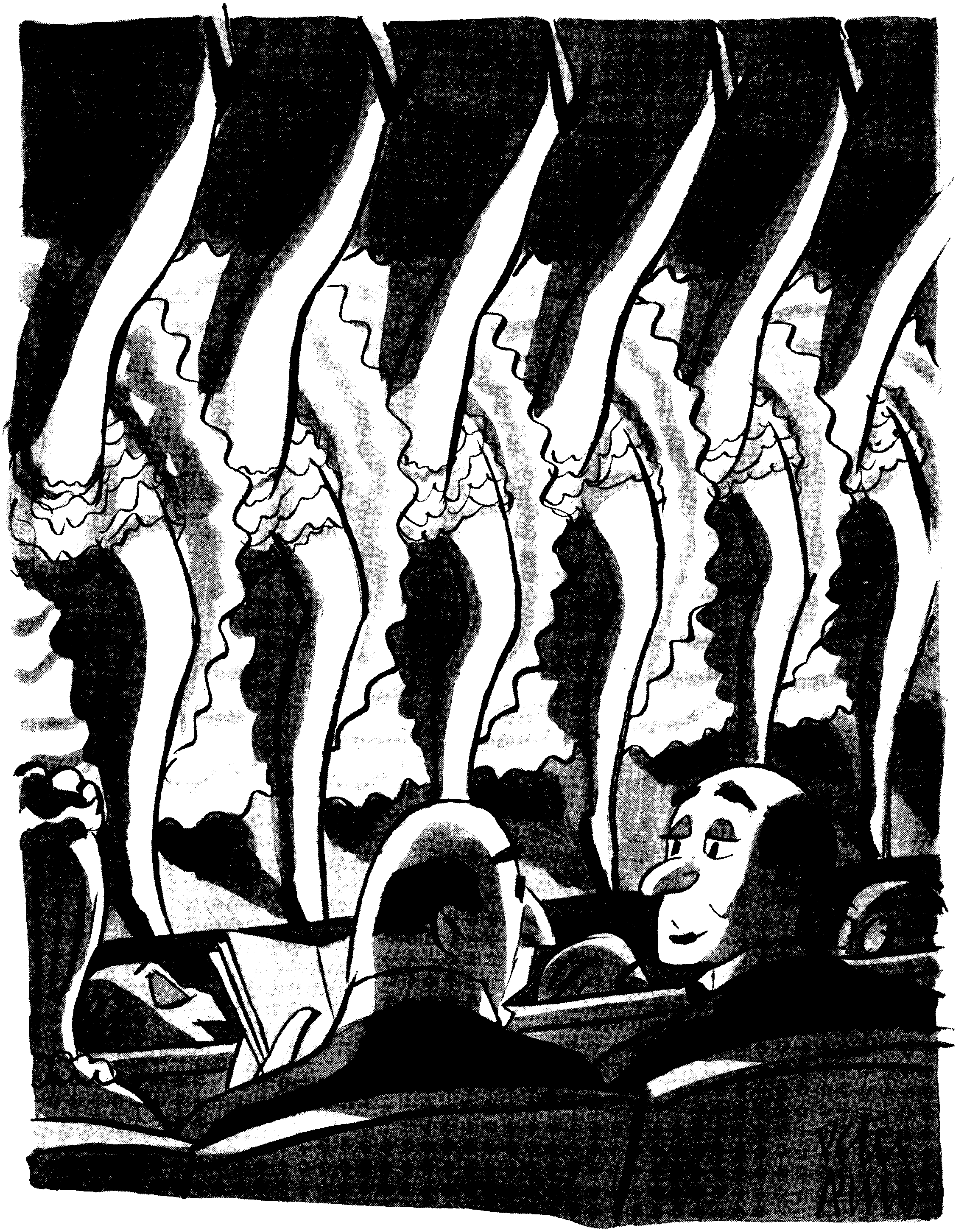
The Manns took out their first citizenship papers last May, about the time the author was completing a lecture tour. On this trip so many people wanted to hear him that frequently the police had to be called out. In Cleveland the excitement was so great that Dr. Mann thought the cops were present to shield him from enemies. He had scarcely regained his calm when two days later, in Toronto, he and Mrs. Mann awoke to find a note under their door reading, "We've got you now," or words to that effect. The Manns ran next door to the room of their lecture agent. It was ultimately revealed that the note had been left for the agent by some ribald friends of his who had made a mistake in doors. We found Dr. Mann troubled not only about the Nazis but about a Christmas tree, which he didn't realize could be purchased in Princeton. The library is his favorite room. He writes there at a large desk which he sneaked away from Hitler by a ruse, sending it to a friend in France, near the border. On the desk are the bronze head of a Siamese warrior, a wooden figure of a servant taken from an Egyptian tomb, and half a dozen medals, one of which was presented to him by President Hindenburg in the old days for his services to German culture. He took another from a case and handed it to us with the remark that it was heavy—"and solid gold, too." We admired the sculptured figures on one side and the bas-relief of a head on the other, and the inscription, "Nobel."



Before he moved to Princeton, Dr. Mann had frequently visited Einstein there. The two men were friends in Germany. Now they meet for lunch or dinner at each other's homes or at the home of Dr. Mann's other translator, Mrs. Lowe-Porter. Einstein is no longer regarded as a campus novelty in Princeton. There is a story to the effect that one time none of his neighbors' radios would work and a repairman who was called attributed this to the presence of a certain type of electric heating pad in the vicinity. They eliminated every house but Einstein's, and then sent a timid delegation there. Einstein readily admitted he had such a device but insisted on illustrating, by a bewildering series of mathematical calculations, that his heater couldn't possibly cause trouble. The neighbors nodded politely but, nudged by the repairman, asked if he would mind if they bought him a different kind of heater. Einstein agreed, and after they got him a new pad all the radios worked.

Misfit

AN unemployed young actress with red hair was sitting at the counter in the Times Square Walgreen's, which is where unemployed actors go to eat and worry, when a friend of hers rushed in with the news that Herman Shumlin was casting the new Thornton Wilder play, "The Merchant of Yonkers," and wanted a red-headed ingénue. Quick as a wink, the girl ran around to the Shumlin office on Forty-second Street, where, taking her place in a queue of red-headed girls, she finally got in to see Mr. Shumlin. She turned on the old personality and told him about all the parts she'd had, but the producer just shook his head. "You're too tall," he said. The girl went out into the corridor, took the lifts out of her shoes, removed her hat and combed her hair down flat, then went back and got into line again. The second interview with Shumlin didn't



"Shoes by I. Miller!"

INVITE

Dear Betty:

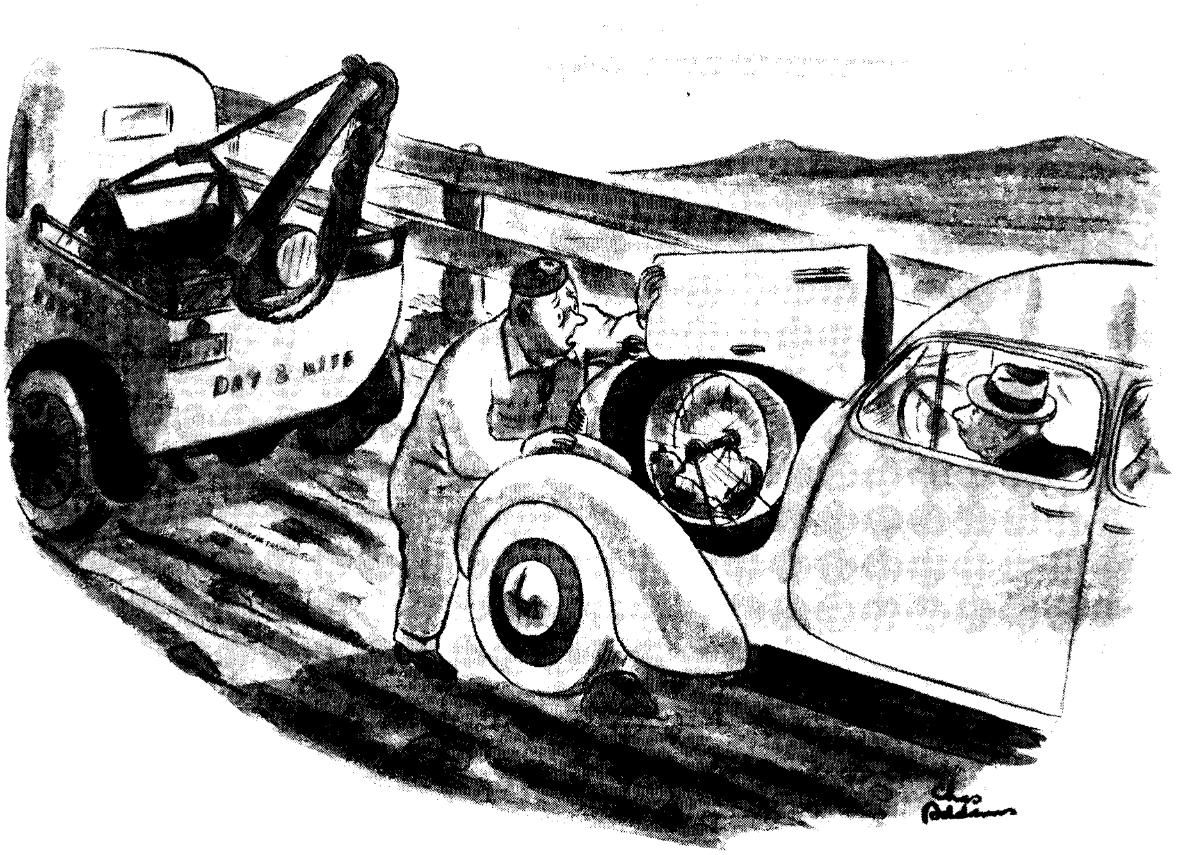
I DEBATED within myself a long time whether to call you Betty, not that I didn't call you Betty last summer and you me Harry, but as neither of us kept our promise to write I was not sure whether we should return to the formal basis. However I have a feeling that having gone through those stirring times in London together I suppose we will never forget them and I know that for my part whenever I think of London in 1938 and those times I will always think of Betty.

Well, it did not turn out the way we feared and for that let us be grateful. Not that I was not disappointed in Chamberlain but I suppose it is better to have peace than war no matter how much it cost England in prestige. I know for my part I prefer to be back here in college enjoying the life than in uniform standing in a muddy trench, waiting for the given signal to go "over the top" and kill my fellow man, who, just because he happens to be a German is still my fellow man. I suppose I am a pacifist at heart although I would naturally go to war and lay down my life if this country were ever invaded and I imagine you would feel the same way if you were a man.

Well, how are you liking it at Smith? I hope better than you did freshman year. Remember I told you in London how you would like it better when you were a sophomore? Personally I did not mind freshman year so much. I made a lot of new acquaintances and friends freshman year and although some of them have not lasted, still some of them have, and now that I am an upperclassman I am satisfied to have my own circle of friends, some of them in the fraternity but some not. I am not narrow about fraternity stuff. Just because a fellow I liked happened to go Phi Psi and I went Delt does not mean that I have to hate him. That stuff went out years ago. In fact my father was not a Delt. When he was here he was a Tau Phi Alpha, which was then a local and is now national, S. A. E. When I came here he told me I could go anything I please. "Any crowd that will have you," he said humorously. I think that is the right attitude and if my son comes here he can go any fraternity he wants, preferably Delt because we have always had a good well-rounded house, not too many athletes and not too many honor students and not too many playboys. Three years ago we won the Heffelberger Cup, emblematic of having the highest scholastic average of any fraternity house on the campus, and last year we had captain of baseball, three Phi Betes, two guys that just missed Phi Bete, chairman of the Junior Prom, and also the chapter won the touch football championship and also were runners-up in interfraternity tennis. So you see we have a well-rounded house with varied interests. We also have some wealthy alumni. At all our big football games you ought to see the Lincolns and Cadillacs parked in the driveway. One of the alumni from Lake Forest has a Rolls but he never brings it to the games.

Well, I guess all this fraternity stuff doesn't mean very much to you, being an Eastern girl, but I just thought I would tell you a few things as I wanted to ask you if you could come out here for Junior Prom, as my guest. I know what you will think, too far. Well, it is pretty far but not if you come by plane. If you flew to Chicago I could meet you there in my car and it is only a pleasant drive from Chicago. We would be here in plenty of time for the tea dance Friday afternoon. (I hope your folks have no objection to flying.) As to where you would stay while here you would stay at the Kappa house (Kappa Kappa Gamma). That is the best sorority on the campus and is just around the corner literally from our house. We and the Kappas have an arrangement that the men the Kappas bring to Prom stay at our house and the women we bring stay at the Kappa house. You would like the Kappas. A lot of them get their clothes in the East and have their own cars and have more members of the Junior League than any other sorority. Some of the other sororities call the Kappas a hi-hat crowd but I don't think that is fair. Several times during the year we have joint dances, informals, with the Kappas and you would not want to meet a nicer crowd. Easterners get a wrong idea of the girls out here. One Kappa, Marge Holt by name, spends practically all her time in the "21" Club when she is in New York and knows Ted Husing. She and I were the only ones who could really do the Lambeth Walk as she was also in London last summer before you got there. She is anxious to meet you as I have told her all about you. I told her you saved my life in London. If it hadn't been for you I probably would have been bored to death in spite of all the stirring times. Her mother and father were both born in Brooklyn but Marge was born in Fort Wayne and is a member of the Fort Wayne Junior League. She is half engaged to a Psi U from Michigan, but if you come out don't say anything about that as it is unofficial. She and I used to see a lot of each other freshman and sophomore year but before she went abroad she went up to northern Michigan for a week and fell in love with Bud. I don't remember his last name. I must have been very enthusiastic about you because she said to me the other night, "Harry, isn't it wonderful how things turn out?" She and I were never really in love and she meant it was wonderful how we could be on the friendship basis again, although I did not infer to her that you were in love with me. However she seemed to think I was in love with you, just from things I said, and perhaps she knows me better than I know myself. She is a wise old girl, is our Marge, despite a reputation for being frivolous. She hardly ever cracks a book but if she did she would easily have straight A's but she would rather just manage to stay in college and have a whirl than miss the fun and be a good student. She says she expects to get married twice! I wonder how Bud would like that if he heard it. She knows she could be good at anything she tried but she says what is the use of her taking a job away from some girl that really needs it. Her folks have plenty of money so I suppose she is right. Sometimes she is very deep.

Well, how's about it? You have



"May I ask who's been doing your repair work?"

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plenty of time to think it over and I wish you would let me know the minute you decide. You could be back in Northampton Sunday night I believe. They are trying very hard to get Tommy Dorsey for Prom. It will be announced next week. The program is tea dances Friday afternoon and joint dinner at our house (Kappas and their guests and our guests and we). There will be a basketball game that night but we can miss that as it is only a freshman game. There is also a Glee Club concert before Prom and that may be good. Then Prom until four and then breakfast party at the Kappa house. The next day (Saturday) there is nothing special doing till the tea dances when every house has open house and then Buffet supper at the Kappa house. After that the 'varsity basketball game and after the game informal dancing at the gym. It has to be informal as there is a faculty rule that dancing has to end at 12 midnight Saturday night. You would only have to bring one evening dress that is for Prom. If you could stay over Sunday afternoon and evening there is a roadhouse about twenty miles from here that used to be a country club and is afternoon when we have dates. It is just a pleasant drive and if you have never seen the farming country out here it might prove interesting to an Easterner.

Well, I have sketched the Prom week-end for you and I hope it sounds interesting. If you would come it would be the first time one of our crowd has had a girl from so far east, and we would go to town showing you a good time. Last year one girl came from Pittsburgh but she was plastered practically all the time she was here, not that there is any objection to drinking but this girl made herself objectionable and was suspected of stealing a diamond wrist watch from one of the girls over at Kappa. She was definitely not the type girl we or the Kappas prefer to have.

So come on and let us show you that all the fun is not at Yale and Princeton and those places. Also we can talk about the stirring times we had in London which will prove interesting to those who were not there.

I have a lot of things I want to talk about in person but that will have to wait. Well, as they say in dear old London, cheerio.

From
"CHAMBERLAIN"

P. S.: If you could wire me this week it would be so much the better.

—JOHN O'HARA

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THE CHOICE

The falling snow to lock us in,
The whitest of my wintry kin,
Has brought the wrong words to my mouth:
I think and talk of going South.

I say I shall, I know I shan't;
My Southern talk is Northern cant.
My bread is earned in leafless waste,
The slowing cold, the winter faced.

Root out the bitter from the ground,
But will it grow a tree more sound?
Refuse the genius of the hearth,
But will it prove the greener garth?

If I should drift to milder skies,
Deny the strength of homeward eyes,
I might be fooled with house of glass
Or want to walk in snakeless grass.

—DAVID McCORD

BEST BOY I EVER HAD

THERE is an impressive monument in my friend Thwaites' garden at Port Boulah, Jamaica. I saw the shaft rising above the surrounding foliage, so I asked Thwaites about it as we sat on the veranda.

For a moment he was silent, ruminating and breathing heavily. Then he plunged abruptly into the story. "Best boy I ever had," he puffed. "Name of Johnson—Zedekiah Johnson. Got sick suddenly one day. I was very fond of him, so I sent him in my car, in the care of my black chauffeur, to the hospital—with three envelopes."

"Why three envelopes?"

"One for the doorkeeper of the hospital, with a shilling in it, to insure Johnson's getting as far as the surgery. And one with half-a-crown for the surgery attendant, to make sure Johnson got to the doctor. Dammit, I must look after my servants. The hospital, you see, is mostly run by blacks, or coffee-colored, on approved civilized lines."

"I see. And the third envelope?"

"That was for the doctor—with five bob; Dr. Xavier Napoleon Artaxerxes Blacker. Not his fee, you understand."

"I'm beginning to grasp it."

"Good. Dr. Blacker is one of the oldest families in the island. His great-great-et-cetera-grandfather came over from Africa specially to settle here, and—er—acquired the name of Blacker.

"Well, the chauffeur came back alone—said Johnson had been detained. This was a bit of a blow to me and for the next few days I was lost without him. I tried to train my chauffeur to pinch-hit for him, but there were drawbacks. The food tasted of motor oil, and when I complained about that, it tasted of the petrol he washed the oil off his hands with. Worse, I thought."

"What was wrong with Johnson?"

"I couldn't find out. After I'd heard absolutely nothing for three days, I phoned up and was simply told that he was very bad indeed. I sent him down a few delicacies and so on, but still I heard not a word. At last I was just going to go down myself when I got a notification that Johnson had died in hospital and would I make arrangements for the funeral.

"I was a bit cut up, because, as I told you, I had become quite fond of poor Johnson. So I took the whole thing in hand. First of all, though, I had to unearth his old mother, who lived, I gathered, somewhere down in the native quarter. I don't think she'd seen Johnson for years, but from the way she carried on when I broke the news you'd have thought he was her sole support, only light of her eyes, and so on. She cried for one and a quarter hours by the clock and would have been at it all night if I hadn't arranged to settle five bob a week on her for life."

"Very generous of you."

"Well, I'd never before had a boy that could match Johnson. And I did more than that. I fixed up a crackerjack of a funeral for him. These niggers absolutely love that—makes it almost worth while dying, they feel. So I had full nodding plumes, mutes, and enough black horses to fit out a cavalry squadron, and I was chief mourner."

"What about his mother?"

"She failed to turn up. I guess it was the effect of the first installment of her five bob a week. Anyway, in solitary state I followed the coffin back here."

"Here?"

"Yes. Oh, I forgot to tell you. In this part of the world the niggers don't always bury their dead in the churchyards. They're quite likely to choose some place they fancy in the island, or very often a corner of a relation's garden. Rather a nice idea in a way. And nothing would do Johnson's mother but that he should be buried in *my* garden, where he'd worked so long."

The monument in the corner at which I'd been idly gazing suddenly took on a new significance.

"Is—er—that the—"

"Yes. Naturally, I did him proud in that line. Come and see it close up."

IT was certainly a grand monument. Marble and angels and so on, and "Sacred to the memory of Johnson, a good and faithful servant," in letters a foot high.

"Next morning," continued Thwaites quite casually, "Johnson suddenly walked into the house, discharged from hospital. I nearly threw a fit. I had to have the biggest whiskey you ever—that reminds me. *Johnson!*"

"Coming, sah!" The grinning Johnson was at our elbows with the glasses. I looked at him and then at his monument. He looked at his monument and then at me. I felt a little queer.

"Yas, I good and faithful," he grinned. "*Everyone* now know." He pointed to the inscription and slapped his chest. It gave me quite an uncanny sensation.

"But," I said to Thwaites, "what on earth had happened?"

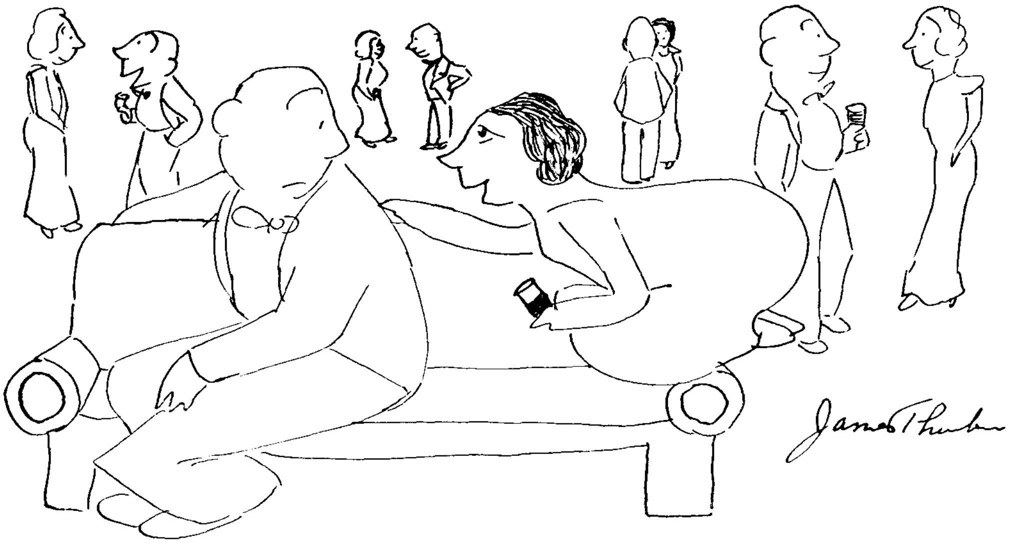
"Oh, nothing out of the ordinary. There'd just been some sort of mistake at the hospital. A clerical error. It's quite usual here."

"But who *is* buried there?" I gasped.

Thwaites turned back toward the veranda.

"I haven't the slightest idea. Never could find out. But whoever he is, *there* he is! Have another drink?"

—ANTHONY ARMSTRONG



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PROFILES

MR. AMBASSADOR—I

WILLIAM CHRISTIAN BULLITT, our Ambassador to France, was born with a set of ancestors ideal for anyone who was to grow up to make a career of representing the United States in Europe. Many of his forebears were Early American historical figures, and two more recent progenitors have become city statues. The Ambassador is descended from the father of George Washington, the sister of Patrick Henry, and from Pocahontas herself. He is still further related to the First Families of the Old Dominion through the intermarriages of his forebears with the Langhornes, Dandridges, and Harrisons. Of the two statues, one is that of the Ambassador's paternal grandfather, John Christian Bullitt, a leading citizen in his day, which is placed before the Philadelphia City Hall. His maternal great-grandfather, Dr. Samuel Gross, because he did so much to advance and standardize the practice of medicine in America, is honored by a statue which stands in front of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. The first Bullitts came to this country as Huguenot refugees from Provence, and in 1937 Mr. Bullitt, in his capacity as Ambassador, was made an honorary citizen of the town of Nîmes, from which the ancestral Monsieur Boulet fled in 1637. Bullitt feels as close to the French today as if those three hundred years were no more than a week, and is still as cool to England as if 1776 were only yesterday. Fortified by hist- and a passion for international affairs, he treats the twentieth century as if it were the eighteenth, and comes to the same anti-monarchical, democratic conclusions, and feels the same affections, affiliations, and fears, that his Revolutionary ancestors did. For him, General Lafayette is always at his right hand and George III is still lurking around the corner.

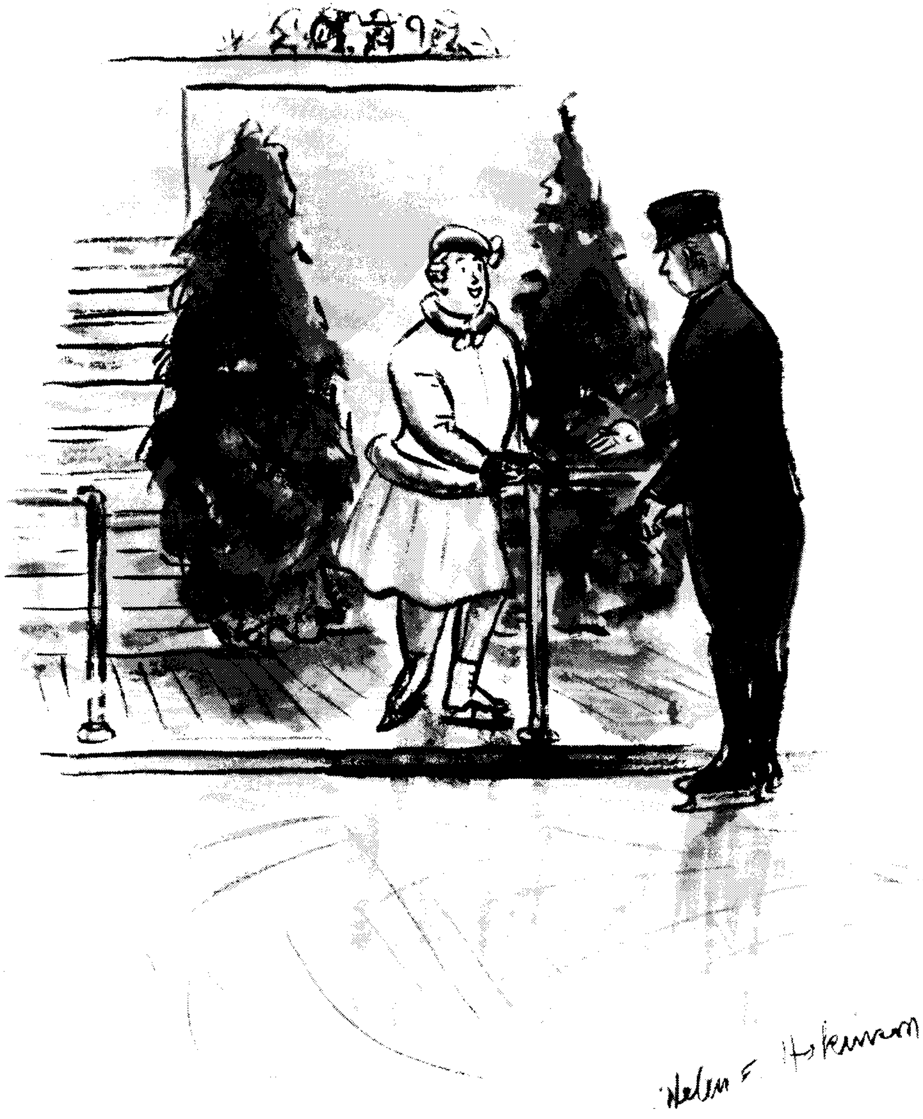
More than most Americans' lives, Mr. Bullitt's was from the beginning an accumulation of things past. A few minutes after he was born forty-seven years ago in Locust Street, Philadelphia, he was laid on an armchair, where his great-aunt, Lady Osler, wife of the noted Canadian physician, Sir William Osler, accidentally sat on the child. Thus immediately began operating on him the mixed advantages and drawbacks of his position as a member of a stylized, sedate, well-upholstered bourgeoisie, rich in fortune, education, and appreciation of the early Colonial democracy—and caste. It was from his antecedents' traditional pride in themselves and the United States, which they had once fought to help create and later thoroughly enjoyed, that he drew his possessive patriotism, and it was from their eminent satisfaction in the way the American Revolution turned out that he probably developed his instinct for rebellion generations after rebellion had gone out of style in his family. From the age of six months, when he was trundled from Philadelphia to Rome to be shown to his aunt, the Duchess d'Assergio, he was annually taken on summer trips to Europe; as a boy, in winter he was sent to the De Lancey private day school, then the best in Philadelphia. At school or at home, the atmosphere he breathed was that emanated by Rittenhouse Square, with more exciting whiffs brought by the grown-ups from the clubs and the select terpsichorean Assemblies of Philadelphia. Through the days of his youth, young Bullitt was persistently educated and photographed; he worked away at sciences and foreign languages, learning his German in Munich and his French at the family luncheon table, where his mother, a good linguist, made French the rule; he was posed for the family album from his Fauntleroy period to that of the plastered forelock and high collar proper for prewar Eastern collegiates. At considerable expense he was sent to Yale for his undergraduate work and to Harvard for law. As Mr. Bullitt's late friend, Charles Sweeney of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, was the first to say, Bullitt rose from the rich.

For fourteen years of his adult life he has been among the unemployed. In the years when he had jobs, they were good ones. Though he started as a ten-dollar-a-week reporter for the Philadelphia *Ledger*, he soon became a featured World War correspondent for that paper, and later in the war was in charge of the State Department's secret and confidential reports on the Central Powers. Thereafter he served variously as attaché to President Wilson's Paris Peace Commission, special assistant to the Secretary of State, executive officer of the American Delegation to the London Economic Conference; once he was almost a farmer and twice he has been an ambassador. When he resigned from Wilson's peace staff in 1919, in what was considered a scandalous underling's uprising against the Treaty of Versailles, Bullitt said he knew he would be put on the political shelf for fifteen years. His prophecy erred by a twelvemonth, for in 1933 Roosevelt brought him out of retirement by naming him Ambassador to Russia. Doing nothing for those fourteen years was the hardest job Bullitt ever tackled, because he has always suffered from, and enjoyed, abnormal energy. His energy drives people either to admiring or detesting him. In human relations he never tastes the peace of indifference; some of the harshest things are said about him by his friends, some of the kindest by his enemies. He is eclectic, enthusiastic, adrenal—in conversation turns scarlet with displeasure or delight—is hospitable, sociable, hot-tempered, and overpunctual. He has an uproarious sense of humor and loves to laugh out loud at his or other people's jokes. He is an inveterate reader and a lively raconteur.

Headstrong, spoiled, spectacular, something of a nabob, and a good showman, he has complicated ambitions which are a compound of his devotion to his own notions of idealism, his interest in his career, and his faith in the ultimate fate of the human race. Two things he can't abide are shilly-shally and criticism. He works best at top speed and surrounded by admiration. He is the first United States Ambassador to France in thirty years who speaks fluent French, and is a better judge of foreigners than of Americans. He is refractory, partisan, and always a fighter, an unembarrassed patriot, and an explosive romantic. He has a shrewd talent for contacts, a remarkable memory, an emotional respect for history, and a serious sense of the value of documentation. He earnestly tries never to be fooled in a trade and in a big issue is indiscreetly unafraid to shoot the works. He is prematurely bald; is blue-eyed, pink-skinned; has heavy shoulders and, though an excellent judge of wines, the blood pressure of a man of twenty-one. For years he slept only four hours a night and regularly had breakfast at five A.M.

IN the past an American ambassador's chief duties were to wear a top hat and keep us out of foreign entanglements. But European politics and international trade being what they are today, an ambassador's primary activities now include those of a trade expert who wears a pencil behind his ear and whose main job is to prevent the foreigners from entangling themselves in a bankrupting war. In one month last year Mr. Bullitt gave sixty hours to increasing the quota of American apples allowed to be sold in France and the rest of his time to writing analyses to Washington of what looked like the dangerous political horse trades of the rising and falling French Cabinets. Ever since the epoch of the Venetian ambassadors, secret correspondence has been the great unpublished work of European diplomacy. In the past the United States did less of this, but today our ambassadors are no longer supposed to stare like simple Americans, but instead to get our government its money's worth by keeping their eyes peeled, by edging in on contemporary information, and, above all, by taking notes. Bullitt's confidential reports are considered the amplest in the foreign service because he likes what he calls "keeping in touch with the general situation," and in Europe today the general situation can be anything and anywhere. Since he was once an A-1 newspaperman, his reports are a kind of extraordinary private European gazette; what interests him is the news behind the news, and he thinks yesterday's events less important than today's—and tomorrow's. Because he is a diplomat, this leads him into written prophecy dangerous for any mortal, but he's too interested to be nervous. The last and least duty of an ambassador nowadays, according to Bullitt, is representing his country in a top hat.

However, when there is top-hat work to be done, Bullitt polishes it off handsomely. The daily dark-red carnation he wears in his buttonhole tickles the French. He likes lots of good London-made clothes, has a correct and varied wardrobe of thirty suits, which he wears with dash. The homespun tradition, when manifested by the richest country in the world, has never appealed to Europeans, who expect us to live up to the big money we invariably mention—in the years when we can. Bullitt is able to talk crops as competently as the next politician, but he also makes the required grand drawing-room bow. As the French say, he acts like, looks like, even smells like an ambassador. Certainly to the maintenance of an elegant ambassadorial standard he has given a lot—about $62,000 a year. The late Ambassador Straus annually spent about $75,000. Bullitt, being



"Now tell me what's

familiar with France, gets more for his money. He has no housekeeper, has a finger in all the menus, and runs the Embassy himself with the abrupt, expensive efficiency of a man who has no woman to guide him. For a big dinner party of thirty or more, he doubles the staff of Embassy footmen so food may be served the only way he likes it—hot and punctually. He's been known to cut a guest dead who arrived for dinner half an hour late. He is a gourmet with a good digestion, and his food and drink rank so high in European diplomatic circles that King Zog, before his marriage, wrote Bullitt as man to man to ask whether, for his wedding breakfast and state feasts, he could please borrow Bullitt's cook, the former chef of the Hungarian Regent Horthy—the one cook in Europe, the King had heard, competent to meet the approaching gastronomic crisis with style. Bullitt was happy to be of service and the loan turned out fine for all concerned: it gave Bullitt a new story to tell at his dinner table, it gave the King complete satisfaction, it gave the chef not only a grand trip but also the famous Albanian Ordre de Besa, conferred by the grateful monarch.

The wines Bullitt serves are exceptional even in France. For his burgundies he usually goes down to the district and does his tasting and selecting himself. Once, in the famous wine cellars of Horcher's restaurant in Berlin, he spent an afternoon tasting eleven of their finest white wines, a compliment young Horcher offered gratis to a customer who knew wine almost as well as a restaurateur. Bullitt's rarer Embassy vintages he sensibly serves only to small, serious dinner parties that will appreciate them. They include a Château Haut-Brion 1906, a Cheval Blanc 1906 which can't be purchased any more, a Château Margaux 1899, and a Château d'Yquem of 1901. His finest German wine is a 1915 Johannisberg, his favored brandy a Monnet, *très vieille*. The scarcest of his French *crus* are a few bottles of Château Mouton-Rothschild 1858, from Foyot's cellars. He also had some *rarissime* Pontet-Canet 1864, but Herriot, President of the Chamber and France's heartiest political winebibber, polished that off. Bullitt never skimps on his big affairs. At an Embassy ball for six hundred guests, including the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Bullitt served four hundred and ninety bottles of his favorite champagne, Pommery 1928, a worthy Pouilly-Fumé, brandies, besides fruit juices, cakes, and the like, and, at one-thirty in the morning, draft Munich beer with baked beans and frankfurters. For the first time in the Embassy there was dancing to a jazz band. The party ended at five A.M. Last summer he gave a ball for three hundred midshipmen and officers from our fleet. That party nearly never ended at all.

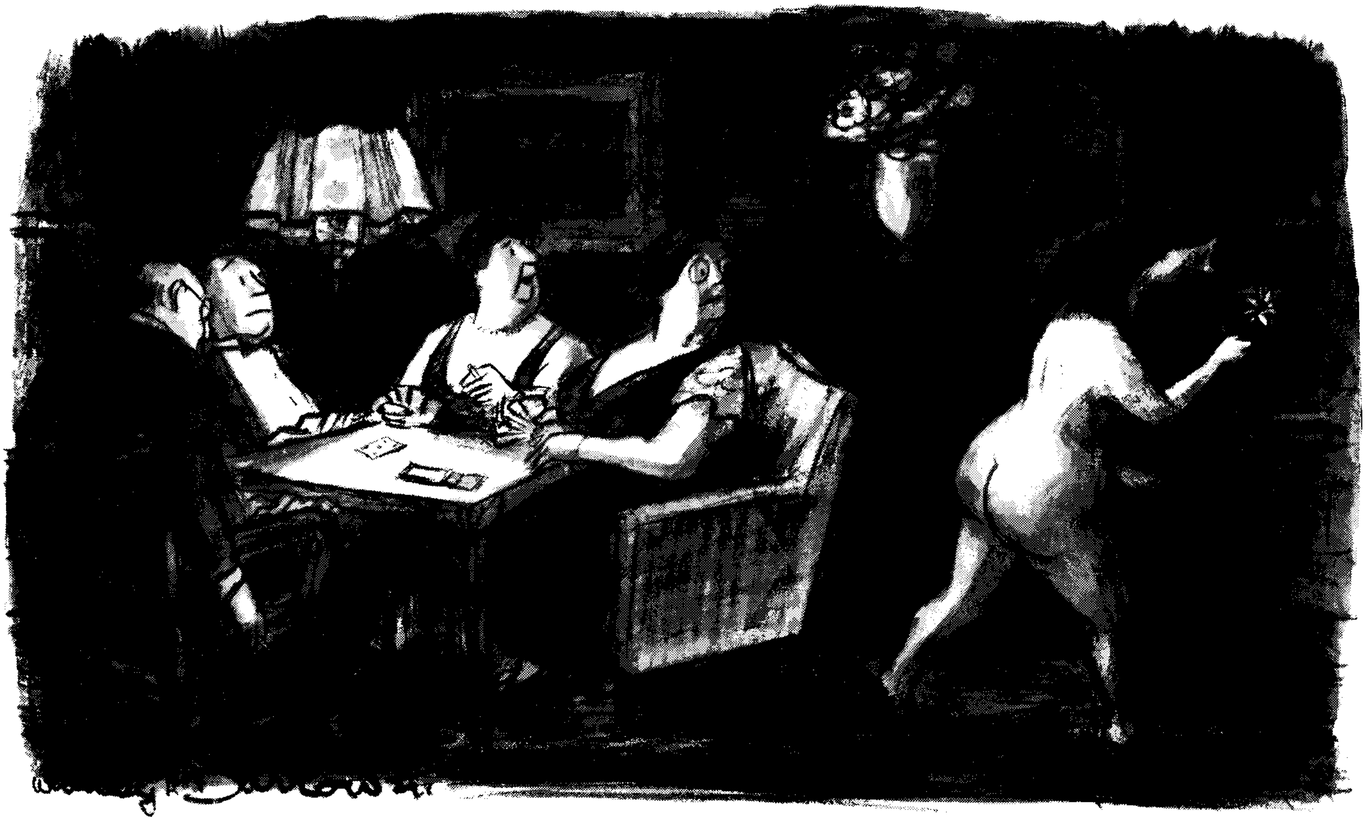
BULLITT maintains two establishments, of which his town house, or the Embassy, on the Avenue d'Iéna near the Trocadéro is fortunately rent-free. It was a gift to the American government by the late Ambassador Herrick and was formerly the *hôtel particulier* of the French President Grévy. The Grévy regime having tended decoratively toward gray cupids and rose petals, Mr. Bullitt redid the mansion impressively and comfortably in French *haute-époque* style, with exotic touches provided by some rich Chinese portraits, porcelains, and specially woven Indo-Chinese rugs; he added duck-egg-green walls, grisailles over the salon doors, enormous needlepoint chairs, and plenty of bookcases. He knew exactly what he wanted and told the decorators so.

His country place, which he rents, is the little eighteenth-century château of St. Firmin, in the private woods and on the borders of the fountained lake of the great château of Chantilly, which was originally the estate of the Ducs de Condé and later was owned by the Duc d'Aumale. The Duc willed his unentailed property, which included his fine library of books and the château of St. Firmin, to the Institut de France. Since the Institut consists of the two hundred and twenty-six most illustrious intellectual figures of France, Bullitt has two hundred and twenty-six brainy landlords. What Bullitt likes best about the place is that the two great French horse races, the Chantilly Prix de Diane and the Prix du Jockey Club, are practically run in his back yard. Though he is crazy about all sports, especially tennis, he is craziest about racing, and the first thing he reads at breakfast is the racing page of the London *Times*. Ex-Premier Chautemps liked St. Firmin so well that he turned somersaults down the lawn to show his approval. Bullitt keeps his and his daughter's riding horses in the estate's vast old stables.

Like her father, Anne Bullitt admires horseflesh. She is now fourteen and has been attending the Foxcroft School in Virginia. On her last birthday her doting father, who calls her Duck, telephoned her long distance from Paris and sent an elaborate cablegram that included messages from her favorite dog. Since her mother is dead, the relationship between Anne and her father—who thinks the sun rises and sets by her—is very special. Because she is not of an age to act as her father's hostess at the Embassy, the Ambassador, as is customary when the incumbent has no wife, chooses his presiding hostess for his formal affairs from among the wives of his diplomatic staff.

Being a liberal entertainer is part of being an ambassador, since ninety per cent of the entertainment is done for the government. Most nations grant their ambassadors a handsome allowance for representation. To the British Ambassador in Washington, for example, His Majesty's Government gives an entertainment fund of $70,000 a year. Toward its Ambassador's entertaining in Paris, the United States donates annually $4,800, which sum can also be drawn on in the Ambassador's absence by the Chargé d'Affaires. Bullitt's salary is $17,500 a year, his personal income around $45,000; his global expenses, personal and official, are somewhere above $75,000. No one except ambassadors knows how or why ambassadors manage.

BULLITT's income derives from his share of what is left of the fortune of his grandfather, John Christian Bullitt, who in 1890 was ranked as one of the ten wealthiest men in the country and was reputed to be worth between ten and fifteen million in real estate, Norfolk & Western Railroad shares, and West Virginia coal mines. But the eighteen-nineties also had their recessions; when he died in 1902, his estate had started to fall. It sank to about a million dollars, but later, before 1929, came back to around eighteen million. John Christian Bullitt was born a Kentuckian, married Therese Langhorne of Virginia, came to live in Philadelphia, where



"Charlotte lives in a world all her own."

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he built up one of the biggest law practices of his time and wrote Philadelphia's new City Charter. The statue of him which stands before the City Hall was a posthumous tribute, and a rare one from Philadelphia to an outsider. In Kentucky, John Christian's great-great-uncle, the lawyer Thomas Bullitt, had staked out the city of Louisville and acquired the thousand-acre family estate of Oxmoor, now owned by another lawyer, former Solicitor General William Marshall Bullitt. Ambassador Bullitt's father, William Christian Bullitt, Sr., besides being a lawyer, was a member of the Pennsylvania State Legislature, at one time vice-president of the Norfolk & Western, and also a member of the firm of Castner, Curran & Bullitt, which controlled the Pocahontas coal mines that formerly furnished coal to most of the major navies of the world. The family coal mines were so named as a sentimental tribute to the Indian maid who had become Mrs. John Rolfe, and one of whose descendants had eventually married into the Bullitt tribe. On his death Mr. Bullitt left his coal business to his employees; he said his children—the Ambassador and his younger brother, Orville H., now a Philadelphia banker—had enough to live on.

The Bullitts have been American lawyers for three hundred years, or ever since they settled at Port Tobacco, on a tributary of the Potomac, but on his mother's side the Ambassador's forebears have a little more professional and ethnological variety. His mother, Louisa Gross Horwitz, was of Pennsylvania Dutch Palatinate stock, with an admixture of German Jewish blood; her grandfather, out from the Old Country, settled in Baltimore as a chemist, but his son, Bullitt's grandfather, Orville Horwitz, who married the daughter of the famous Dr. Gross, became another of those nineteenth-century successful American lawyers. He was so successful that his fine town house in Baltimore is now preserved as the Walters Art Gallery; his country place, Cloud Capped, is today Maryland's Memorial to its war dead.

During Bullitt's four years at Yale, where he was in the class of 1912, he studiously strove to evade becoming a lawyer; he majored in psychology and his professors advised him to become a research psychologist. He was, however, already interested in foreign affairs and was a member of Professor (now President) Charles Seymour's first class in Modern History and Diplomatic Relations. Bullitt was Phi Beta Kappa, Psi Upsilon, Scroll and Key, editor of the Yale *Daily News*, and president of the Dramatic Association. (In a production of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," he wore a suit of full armor while mounted on an unreliable white horse borrowed from the New Haven Fire Department.) He founded a short-lived organization known as the Minced Pie Club, two of whose members were Cole Porter and Chauncey Tinker, who is now Professor Tinker, the eminent Boswell and Johnson authority. All these things availed Bullitt nothing, for when he was graduated from Yale it was to go to Harvard Law School. After he had been there one year, his studies were brought to an end by his father's death and an ensuing chance voyage to Russia, then an untouristed, remote, Czarist land.

Three times in Bullitt's life Russia has shaped him. His first visit to Moscow decided his career, his second visit temporarily ruined it, and his third visit was a three-year sentimental stalemate which did neither him nor Russia any good.

—JANET FLANNER

(*This is the first of two articles on Ambassador Bullitt.*)

MR. K★A★P★L★A★N BARES HIS TEETH

MR. PARKHILL was worried about "v"s and "w"s. For weeks he had known that something would have to be done about them—something drastic. The enunciation of "v"s and "w"s was a nemesis to the students of the American Night Preparatory School for Adults, and particularly to the students of the beginners' grade. Mr. Parkhill had discussed the problem in detail, during a recess, with Miss Higby of Composition, Grammar, and Civics. And Miss Higby had agreed without hesitation that no speech imperfection caused *her* so much anxiety as "the voiced labial and labiodental consonants." That was just the way she had put it. (Miss Higby had an M.A. in Education.)

"They don't seem to be able to master their 'w's," Mr. Parkhill said earnestly.

"Nor their '*v*'s, Mr. Parkhill! Let's not gloss over their 'v's." Miss Higby seemed rather stern about it.

There was a pause.

"Drill, drill, drill!" Miss Higby said suddenly.

Mr. Parkhill cleared his throat. "I—er—beg your pardon?"

"I said, 'Drill, drill, drill.' "

"Oh."

A sacrificial look swept into Miss Higby's eyes. "I shall set aside ten minutes a week, *each* week, for 'v-w' drill!" She held her head higher. Mr. Parkhill thought, for some odd reason, that Miss Higby resembled Joan of Arc—a slightly stout Joan of Arc. "Their 'v's and 'w's *must* improve."

"Yes," Mr. Parkhill admitted. "They must."

"I know that Mr. Krout works very hard on that in his class."

"Yes," Mr. Parkhill said. "He does."

Miss Higby looked Mr. Parkhill straight in the eye. "I think that if *you*, Mr. Parkhill—"

The bell rang.

"Yes," said Mr. Parkhill quickly. "I shall."

MR. PARKHILL was not a severe pedagogue; he was, if anything, a profoundly gentle man. But once he knew that duty had set a given course of action, then there were no bounds to his resolution. And, when the opportunity came to direct the energies of the beginners' grade toward the problem of "v"s and "w"s, Mr. Parkhill did not falter.

The opening came during vocabulary exercise when Mr. Hyman Kaplan, asked to give a sentence with the word "value," replied, "Vell, ven ve walue tings, ve villink to—"

"Mr. Kaplan!"

Mr. Kaplan stopped short, crestfallen. "I didn't finished." His tone was injured.

"I know. But your enunciation . . ."

Caution crept into Mr. Kaplan's left eye. "Vas *wronk* mine santence mit 'walue'?"

"N-no," Mr. Parkhill said warily. "But your 'v's and 'w's, Mr. Kaplan! You didn't pronounce one of them correctly."

Mr. Kaplan murmured "Oh," very sadly.

"What you said was—er—something like this." Mr. Parkhill swallowed and sent an apologetic glance in Mr. Kaplan's general direction. " '*Ven ve walue* things'—er—and so on. You pronounced the 'w's as if they were 'v's, and the 'v' as if it were a 'w.' "

Mr. Kaplan pondered on this for a long moment and sighed tragically. "You right, Mr. Pockheel. Mine dobble-youss is tarrible. Plain tarrible. Still an' all, if I'm tryink to awoid mistakes an'—"

" '*Avoid!*' " Mr. Parkhill put in hastily. "There it is again!"

Mr. Kaplan shook his head in despair. "Gattink voise an' voise."

" '*Worse* and *worse!*' " Mr. Parkhill cried with a note of desperation. "Class, do you see what I mean?"

The members of the beginners' grade exchanged glances. A whisper of guilt and comprehension went through the room.

"By me is a double-you like a knife in mout," grieved Mr. Pinsky.

"Me de same," Mrs. Moskowitz declared succinctly.

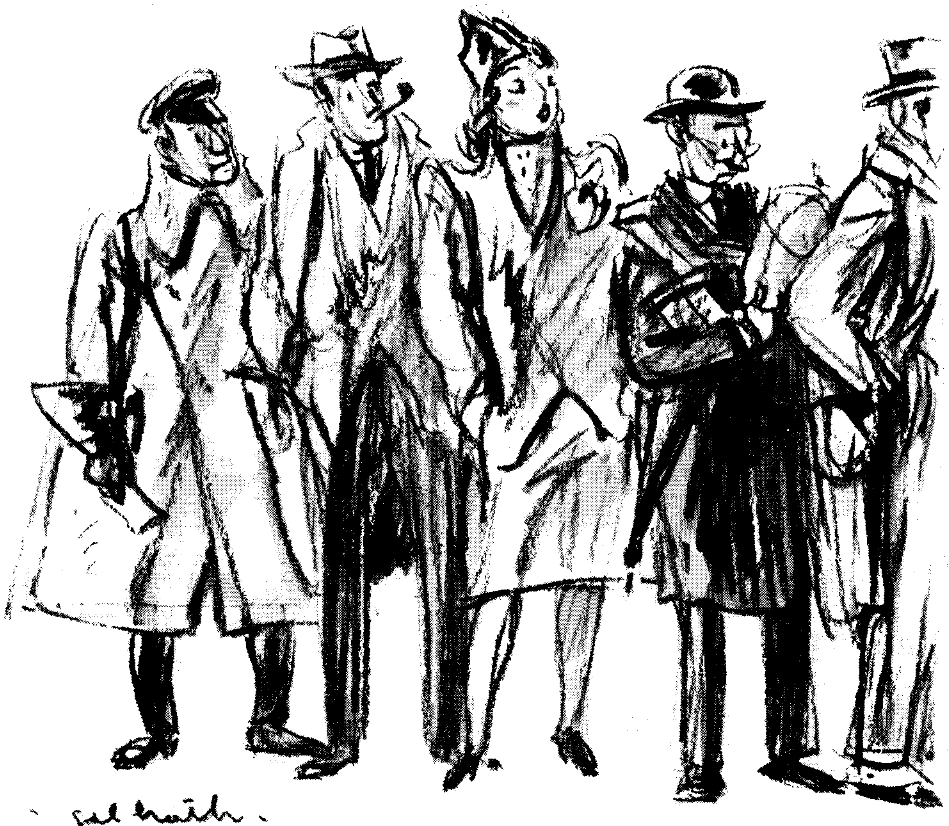
Mr. Parkhill soothed them with nods: they were such *earnest* students. "I know. . . . I know. . . . The 'v' and 'w' sounds are really *very* important. I might say that for your purposes they are the most important of all the consonants. And although you may enunciate all your *vowels* correctly, if you don't—"

"What's vowels?" asked Mr. Gus Matsoukas. He looked suspicious.

Mr. Parkhill wet his lips. "Mr. Matsoukas, don't you—er—remember our very second lesson, on vowels and consonants? We—"

"No," said Mr. Matsoukas flatly.

Mr. Parkhill looked at the desk.



He wished Mr. Matsoukas were a trifle less uncompromising. "Oh . . . Well, we haven't time to go into vowels and consonants now, but—just to skim over it—'a,' 'e,' 'i,' 'o,' 'u,' and sometimes 'y,' are *vowels*. All the other letters in the alphabet are called con-sonants."

This esoteric distinction seemed to present gigantic problems to Mr. Gus Matsoukas. "What's consonants?" he asked.

Mr. Parkhill stifled his first reaction and explained what consonants were. Mr. Matsoukas said he had thought "consonants" were what you had in a friend. Mr. Parkhill pointed out that that was "confidence." This bewildered Mr. Matsoukas, who growled.

"To get back to our 'v's and 'w's," Mr. Parkhill said hastily. "I think it best that we have a drill right now."

"I'm raddy!" cried Mr. Kaplan. "Enyting you sayink, I'm villink to doink!"

" 'Willing!' " Mr. Plonsky interjected triumphantly. "Not 'villing.' That's just vat teacher means."

"Er—*what* teacher means," Mr. Parkhill suggested.

Mr. Kaplan turned on Mr. Plonsky in scorn. "Ha! Som corractor! Mak-ink identical de mistake he's hollerink!"

Mr. Parkhill tapped on the desk. "Please. Let us put away our notebooks." The students put away their notebooks with a swoop. "And our pens and pencils." The class hid pens and pencils. (Mr. Kaplan, who attached deep symbolic importance to his pencil, put his behind his ear.) "And books." Copies of "English for Beginners" thumped onto the floor.

"Now, please. Everybody watch." Mr. Parkhill looked around the room significantly. "First, I shall pronounce the 'v' sound."

A hush fell over the room. Mr. Parkhill opened his mouth carefully, put his upper teeth on and overlapping his lower lip, inhaled, and started to emit a long, firm "vvvuh" when a sharp sneeze from Peter Studniczka punctured the air. Mr. Parkhill closed his mouth.

" 'Scooz," muttered Mr. Studniczka miserably.

"That's quite all right." Mr. Parkhill was careful to smile. Mr. Studniczka was a timid student, easily hurt. "Again, class. I put my upper teeth"—Mr. Parkhill tapped his upper teeth—"on my lower lip"—he tapped his lower lip—"and say 'vv—' "

Mr. Studniczka sneezed again.

" 'Scooz," said Mr. Studniczka, choked with shame.

"Er—surely." Mr. Parkhill loosened his tie a trifle. "Let's go on. Watch, now. Ready . . ."

"Studniczka! Hold beck!" Mr. Kaplan called with fervor.

Mr. Parkhill withdrew his teeth from his lower lip and went to the board: it might be wiser to start the drill with the "w" sound. He took a piece of chalk and printed, in large capital letters, "WE." The students looked surprised.

" 'We,' " said Mr. Parkhill firmly. "A very common word. Let us try the 'w' sound instead of the 'v.' "

The class accepted this *volte-face* without protest.

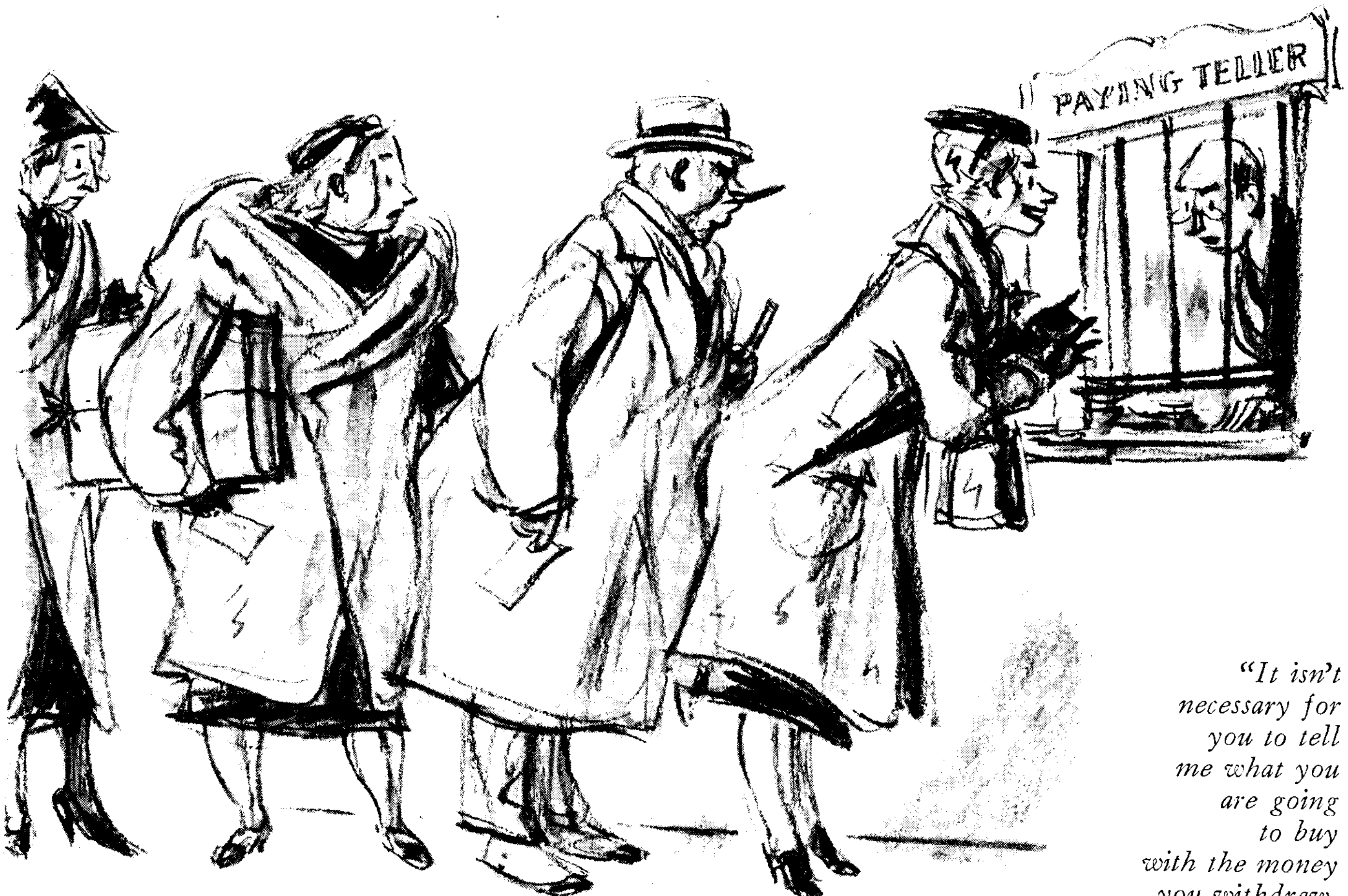
"Notice, please. I round my mouth this way"—Mr. Parkhill's mouth constricted into a perfect zero—"and say 'oooo.' " Mr. Parkhill said "Oooo. Will you all do that, please? Everyone, round mouths."

The students of the beginners' grade rounded their mouths. They looked like people who had swallowed alum.

"Now, say '*oooo*.' "

The class said "*Oooo*."

"Good! Now I shall say '*eeee*'—like



"It isn't necessary for you to tell me what you are going to buy with the money you withdraw, Madam."

this." Mr. Parkhill drew his lips far apart, clenched his teeth, grimaced with unintentional ferocity, and said "Eeee."

The beginners' grade, intrigued, bared their teeth, leered with varying degrees of ardor, and said "Eeee."

"Splendid!" cried Mr. Parkhill. "Again, please."

The class repeated an agonized "Eeee."

"Now, let's give the sounds in order." Mr. Parkhill's lips rounded. "Oooo." He bared his teeth. "Eeee. All together—oooo-eeee."

The seekers of learning crooned "Oooo-eeee."

"Now *combine* the two sounds, this way—oo-ee"—the class combined the two sounds with gusto—"and we have 'WE'!"

HOT joy suffused the beginners' grade of the American Night Preparatory School for Adults. The students looked at each other, grinning, amazed, enchanted. They *had*, almost without knowing it, pronounced perfect "w"s. They had found the clue, the baffling, elusive clue, to the voiced labial open consonant.

Mr. Parkhill was overjoyed. "We," he repeated gaily. "We . . . we . . . we."

The students embraced the maneuver. "We . . . we . . . we" came from twenty-eight throbbing voices.

"Oo-ee . . . oo-ee . . . oo-ee!" cried Mrs. Yanoff again and again. She was like a woman possessed.

"Fine!" said Mr. Parkhill.

"Look, look!" Mr. Pinsky shouted. "Oowee, oowee. All of a certain I can do!"

"Mr. Pockheel is a jinius!" Mr. Kaplan exclaimed without reservation.

All over the room students faced each other, rounding their lips, baring their teeth, pronouncing heroic "Oo-ee"s.

"*Ex*cellent, *ex*cellent!" Mr. Parkhill's pleasure was boundless. "You *see* how simple it is? Let's try some other words." He printed a challenging "WERE" on the blackboard. "Just the same way, class. Oooo-er, *were*."

"Oooo-er" came back to him with mighty force.

"Oooo-ait, *wait*," called Mr. Parkhill.

"Oooo-ait."

"Oooo-ish, *wish*."

"Oooo-ish," replied the class eerily.

The exercise marched on, gaining movement and élan: "Will . . . want . . . winter." Long "Oooo"s began each word; then lips drew back, teeth gleamed, and a word beginning with "w" was hurled into the air. It was thrilling.

"Waltz . . . won . . . wealthy . . ." Strong and full the voices rang.

Heady with success, Mr. Parkhill wrote a sentence on the board. The first part of the sentence was just a stab in the dark—the second, sheer inspiration:

> While we were waiting with William West, we were wondering where Walter White was.

"*Mein Gott!*" exclaimed Mr. Pinsky.

"Is planty double-yous," Mrs. Moskowitz whispered. (Mrs. Moskowitz tended to be literal-minded.)

"*All* dobble-youss!" Mr. Kaplan said scornfully. "Det's de point! If Mr. Pockheel gives dobble-youss, he gives *dobble*-youss!"

"Oi," moaned Miss Swidersky.

Mr. Parkhill, smiling, wiped the chalk off his fingers. "It isn't at *all* hard, class. Take it slowly and remember to round your mouths." He felt almost exhilarated. He was leading his students into virgin fields. "Let's try it. Mr. Blattberg, please read the sentence."

Mr. Blattberg rose. He was pale. His eyes were glazed. "Oo-ile oo-ee oo-er oo-aiting . . ." Mr. Blattberg went through the whole majestic structure without an error. It was a tour de force, no less.

"Tree chiss fa Blettboig!" Mr. Kaplan cried with abandon.

Mr. Blattberg mopped his head and sank to his seat, trailing clouds of glory.

"*Splen*did!" Mr. Parkhill said. Pleasure, the pleasure of one who has done a good task, coursed through Mr. Parkhill's veins. "Next—er—" Mr. Kaplan was waving his hand furiously. "Er—Miss Tarnova."

Olga Tarnova stood up. Anguish was in her features. "I—it is—no, please—"

"Remamber Blettboig!" Mr. Kaplan cried hotly.

And, spurred on by this call to the colors, Miss Tarnova read the "w"-resplendent sentence.

"Good!" said Mr. Parkhill.

"Hau Kay," murmured Hyman Kaplan reluctantly. (Apparently Mr. Kaplan did not think Olga Tarnova deserved "tree chiss;" she had been guilty of cowardice under fire.)

"Next—er—" Mr. Parkhill glanced around the room.

Everyone wanted to be next. A forest of hands darkened the air. Eyes flamed, cheeks were flushed at the chance to vanquish the deadly voiced labial open consonant.

"Next—er—"

Mr. Kaplan's hand was waving in frenzy. "Mr. Pockheel! Mr. Pockheel!" The man looked as if he would burst right then and there if he were denied his chance.

"Mr. Kaplan," said Mr. Parkhill softly.

A cry of victory came from Mr. Kaplan's throat. He stood up, his face luminous, breathing an ecstatic "Hau boy!"

"Er—Mr. Kaplan." Mr. Parkhill's voice was slightly apprehensive. "Please be careful. Speak slowly, and remember—round mouth."

Mr. Kaplan nodded humbly. "Arond itch single dobble-you I'll makink a detour. 'Oooooo,' den dobble-you."

"Y-yes," Mr. Parkhill murmured.

"Hau Kay!" Mr. Kaplan flung his head back, looked toward Olympus, and plunged into action. "Oooooooo-ile! Oooooooo-ee! Oooooooo-er! Oooooooo—aiting . . ." Tension gripped the class. "Ooooooo-ere oooooo-alter oooooo-ite oooooo-as!"

"Perfect, Mr. Kaplan! Perfect!"

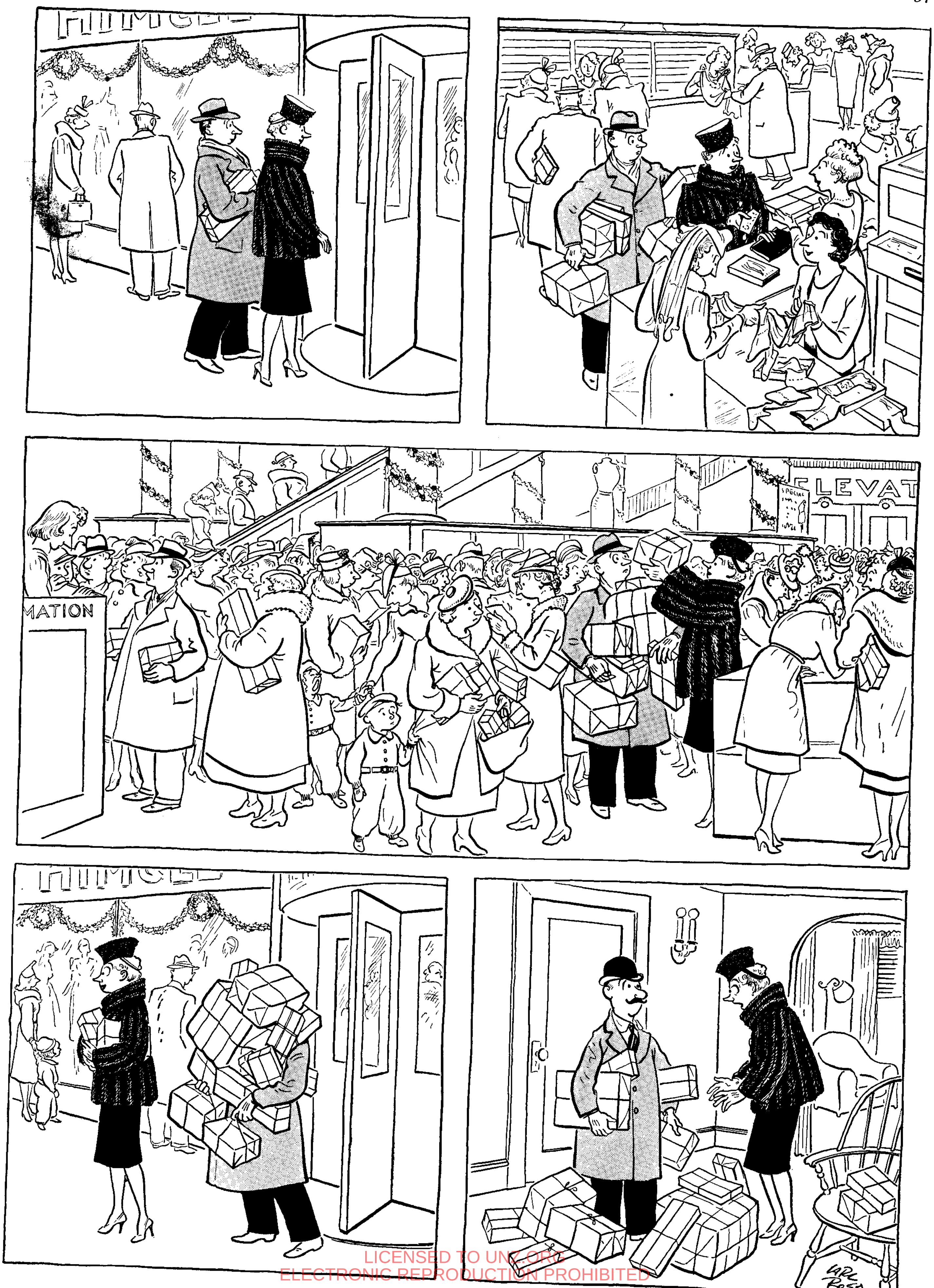
Mr. Pinsky broke into applause. Miss Mitnick smiled at Mr. Kaplan for one quick, timid moment. Mrs. Moskowitz went "Tchk! Tchk! *Avery*body can do poifick."

"You see, class?" Mr. Parkhill said happily. "It's just a matter of the right *method*. If you will only remember to round your mouths, and practice—above all, practice."

"Prectice?" Mr. Kaplan's voice soared out. "Fromm nah on, ve villink to voik vit dobble-youss till ve—"

Mr. Parkhill did not hear the rest of Mr. Kaplan's gallant pledge. Mr. Parkhill did not even see Mr. Kaplan. For darkness had fallen before his eyes like a pall.

—LEONARD Q. ROSS


MATION
SPECIAL
ELEVAT
Carl Rose

THE THEATRE

ANOTHER WEEK

Elmer Rice gets so cross whenever a play of his is unfavorably criticized that it is a temptation to say that "American Landscape" is all right and keep the peace. We don't want to have him flouncing out of the theatre again.

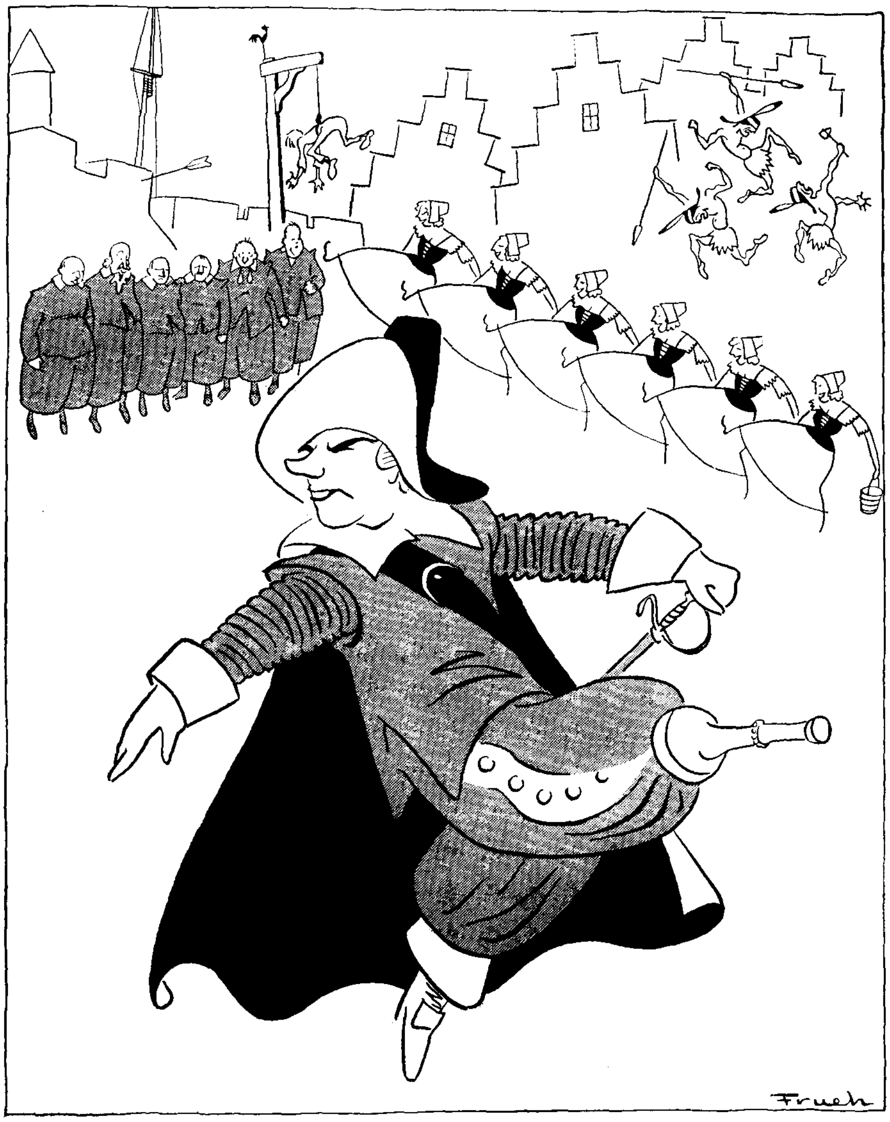
But it would seem that Mr. Rice has already flounced out of the theatre in writing "American Landscape." Out of the theatre and into the Philomathea Debating Society. It makes it a little easier to face Mr. Rice's wrath when "American Landscape" is so palpably a bad play that even he must know it. He must have been trying to write something else.

If he was trying to write a statement of the problems confronting a benevolent feudalism in the face of the new social order, he succeeded fairly well. If he was trying to take a crack at Nazi Germany, he succeeded less well. But God knows what he was trying to do when he dragged in the robust shades of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Moll Flanders, along with a captain from the War of the Revolution and one from the Civil War. Uncle Sam didn't show up, but it wasn't because there was no place set for him. There was a place set for everybody, once the bars were down. (It can't be that Mr. Rice thought that Moll Flanders was Molly Pitcher, can it?)

"American Landscape" tells, in terms of a Fourth of July pageant, how a Connecticut manufacturer finds himself face to face with the unionization of his plant and the temptation to sell his property to a Nazi camp (not a temptation that many of us are called upon to face quite yet, but if Mr. Rice wants to bring it up, that is his business). A timely death, in conjunction with the dialectics of the revenants from our more prominent wars and the spirit of American youth personified in the younger members of the cast, winds the situation up into what promises to be a satisfactory solution, although just what it is going to be is not clear. If it satisfies Mr. Rice, however, it will probably be all right for the rest of us, for Mr. Rice is undoubtedly sincere.

Written by a less noted craftsman, or sponsored by a less distinguished group than the Playwrights' Company, which already has two hits to its credit ("Abe Lincoln in Illinois" and "Knickerbocker Holiday"), "American Landscape" might pass for a well-intentioned, literate document in behalf of what is rather vaguely known as "Americanism." Its cast, which includes Charles Waldron, Rachel Hartzell, Donald Cook, Phoebe Foster, and Theodore Newton, acts as if it were acting in a regular play. But under the circumstances the whole affair is unbelievably bad for the commercial theatre, or any theatre, for that matter. Possibly we should let the Nazis do their own anti-Nazi propaganda, and let America muddle through without the aid of our dramatists, at least such dramatists as have attempted to help so far.

It was another of those weeks. Monday night's "Soliloquy" closed Tuesday night, owing to its having had nothing but a loudspeaker (and not a very good one, at that) to differentiate it from dozens of other "American Tragedies." Tuesday night's "Lorelei" closed Saturday, owing to its not having been able to make up its mind whether it was anti-Nazi or anti-Theatre. The fact that its author, Jacques Deval, sailed back for France on the preceding Saturday should have been a tipoff. People



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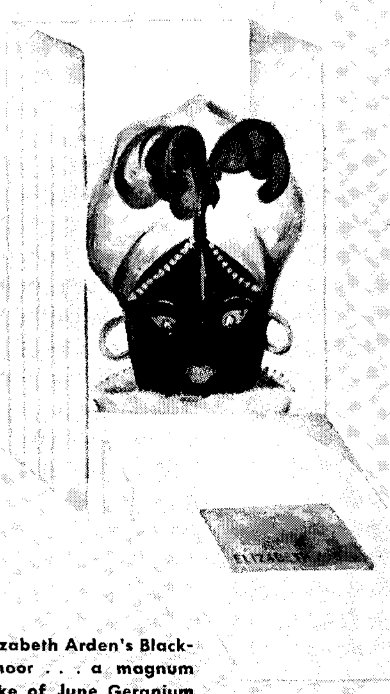
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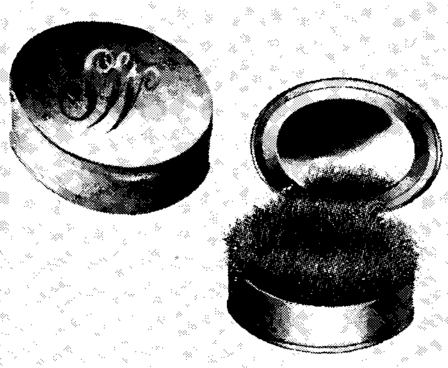

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don't sail for France these days if everything is even halfway rosy here.

Then, on Thursday, came "Great Lady," which was billed as "a biography with music." This was quite true. It *was* a biography, and it did have music, so there would be no sense in having the law on the producers. (The producers are Dwight Deere Wiman and J. H. Del Bondio, which made "Great Lady's" faults seem all the more incongruous, with Mr. Wiman's "I Married an Angel" running full blast right next door.) It is a biography of Eliza Bowen, later Mme. Jumel, who ran, or had, a house up on Washington Heights in the days of Napoleon's decline. She was a naughty girl, this Eliza Bowen, and the authors of "Great Lady" (Earle Crooker and Lowell Brentano) have taken high glee in depicting her as such. Norma Terris plays her as naughtily as Norma Terris *could* play anyone, but two songs as sung by Irene Bordoni give more the idea. Helen Ford also has a naughty song, which made us think longingly of her "A Little Birdie Told Me So" in "Peggy Ann" of sainted memory. But Frederick Loewe, the composer, is not a Richard Rodgers, and Mr. Crooker, the lyricist, is not a Lorenz Hart. It is nothing against them that they are not, but it is also nothing in their favor.

As you may have gathered, the cast of "Great Lady" has been recruited from musical-comedy favorites of, if not an elder, then a better day. Besides the Misses Terris, Ford, and Bordoni, there are Tullio Carminati and Joseph Macaulay, with Shepperd Strudwick thrown in as newcomer. This all gives a nostalgic quality to "Great Lady," which, aside from the costumes and settings, is about its only claim to quality of any sort. Possibly, if one had never seen those gay musicals in their heyday, one might feel that here was a worthy attempt to get away from the modern brassbound melee and give us something rich in tradition and tangible in form. I can't think of anyone young enough, however, not to detect the throwback nature of "Great Lady" and to realize that it is not quite what is meant by "good old-fashioned musical comedy." —ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

Lydia E. DeWald to Charles Lyman DeWald, my husband wd w. 60 ft. lot 14 irr sur lot 18 in nw ne sec. 1-83-7, love and affection and $1. 5-14-35.—*Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Gazette.*

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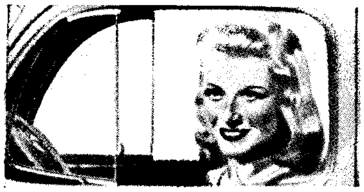

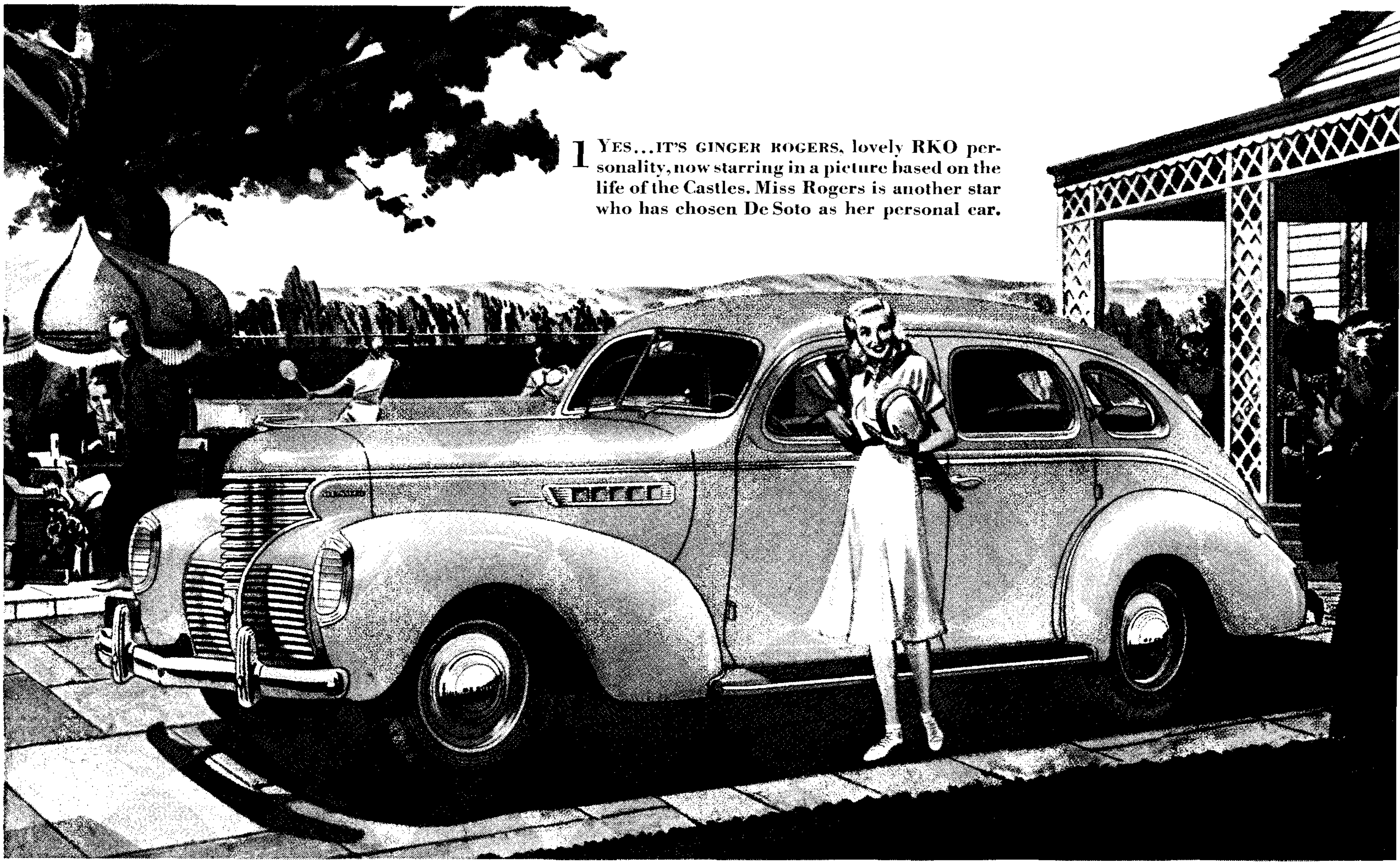

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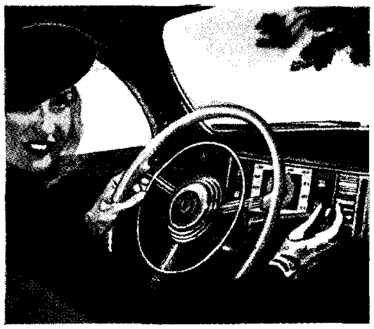

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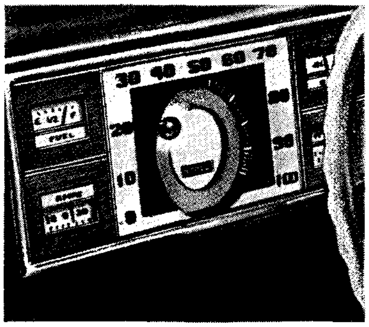

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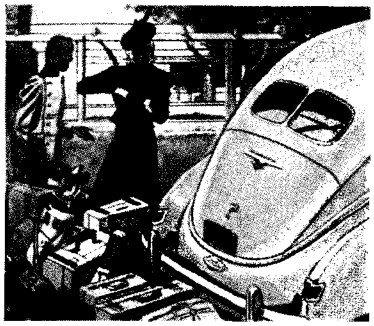

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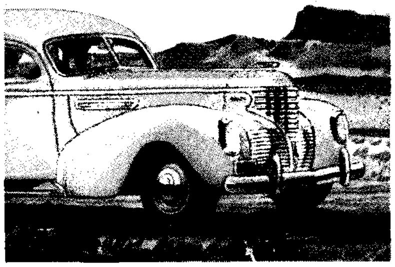

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I COULDN'T DOPE IT OUT

THERE is an Italian clam-broth house on River Street in Hoboken, across from the piers and a couple of blocks from the Lackawanna ferry shed, called the My Blue Heaven Café & Restaurant. All the meals I ever had there were wonderful. One summer I came back from Copenhagen on a Hog Island freighter and the food was bad, and when she finally docked in Hoboken the first eating place I saw was the My Blue Heaven; I spent the afternoon there, eating veal and peppers. Since then I have gone back occasionally. One Sunday not long ago I woke up in the middle of the morning. It was a beautiful day and I decided to take a ferry over to Hoboken and have lunch in the My Blue Heaven.

When I arrived at the place around noon, Paulie, the bartender, was sleepily polishing glasses. A grouchy dock superintendent named Chris, who hangs out there, was sitting at a front table drinking Dutch beer and reading a Newark Sunday paper. Udo, the cook, and a waiter named Vinnie were at a table in the rear, opposite the door to the kitchen. Udo was drinking coffee and Vinnie was feeding free-lunch liverwurst to the kitchen cat. I sat down with Chris. While I had lunch, he scornfully read aloud a story in the Newark paper speculating on a fight between Joe Louis and "Two Ton" Tony Galento, the screwy, bulbous New Jersey heavyweight. Paulie stopped polishing glasses and came over to our table and we got into a discussion about Galento.

While we were talking, a man and woman came in. She was good-looking but nothing extra. He was a stout, gloomy little man. In the front of the My Blue Heaven are two small tables pushed close together so the sun coming in through the window will strike them. Chris, Paulie, and I were sitting at one of them. The newcomers sat down right across from us at the other sunny table.

Vinnie came out of the kitchen, bringing them menus and glasses of water. Without looking at the menu or at Vinnie, the man ordered a hot roast-beef sandwich. He had a *Herald Tribune* and he slipped out the news and sports and tossed the other sections on a stand back of his chair, on which stacks of napkins are woman, but let her order for herself. She studied the menu quite a while before she made up her mind.

"Charlie," she said when the waiter had gone, "I want to see the magazine section, please."

He was reading the sports. He didn't look up when she spoke, but motioned with his head in the direction of the napkin stand behind him. She stared at him, waiting to see if he would get the paper for her. Then she stood up, walked around to the stand, and got it herself. At our table we resumed the discussion about Galento.

"Galento won't take things serious," Paulie said. "He thinks it's funny to train on beer and hot dogs. If he'd quit boozing around and really train, he could take Joe Louis."

"Nuts!" said Chris. "It would be like dropping a safe on his head. It would be murder."

There were two big photographs of Louis and Galento in the Newark paper. Chris had the page spread out on the table. Paulie bent over and studied the photograph of Galento.

"He looks like a tough man to shave," he said.

"He just *looks* tough," said Chris. "There wouldn't be any sense to a fight like that. It would be first-degree murder. Tony couldn't take Joe if Joe was tied up hands and feet and Tony was fighting with a baseball bat."

The man with the woman stopped reading. He turned around in his chair and looked at Chris. He appeared to be annoyed.

"What makes you so sure about everything?" he asked Chris.

"Beg your pardon?" said Chris, surprised.

"What makes you so sure it would be murder?" he asked. "Are you a big fight expert or something?"

The woman grabbed him by the wrist.

"Charlie," she said. "Please, for my sake."

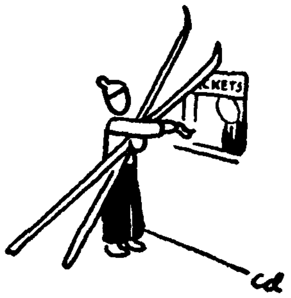
"Shut up, stupid," he said.

He pulled his hand away and turned again to Chris. "You think you're an expert?" he asked.

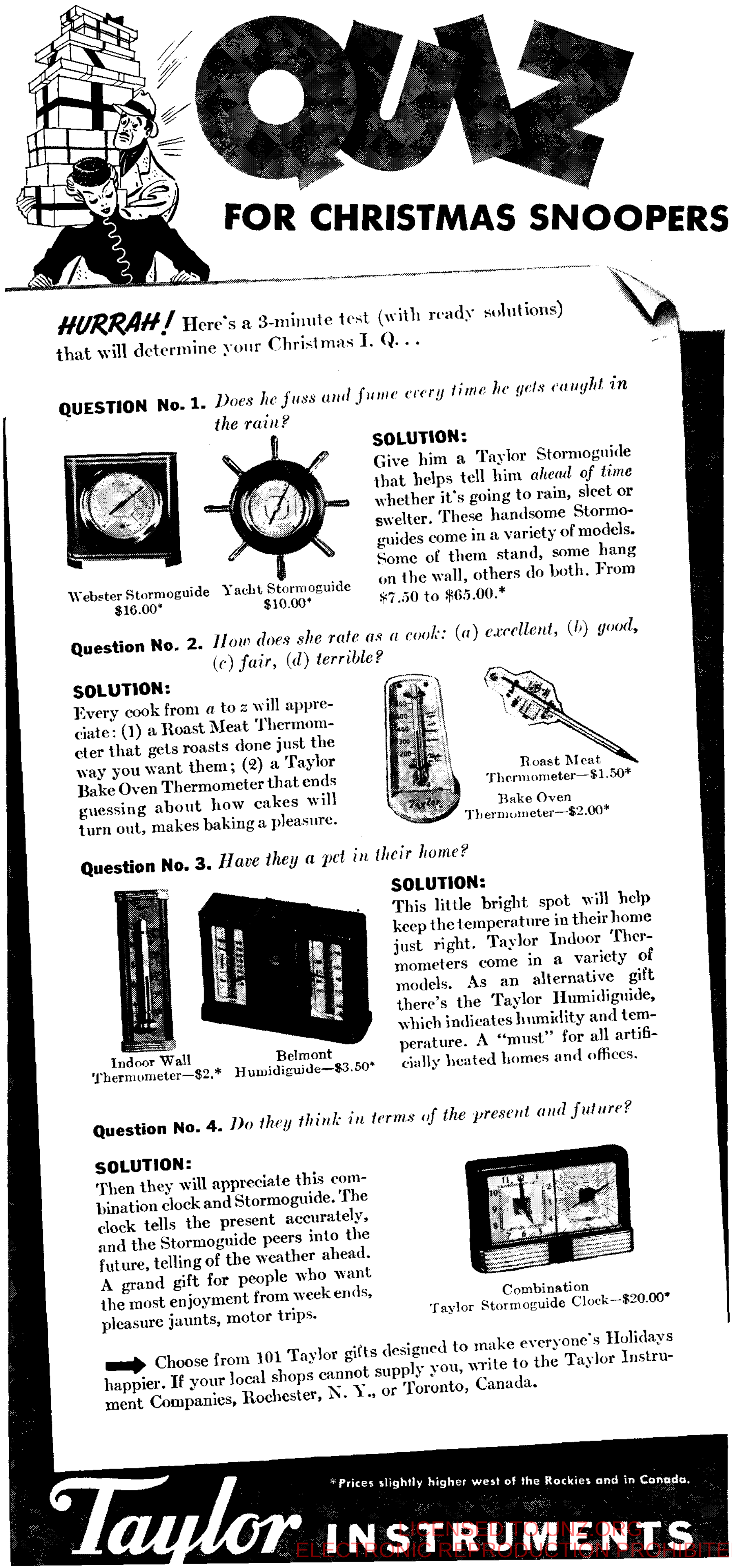
"My friend," said Chris, "I think Galento is a bum. If it's anything to you."

"An expert," said the man.

"My friend," said Chris, "do you



WHITE STAG
works
White Magic
BURTON'S
ADIRONDACK
POPLIN
WATER REPELLENT



QUIZ FOR CHRISTMAS SNOOPERS

HURRAH! Here's a 3-minute test (with ready solutions) that will determine your Christmas I. Q...

QUESTION No. 1. *Does he fuss and fume every time he gets caught in the rain?*

SOLUTION: Give him a Taylor Stormoguide that helps tell him *ahead of time* whether it's going to rain, sleet or swelter. These handsome Stormoguides come in a variety of models. Some of them stand, some hang on the wall, others do both. From $7.50 to $65.00.*

Webster Stormoguide $16.00*
Yacht Stormoguide $10.00*

Question No. 2. *How does she rate as a cook: (a) excellent, (b) good, (c) fair, (d) terrible?*

SOLUTION: Every cook from *a* to *z* will appreciate: (1) a Roast Meat Thermometer that gets roasts done just the way you want them; (2) a Taylor Bake Oven Thermometer that ends guessing about how cakes will turn out, makes baking a pleasure.

Roast Meat Thermometer—$1.50*
Bake Oven Thermometer—$2.00*

Question No. 3. *Have they a pet in their home?*

SOLUTION: This little bright spot will help keep the temperature in their home just right. Taylor Indoor Thermometers come in a variety of models. As an alternative gift there's the Taylor Humidiguide, which indicates humidity and temperature. A "must" for all artificially heated homes and offices.

Indoor Wall Thermometer—$2.*
Belmont Humidiguide—$3.50*

Question No. 4. *Do they think in terms of the present and future?*

SOLUTION: Then they will appreciate this combination clock and Stormoguide. The clock tells the present accurately, and the Stormoguide peers into the future, telling of the weather ahead. A grand gift for people who want the most enjoyment from week ends, pleasure jaunts, motor trips.

Combination Taylor Stormoguide Clock—$20.00*

➡ Choose from 101 Taylor gifts designed to make everyone's Holidays happier. If your local shops cannot supply you, write to the Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., or Toronto, Canada.

*Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada.

Taylor INSTRUMENTS

ran said to the referee? What he said when Sharkey got through with him that time?"

"What?"

"He said, 'Could I please sit down some place?' "

"So what?"

"So I'm just making a prediction."

At that moment Vinnie came up, bringing the woman some tomato juice. The man turned around in his chair. "Another one of those Jersey experts," he said, returning to his sports section. Chris shrugged his shoulders. He told Paulie he wanted a beer and Paulie hurried off to draw it. There was no more conversation at our table. I drank my coffee and Chris turned back to his paper and his beer. Presently the man at the other table stopped reading, stretched his arms, and yawned.

"I'm tired," he said to the woman.

"Tired?" said the woman. Her face was strained.

"Yeah," he said. "Tired. Ever hear of it?"

VINNIE brought their orders. The woman had an omelet and Udo had fixed the man a big roast-beef sandwich. When they finished eating, the woman said, "How was the sandwich, Charlie?"

"Worst roast-beef sandwich I ever had," he said. "I think it'll stunt me for life."

"My omelet was very good," she said.

"What about a drink?" the man said. "Maybe it would improve your disposition."

"*My* disposition!" she said, opening her eyes in amazement. "What's the matter with my disposition?"

"Nothing," he said, "except you haven't cracked a smile since Christ left Cleveland."

The woman laughed nervously.

"No," she said, "I don't care for a drink."

The tables were so close together Chris and I could hear everything they said, and it made us ill at ease. I tried to reopen the prizefighting discussion, but Chris had become sullen. He wouldn't answer me.

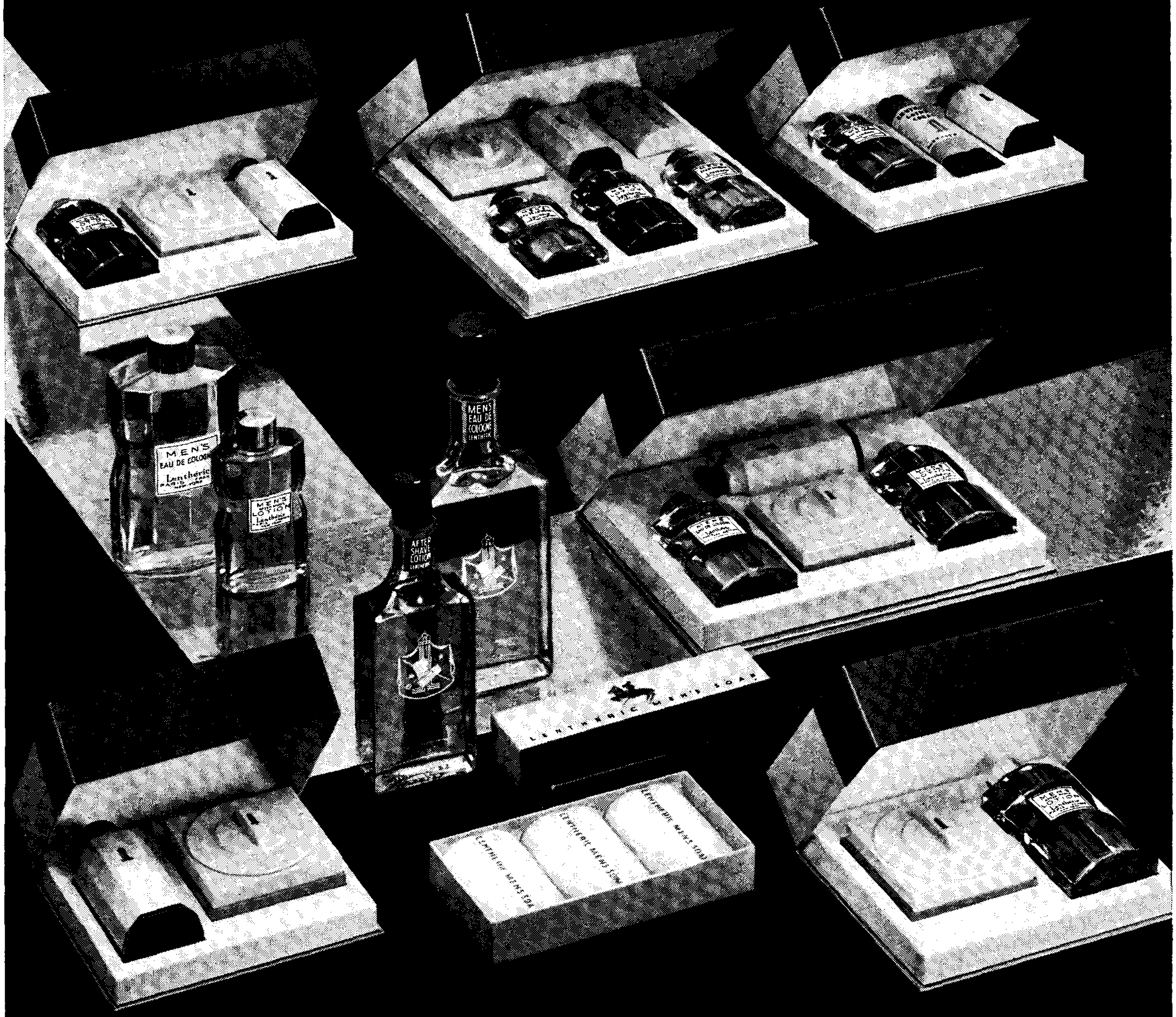
"It's a lovely day, isn't it, Charlie?" the woman said.

He didn't answer her. A moment later he said, "Didn't I tell you you should go see a dentist?" The woman nodded.

"I know, Charlie," she said hastily. "I know."

"I never saw such crooked teeth," he said. "You got to have some work done

FOR THE FASTIDIOUS •



MEN OF ACTION •

GIFTS BY **Lenthéric**

TOP ROW—*Left to Right:*

Gift Shaving Set; Ivory-tone Bowl of Shaving Soap, 5-oz. pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion and Ivory-tone container of After-Shave Powder **$2.75**

Master Gift Set; 5-oz. pinch-bottles of After-Shave Lotion, Eau de Cologne, and Scalp Stimulant, with Ivory-tone Bowl of Shaving Soap, matching container of After-Shave Powder, and Soap **$5.00**

Gift Set; Lather Shaving Cream, Ivory-tone container of After-Shave Powder, and 5-oz. pinch-bottle of Eau de Cologne. **$2.25**

SECOND ROW—*Left to Right:*

Eau de Cologne in 16-oz. pinch-bottle. Also After-Shave Lotion and Scalp Stimulant **$2.50**

After-Shave Lotion in 5-oz. pinch-bottle. Also Eau de Cologne, Scalp Stimulant, and Shampoo **$1.00**

After-Shave Lotion in 8-oz. High-Hat Decanter. Also Eau de Cologne **$2.50**

Eau de Cologne in 16-oz. High-hat Decanter. Also After-Shave Lotion **$4.00**

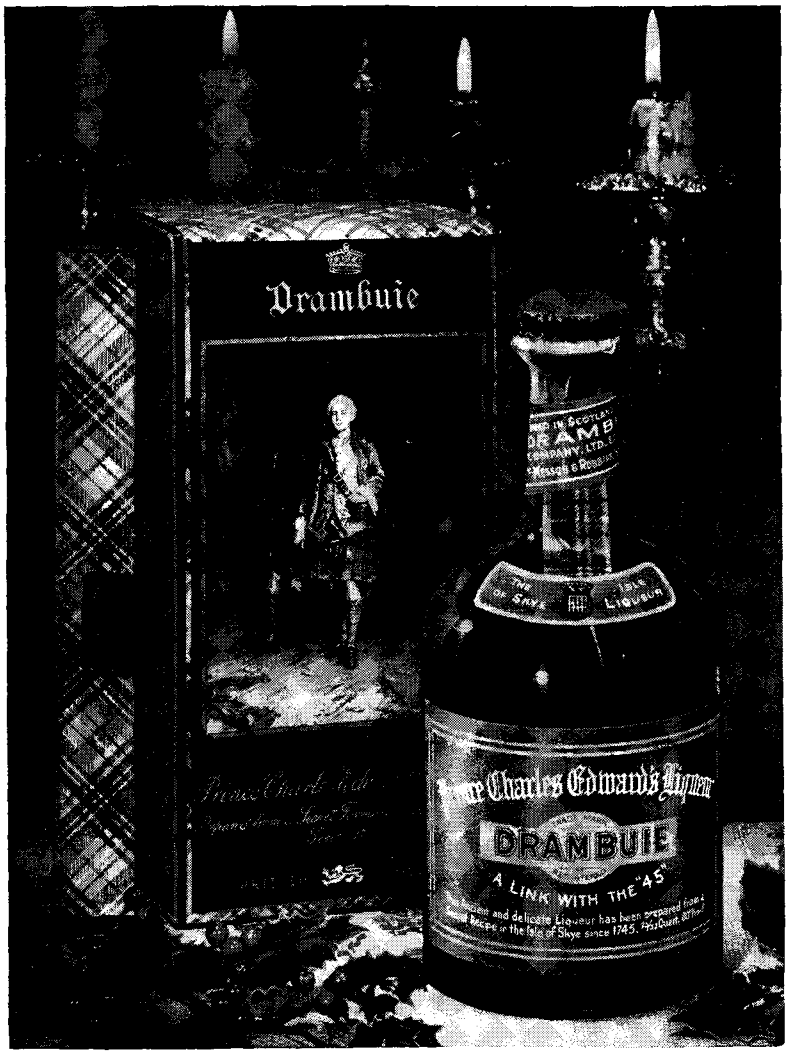
Gift Set; 5-oz. pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion and Eau de Cologne, with Ivory-tone Shaving Bowl and matching container of After-Shave Powder. **$3.75**

THIRD ROW—*Left to Right:*

Gift Shaving Set; Ivory-tone Shaving Bowl and matching container of After-Shave Powder **$1.75**

Gift Set; three cakes of Men's Toilet Soap. . . . . **75¢**

Gift Set; Ivory-tone Shaving Bowl and 5-oz. pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion. **$2.00**



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TO DELIGHT distinctive and exacting tastes, give Drambuie . . . a rare liqueur, made since 1745 from a secret recipe that once was the personal possession of Prince Charles Edward. Unique and intriguing in taste and flavor, Drambuie is truly a royal liqueur . . . and a royal gift for Christmas.

HEATHER-HONEY LIQUEUR FROM THE ISLE-OF-SKYE
MADE FROM A SECRET RECIPE SINCE 1745 (80 Proof)

in a wreck. Didn't you promise me a dozen times you'd go see a dentist?"

Her lips trembled. Vinnie came up to clear the dishes away, and while he was at the table she was smiling. It was a strained, painful smile. When Vinnie left, she got a handkerchief out of her purse, not looking down at the purse in her lap but searching in it blindly. Her eyes were full of tears. Chris and I stared out of the window.

We could hear the man angrily rattling his paper. Then he got up and went to the washroom. A minute later the woman walked over to the slot-machine phonograph at the end of the bar. She selected a record and slipped a nickel in the slot. It was "Night and Day," a Frances Langford record. The music sounded a little hysterical. While she stood there, bent over the titles in the glass front of the phonograph, he came out of the washroom and sat down. She did not return to the table until the record was finished.

"What did you put that on for?" he asked when she sat down.

"I don't know," she said nervously. "I just did."

"In the silence of my lonely room," he sang, nasally mocking the song, "I think of you."

"Let's go, Charlie," she said.

"It was your idea," he said scornfully, "a ferryboat ride."

"I thought it would be fun, like a fool," she said. "Let's go, Charlie."

Vinnie put a check on their table. The man paid Paulie and they walked out.

"Gee," said Paulie, as soon as they reached the street, "what a nasty little guy!"

"I shoulda bopped him one," said Chris. "He wasn't even drunk."

"The way he treated that woman!" said Paulie indignantly. "Gee, that's no way to treat a woman."

Vinnie was cleaning off the table.

"What do you know?" Vinnie said. "That dope left me halfa buck for a tip."

He was amazed.

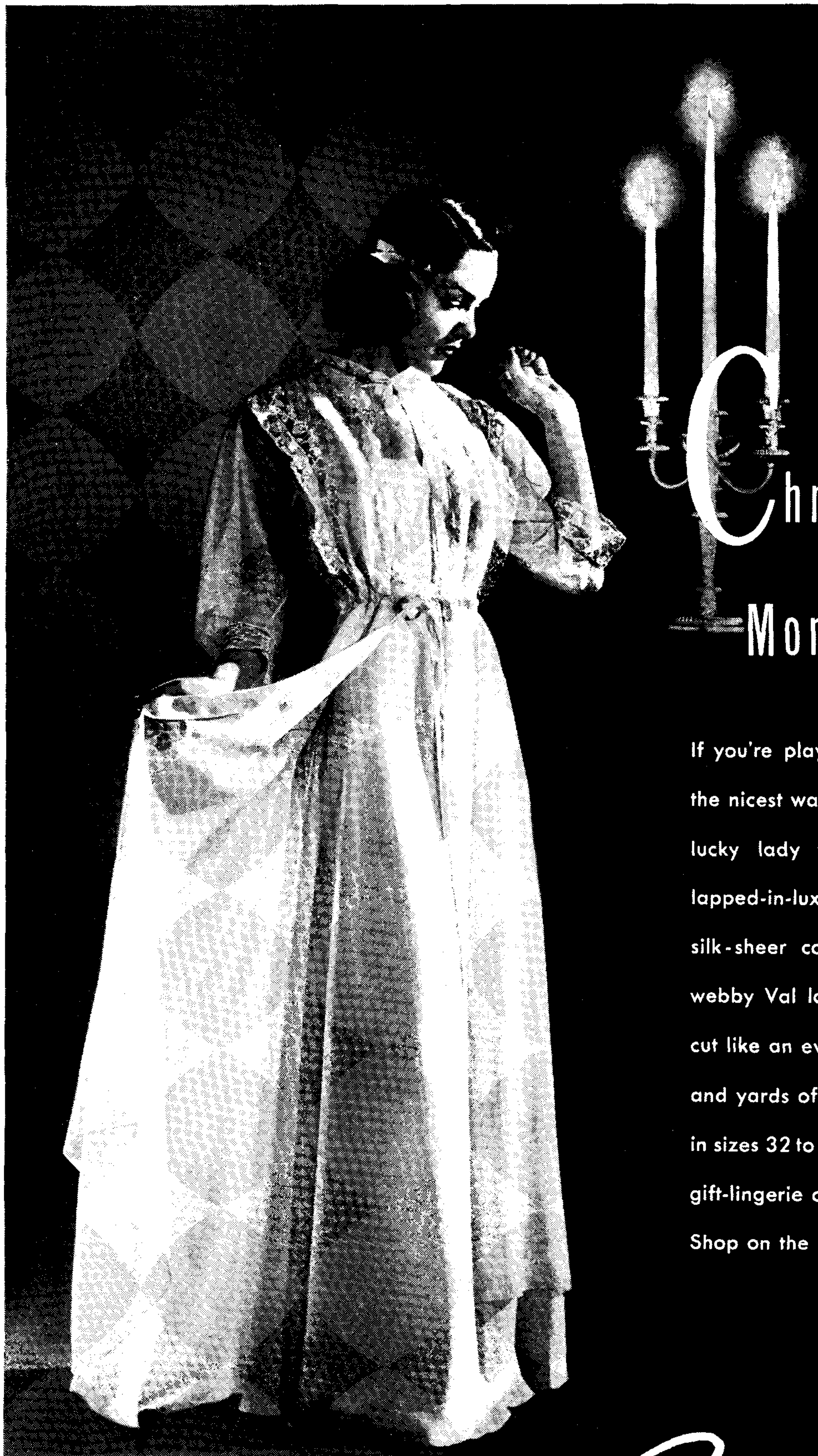
"Maybe the woman left it," Paulie said.

"No," said Vinnie, "it was him. I seen him slipping a coin under his saucer. I thought he was trying to hide it. I thought he was leaving me a nickel."

Paulie examined the coin.

"No," he said after he had dropped it on the strip of marble on the cash register a couple of times, "it's O.K."

I STAYED in the My Blue Heaven until about two. Then I walked up



Christmas

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Plump, bright flowers rear their heads in a lyric print over Yolande's twinkling white silk satin nightie. Meticulous reproduction of a Vionnet—the same delicate faggoting, the same clear lines moulding your figure. Sizes 32 to 38. 7.95. Fourth Floor. Also Beverly Hills and Chicago.

Saks Fifth Avenue
FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTIETH

I went down the hill and walked out on the Gdynia American pier. I killed most of the afternoon on the pier, sitting on a stringpiece in the sun and watching the traffic out in the river. Late in the afternoon I climbed the hill, turned back into River Street, and headed for the Lackawanna ferry shed. On the cement plaza in front of the shed a crowd was watching a man feed the great flock of pigeons that haunts the Hoboken piers. It was the man I had seen in the My Blue Heaven, the nasty little guy. He was tossing peanuts to the pigeons. The woman was standing beside him, holding a bag of peanuts. They were having a good time. The man was kneeling. He would reach up and get some peanuts out of the bag, shell them, and fling them out. The arrogant pigeons would hurry across the cement, shouldering each other out of the way and walking across the shoes of the onlookers, and the woman would laugh. When she laughed she was very attractive. I remember I thought, "I bet he's poisoning the pigeons."

I went into the ferry shed and got a cup of coffee at the lunch stand. After a while the gates to the Twenty-third Street ferry slid back and I went aboard. I walked to the front of the ferry and stood at the rail. While the ferry was moving out of her slip the man and woman walked out on the deck, arm in arm. They walked up and put their elbows on the rail. The woman stood right beside me. They were talking. He said something to the woman that I didn't hear, and she laughed and said, "You wouldn't kid me, would you?" I didn't hear his answer. Then the woman, laughing happily, said, "I bet you tell that to all the girls." They were talking that way, laughing and talking, all the way across the river. I couldn't dope it out.

—JOSEPH MITCHELL

•

For a fruit-salad dressing, beat one cream cheese into a cup of mayonnaise until very smooth. Chill and use on salads of pears and pineapple, or pineapple and pears.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Or pears and pineapple.

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the San Diego Sun*]

"What did the Baron Von Koenig-Warthausen of Germany mean when he wrote he was waiting for you to come back to his arms?" asked a lawyer.

"I guess," she replied, "that he meant he was waiting for me to come back to

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More gift-news! Just arrived from Scotland—Braemar's famous Bantamweight Shetlands in sunny *corncob* color. Pure shetland yarn, they, too, come in other pastels. Cardigan, **$14.95.** Matching pullover, **$12.95**

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In reality, you will find pertinent remembrances for everyone. We've been months gathering these gifts. We believe we've got those that are certain to put stars in the eyes and warmth in the thanks of the receiver.

W & J Sloane

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A LONG, LONG SONG

THE Adelphi Theatre on West Fifty-fourth Street was full of people at ten o'clock one morning a couple of weeks ago when I dropped around to see a rehearsal of "Sing for Your Supper," which is the first musical revue the Federal Theatre Project of the WPA has attempted to produce here. As I came in, I heard a mighty sound of hammering and shouting in the auditorium, and it was several minutes before I could make out what was going on. There were a lot of people in the orchestra seats, who, I gathered, were on hand to take part in the rehearsal, and a dozen men in overalls were busy on the stage tearing down an enormous piece of scenery. This, it turned out, was the set for "One-Third of a Nation," thus far the WPA's greatest theatrical success. The wrecking crew was finding the job a difficult one because the set, which showed the interior of a four-story slum building, was built of steel and concrete, much more substantially than any tenement I ever saw.

My intention was to find out, if possible, what had been accomplished after a year of struggling to put "Sing for Your Supper" in shape for an opening night. It was back in the early fall of last year that somebody connected with the WPA first hit upon the idea that Uncle Sam should try his hand at a girl show. For the last eight months rehearsals have been going on steadily in various halls and lofts around town in spite of setbacks of a sort never encountered in the commercial theatre. Now it looks as though the show is about to open, but at any moment there may develop some new kink that will put everything back where it started.

I sat down in one of the orchestra seats and waited for the rehearsal to start. Some of the actors were sitting there, too, reading newspapers or watching the workmen on the stage; others—usually a boy and a girl together—were walking up and down in the darkened rear of the theatre. A man in a tan polo coat, with a lot of papers in his hands, came down the aisle shouting somebody's name and looking harried. No one paid any attention to him and he went away, but came back after a while shouting another name. No one paid any attention to him this time, either.

While I sat there, a man stood up several rows in front of me and shouted something about a meeting, and the people near him put down their newspapers in the theatre ignored him. The wreckers on the stage were making too much noise for me to hear more than that they were electing a chairman for some kind of committee of actors on relief. After several names had been called out, someone came down the aisle shouting, "Papa come downstairs. Papa's got a job downstairs. Papa come downstairs, please." People rose from their seats and walked toward the rear of the theatre. Wondering who Papa was, I followed the crowd out of the auditorium, and at the door met several people already straggling back. "They only want Papa's family downstairs," they said. Most of the actors returned to their seats at that, but I heard the sound of a piano and walked on downstairs toward it. In the lounge, next to the entrance of the ladies' room, I came upon a number of people, obviously posed and waiting for a signal. A man who had been arranging them in groups said, "All right, let's start," and the actors immediately assumed expressions of extreme dejection. One man sat on a bench with his head in his hands, pulling at his hair. A woman stood with hands clasped high in front of her, shaking her head from side to side and staring at the ceiling. Then a young girl bounded out of the ladies' room yelling, "Papa's got a job!" The piano started to play again and the girl sang a number called "Papa's got a job, ain't it wonderful?" The singer, a dark-haired, pretty youngster, danced from one actor to another, each of whom was now trying to look excited and happy. They grabbed her by the shoulders, asking in chorus, "What kind of a job? Is it selling? Is it in an office? Is it street-cleaning or WPA?" She skipped around the lounge, throwing them imaginary food, which they pretended to eat, and answered, "What's the difference, as long as it's work?" It was a lyric full of hope and enthusiasm for Papa. The rehearsal went on for about fifteen minutes and then, after a

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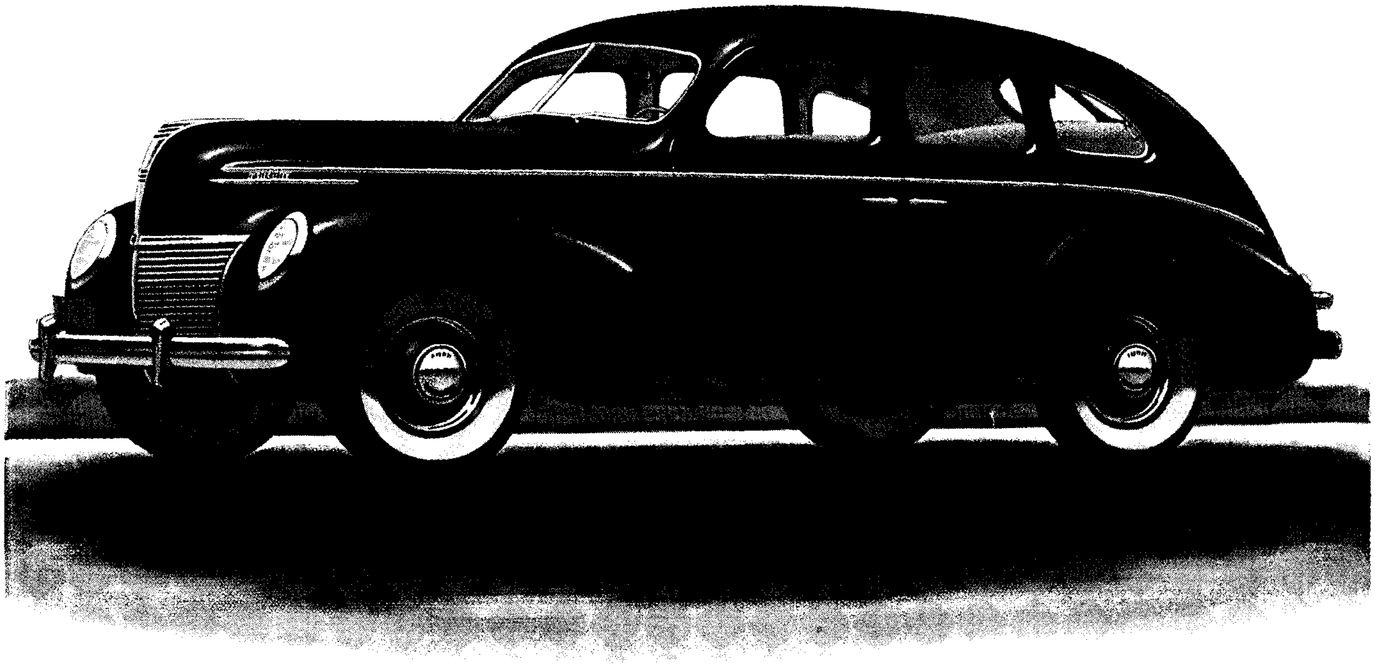

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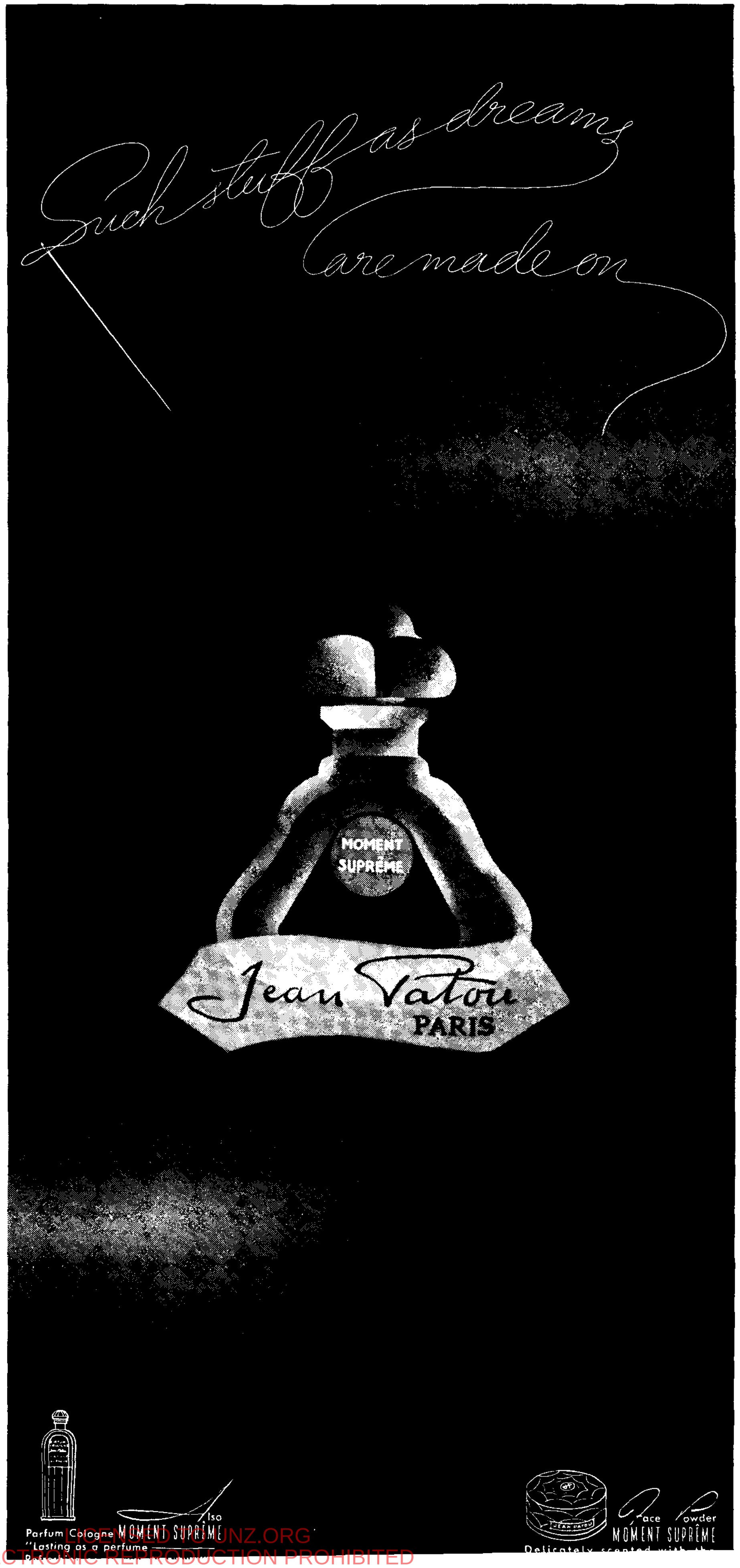
short pause during which the actors smoked and talked, the number was repeated. The director let them run through it without interruption and everyone seemed to be letter-perfect.

When it was over, we all went back upstairs. There I found Miss Hilda Tunick, secretary to Harold Hecht, the producer of the show, and she told me something about the rehearsal I had just seen. "Papa's Got a Job" is the first-act finale, she said, and it involves almost everyone of the hundred and seventy-eight members of the cast. It tells the story of a mother and her young children sitting with their household goods on the sidewalk in front of the tenement from which they have just been evicted. An older daughter rushes up with the news that the father has found a job and the entire neighborhood gathers to congratulate them. Miss Tunick described it with great enthusiasm.

The cast was assembled last March and had been rehearsing "Papa's Got a Job" ever since, Miss Tunick went on to say. Even so, she said, the morale was splendid. I could see that for myself by the energy the actors had put into the number and by the way people kept singing and humming the song after the rehearsal. They were happy about it, I learned, because at last they had reason to hope that opening night was not too far ahead of them.

THERE are many explanations for the fact that, after eight months of rehearsals, "Sing for Your Supper" has not yet been produced. The decision to have the WPA tackle a revue was made after Hallie Flanagan, federal director of the Federal Theatre Project, talked the matter over with George Kondolf, her director here, and agreed that Harold Hecht was the man to do the job. Hecht had been a director in Hollywood for five years, producing shorts and handling the musical scenes in a few feature pictures—Mae West's "She Done Him Wrong," for one. Previously he had had some experience as a dancer on the New York stage. Kondolf persuaded Hecht to take over, and in October of 1937 Hecht was put on WPA as a non-relief employee at a salary of $250 a month and told to go ahead and produce a musical comedy.

He has had his troubles. From the time he took the job until recently, there has been no place where he could produce a show because all the theatres available to WPA were occupied. Members of the League of New York Theatre Owners, who control the theatri-



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FLAVOR
TRADE MARK
GET IT?
"HANDY" WAY TO ORDER
BALLANTINE'S
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Theatre will compete with their commercial houses and the only ones they will rent to the government are those which have been white elephants for years. All of these are outside of a district which the League considers restricted and which extends from Fortieth to Fifty-second Street. The Adelphi, on West Fifty-fourth Street, is looked upon as being too far north for any but a WPA audience. It was occupied for almost a year by "One-Third of a Nation," which was a sellout show on every Saturday night until it closed last month. I learned that "One-Third of a Nation" probably would still be running there had it not been that the cast of "Sing for Your Supper" was getting jittery and annoying the administration with demands to play before an audience.

THE casting of "Sing for Your Supper" presented unusual difficulties. Hecht was put to it to find adequate torch-singers, tap-dancers, and comics in suitable proportions. Candidates who fancied themselves as adagio dancers had to be turned into singers; others, originally hoping for singing rôles, had to be taught adagio dancing. Some of the WPA hoofers had been standing in front of the Palace Theatre so long they had forgotten how to dance. Some of the chorus girls had been unemployed for so many months they couldn't even shuffle off to Buffalo.

On the other hand, there were plenty of applicants. When the Federal Theatre Project was organized in 1935, more than 10,000 people who said they were actors tried to sign up. Orders immediately came from Washington to take on only those who could prove, by membership in a recognized theatrical organization or by newspaper notices, that they had been employed on the legitimate stage. In five weeks the administrators were able to find only 300 actors who qualified, so the restrictions were made less stringent and 5,700 actors, dancers, musicians, stagehands, ushers, and others "at liberty" were put on the WPA rolls. About 500 of them were former vaudeville actors; others had had experience with various little theatres in and out of town. It was from this mixed group that the cast of "Sing for Your Supper" was selected. Classes were organized to help actors dust off their old specialties or learn new ones, and then, last July, just when everything seemed to be going along fine, orders came from Washington to cut the Theatre Project down to 4,000 people. Some of the 1,700 persons who were

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IN THE MORNING: Apply Angelus Lipstick ...See how magically it blends with the warm pulsating color of your own blood.

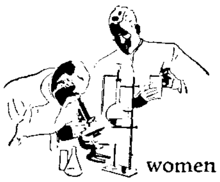
HOURS LATER: Your make-up is still thrillingly "natural-looking"...no need for constant retouching.

You Simply Use this SPECIAL TYPE of Lipstick that Blends with the Color of the Human Blood

IT'S GAY AND ENCHANTING BY DAY—AFTER DARK MYSTERIOUS, SEDUCTIVE—YET APPEALINGLY VIRGINAL—WITHOUT A TRACE OF THAT HARSH, "WET-PAINT" LOOK MEN DESPISE

NOW COMES a thrilling advance in the art of make-up . . . a *special type* of lipstick that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood—thus giving your lips an amazing allure you never dreamed possible.

This *special type* lipstick is called Angelus Lipstick and from the moment you apply it, your lips become alive . . . inviting. Their glowing color seems a real part of you—petal-soft, and with an appeal that is at once innocent and irresistibly seductive.



And you need apply Angelus Lipstick just once a day — for it stays perfect for hours, and there is no need for constant fussing and primping to keep yourself attractive. So try this way. Many smart women are quickly adopting it. Try Angelus Lipstick especially in the marvelous new color, Formal Red, No. 404. See how magically it blends with your own coloring . . . how disarmingly virginal — yet warm and desirable — your lips look.

See the other gorgeous colors too — such as Framboise, No. 414—and Coronation Red, No. 400. Win new loveliness this way. At all drug and department stores.

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FOR AMERICA'S LOVELIEST LADIES

A Surprise Christmas Package—Angelus Lipstick and Louis Philippe's Poudre Incarnat in *matching colors* for perfect make-up harmony. Here is the kind of sheer, extravagant flattery every woman adores. For these are Louis Philippe's twin masterpieces—created by the famous Parisian colorist to make every woman seem warm . . . desirable . . . in the French manner. No other gift you could give brings such returns in happiness. A beautifully attired gift, too. Here is truly the smartest of all powder boxes with lipstick case *to match*. So exquisitely wrought in gold metal it looks as though it came from a fashionable jeweler.

AT ANY DRUG OR DEPARTMENT STORE

Your Supper." It didn't help the morale.

Among the 4,000 remaining on the Theatre Project in New York are 1,700 actors and dancers, 250 musicians, 150 radio performers, and, because there's as much red tape in this as any government bureau, about 600 in the administration offices. The rest are stagehands, ushers, carpenters, tailors, dressmakers, cleaners, and watchmen. All actors, whether they play star or minor parts, receive $22.77 a week. They are not allowed to work more than twenty-four hours a week; if they work less than that, they owe the difference in hours to the government and work them off whenever they are called upon. There are twenty-seven directors, who get from $130 to $175 a month. They can work day and night for all Washington cares, but they are not allowed to work less than thirty-nine hours a week.

It's hard to reckon the cost of producing "Sing for Your Supper" because of the constantly changing size of the cast. Actors were added as new material was written. Both friends and enemies of the Project agree, however, that by the time the show opens salaries will have amounted to at least $110,000. There was a $15,000 appropriation for costumes. With sets and incidental expenses, like rent for rehearsal halls, the "nut," or cost before the show opens, should be approximately $130,000. In the commercial theatre the average nut for producing a musical is $100,000. The WPA people, therefore, don't feel they have done badly so far. Rehearsing a commercial musical usually takes only five or six weeks, but then a private producer can expect to have most of his material written before rehearsals start, and he can rehearse his cast day and night without counting the hours as the federal government does. Finally, in the commercial theatre they can have anything they want to pay for in the way of talent. They don't have to teach their actors how to do unaccustomed things.

Of course, "Sing for Your Supper" will never take in enough to pay back to the Project what has been spent; the best it possibly can do will be to pay the expenses for running the show and part of the salaries of the cast. On the other hand, each member of the cast would have received his $22.77 a week even if

after dinner, enjoy
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Pinesbridge Farm Smoked Turkeys make grand gifts! Order now for sure delivery before Christmas. Turkeys weigh 7 to 16 lbs., smoked. $1.35 a pound, direct from the smokehouse, express prepaid. A postcard brings the folder, "TURKEY SMOKER".

HOLIDAY HORNS

Tasty Smoked Turkey canapés created by chef of Restaurant Voisin, N. Y.: Roll thin slices of Smoked Turkey into horns. Fill with mixture of cream cheese and horse-radish. Serve on small squares of toast.

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"EVENIN' FOLKS... HOW Y' ALL?"

KAY KYSER AND HIS ORCHESTRA

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HARRY BABBITT • "ISH KABIBBLE"
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Dinner and supper dancing nightly except Sunday. Dinners from $2.

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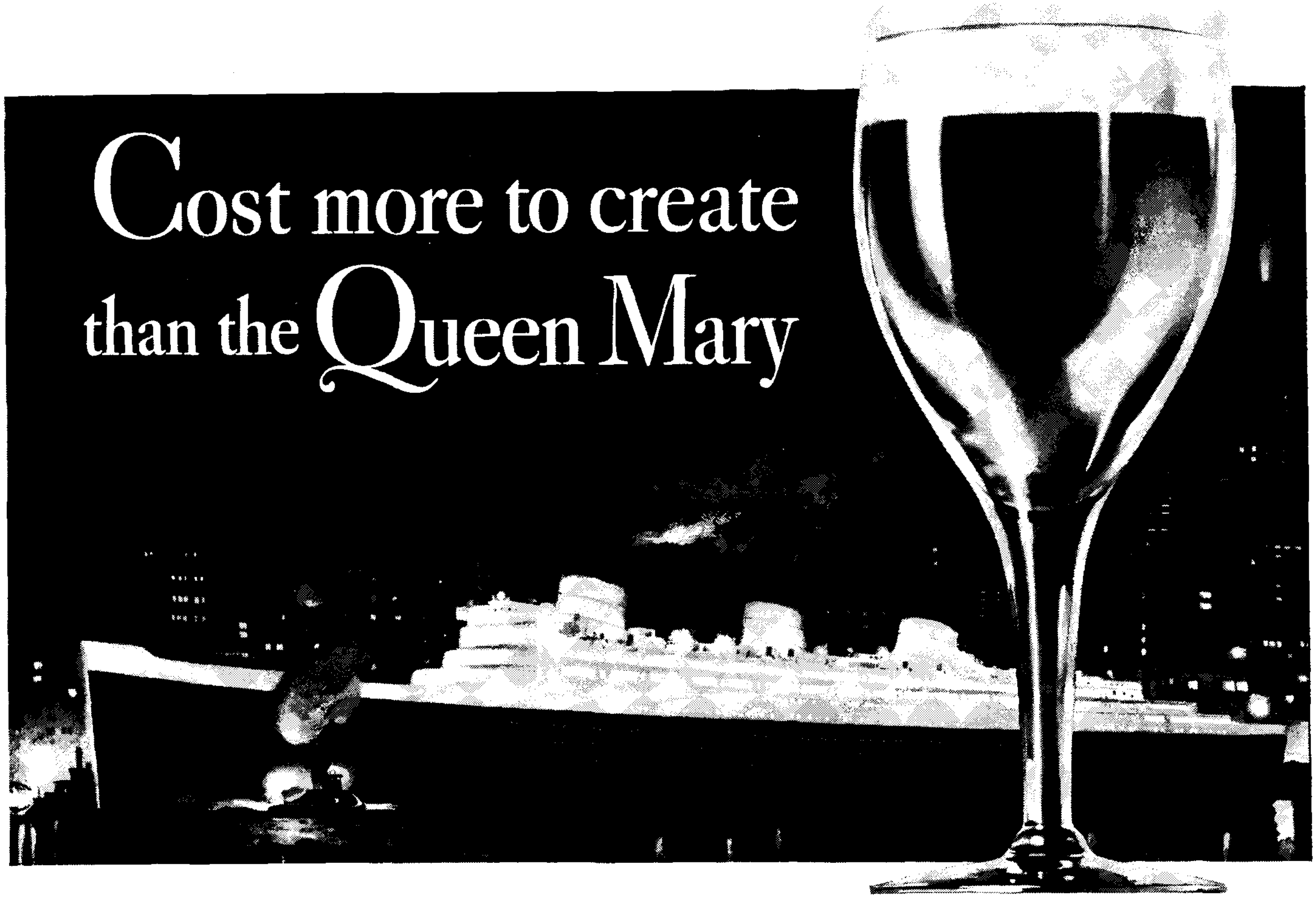

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LAUNCHING a liner is almost child's play in comparison with launching the appealing glass of beer that New York likes, by far, the best.

Every cool and mellow sip of Ruppert's is the product of the world's most modern brewery. A brewery that would shame a laboratory in its cleanliness . . . would astonish a scientist in its precision. A brewery so huge in resources and storage capacity that it never needs to short-cut quality or speed up aging, in order to appease a grateful city's thirst.

That's why you'll always find that Ruppert's is *right!* Right in *aging*. Right in *purity*. Right in *uniformity*. Right in the tangy *taste* that New York, the world's most taste-wise city, votes "It's Right"!

No Wonder
New Yorkers
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RUPPERT'S
than
any other Beer!

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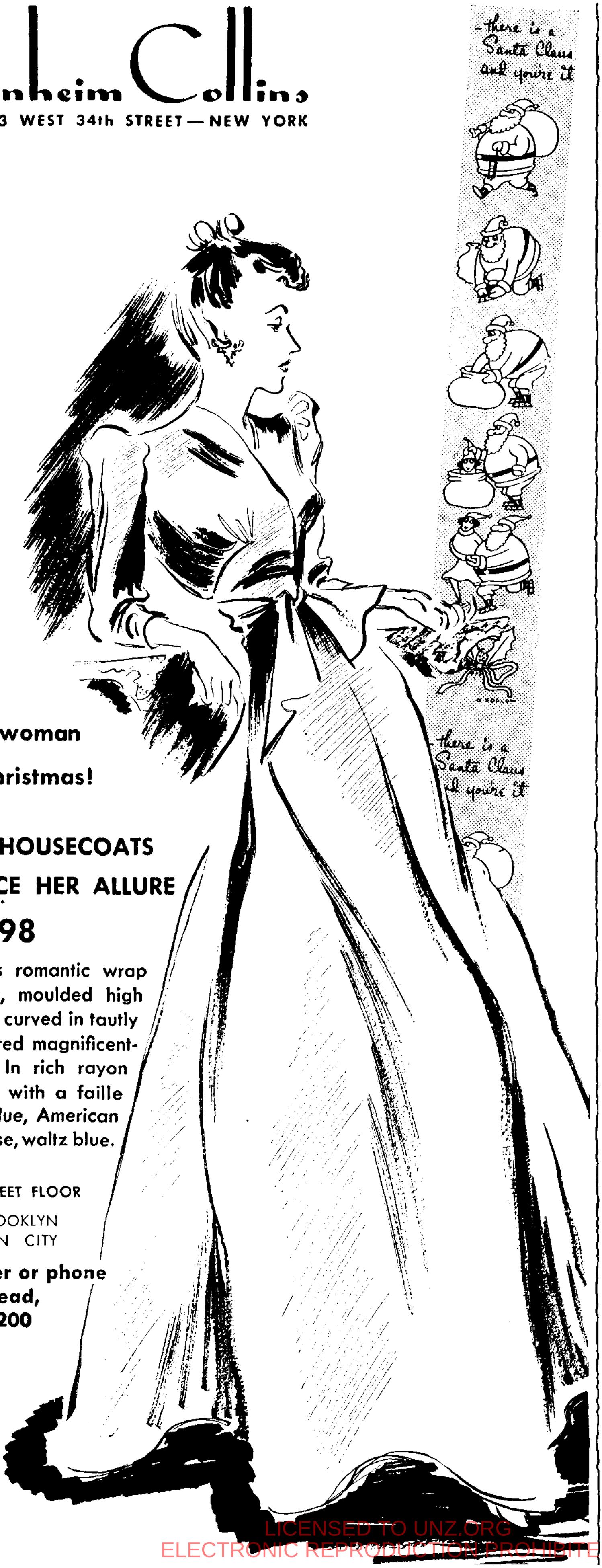
there is a Santa Claus and you're it
there is a Santa Claus and you're it

What every woman wants for Christmas!

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the musical had not been planned and rehearsed all these months. Looking at it this way, it actually hasn't cost the taxpayers a dime.

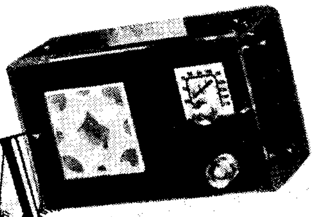
A thousand members of Actors' Equity are on the Federal Theatre Project; in "Sing for Your Supper" alone, there are sixty-five who belong to it or to Chorus Equity. About fifty people, some of them on WPA, have written the songs and sketches for the show; when the production does at last open, the administrators of the Project will decide just how much each of them has contributed and allot small weekly payments to all on that basis.

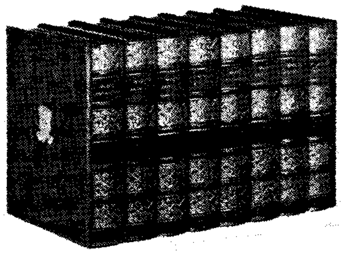
Although the rehearsal for "Papa's Got a Job" lasted only half an hour the day I was there, everybody in the cast sat around in the orchestra of the theatre until noon, which gave them credit for three hours of work, inasmuch as they had reported at nine. Then they were told when and where to turn up for the next rehearsal, and after signing a time sheet left the theatre. Each owed the government about two hours for the day, to be worked out as soon as the Adelphi's stage could be cleared of the tenement set. Soon after the actors had gone, Mr. Hecht, the producer, dropped in on his way to a rehearsal hall on Broadway to watch a number called "Nelly, Keep Your Belly In." I went with him.

WHEN we arrived at the hall, we found thirteen girls waiting around on benches and chairs. All but two or three wore lisle stockings. Mr. Hecht took off his coat and joined a man at a piano on the stage. The pianist went over his score while Mr. Hecht leaned across his shoulder, making changes with a pencil. The girls were young; none of them seemed more than twenty-five and most looked to me much younger. They wore ordinary street clothes, and it occurred to me that they all might have come from Hunter College. Most of them were pretty and two were quite striking in the conventional showgirl way.

Presently Hecht called out "Ready, girls!" and they stopped their chattering and took their places. The scene was a dressing room, with the girls supposedly coming in from the stage, and when the show is produced (assuming, to be sure, that the Nelly number has not been eliminated by that time) they will wear only panties and brassières. As the girls enter, someone in the part of a wardrobe mistress chides them in song for their careless posture, telling them to stand up

Mirror Radio—8-tube
all-wave, AC-DC, [illegible]
[illegible]





Book Set Radio—bound in genuine leather, hand tooled, 8-tube, all-wave, AC-DC—$69.50

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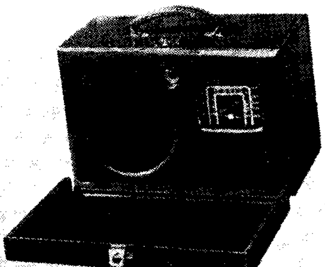
Built to the exacting requirements of the Liberty Music Shops [illegible] finer, richer, more beautiful tone quality [illegible] bring musical thrills long to be remembered [illegible]



Travelling Radio—[illegible] All-wave all voltages AC-DC from $49.50 to [illegible]

[illegible] Phono-Radio combination [illegible] record T.R.F. plays 8 records [illegible] AC-DC, 110-220 volts, 3-wave bands [illegible] to $89.50

The ultimate in musical reproduction [illegible] linked with external smartness, places these instruments [illegible] all others in the Radio-Phonograph field.

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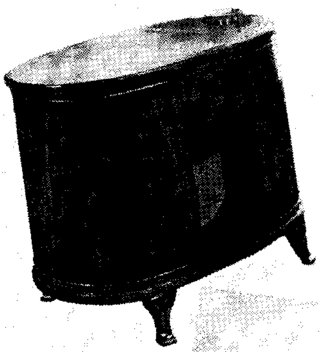
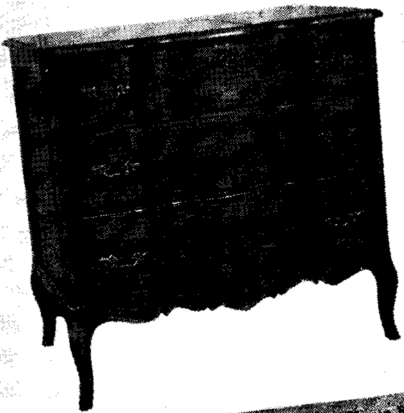
450 Madison Ave. at 50th Street [illegible] at 57th Street
8 E. 59th St., Savoy Plaza Bldg. [illegible] Palm Beach, Fla.



Oval End Table—Phono-Radio, All-Wave, plays 8 records (10" or 12") automatically, AC-DC [illegible]

[illegible] Commode—Phono-Radio, 16-Tube All-Wave, plays 8 records (10" or 12") automatically, AC-DC [illegible]



French Provincial Commode—16-Tube Phono-Radio, All-Wave, plays 8 records (10" or 12") automatically, AC-DC $365.00

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Indeed, prior to the completion of Hiram Walker's American distillery, in 1934, none had been equipped to make such a masterpiece. For the distinctive qualities of **Signet** were obtained only by modern, scientific control of Mother Nature's age-old maturing process.

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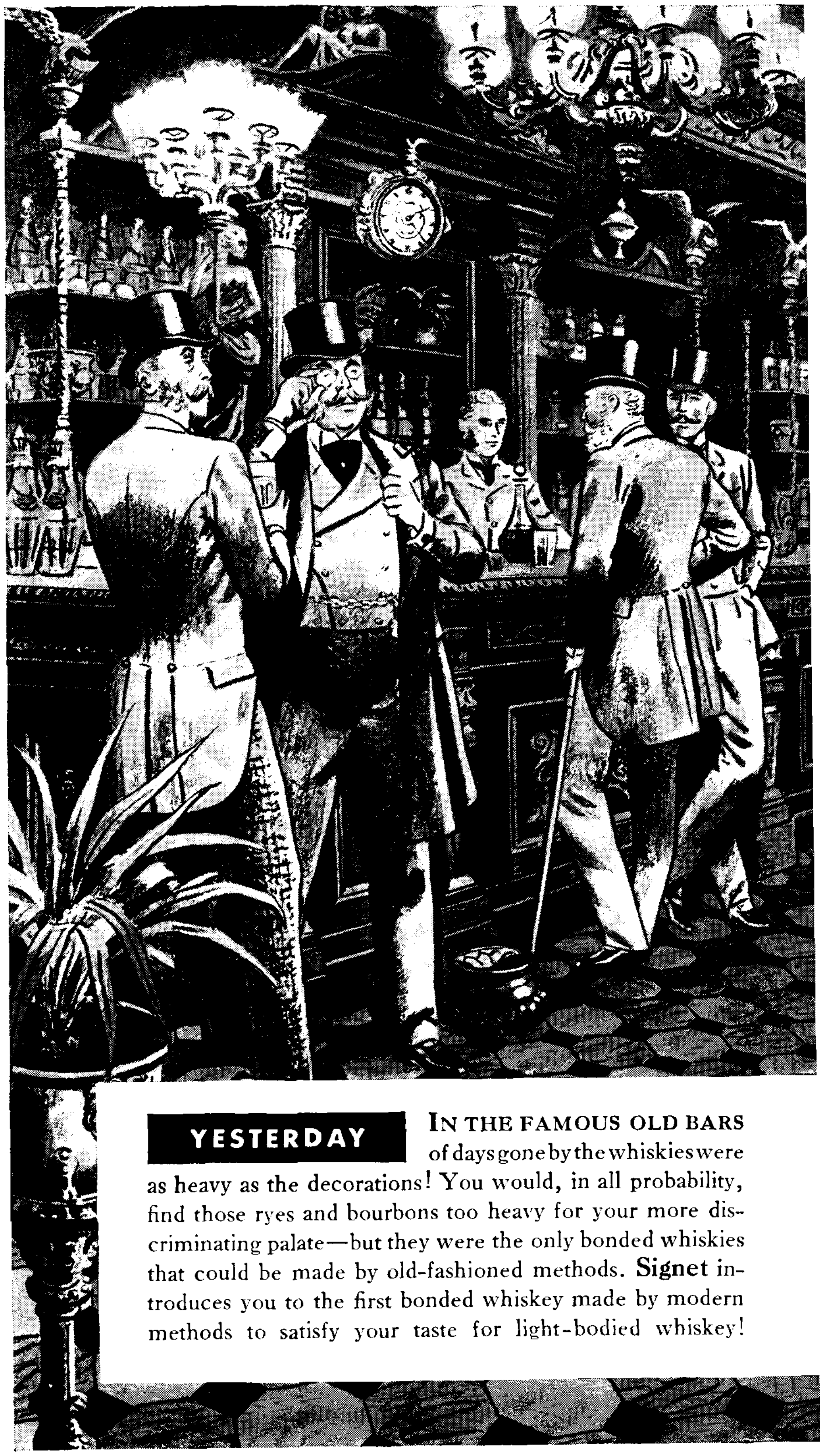
Try delicious **Signet** today at your favorite bar or package store. Be among the first to taste the first bonded whiskey of its kind!



YESTERDAY In the famous old bars of days gone by the whiskies were as heavy as the decorations! You would, in all probability, find those ryes and bourbons too heavy for your more discriminating palate—but they were the only bonded whiskies that could be made by old-fashioned methods. **Signet** introduces you to the first bonded whiskey made by modern methods to satisfy your taste for light-bodied whiskey!

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Signet
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Bottled in Bond
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4/5 Quart
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AND TODAY YOU WILL FIND SIGNET as different from the heavy-bodied whiskies of yesterday as the gay, streamlined modern bars in which it is served! Full 100 proof, yet pleasantly light in body, **Signet** has a delicate bouquet and a smooth, palatable flavor that will completely surprise you. That's because the oaken casks in which **Signet** is aged have been pre-mellowed by prior use in ripening other fine whiskies!

MELLOWED IN OLD OAKEN CASKS

Even the oak casks in which **Signet** can't appreciate what a delicious

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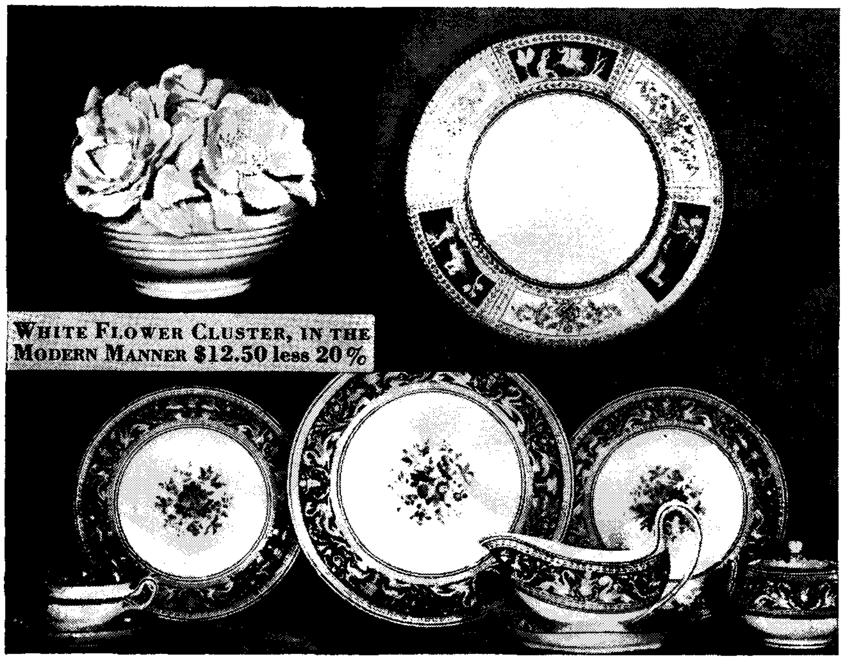

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Give your family and yourself something different and inexpensive this Christmas . . . if you dare. Follow the red and green and tinsel tide to the SEASIDE HOTEL. Help us trim the great tree with gifts for all! Enjoy the zest of festive food and the friendly stimulation of the Surf 'n Sand Room. It's great fun. Come for New Year's week too. Gala Party. Write for our moderate holiday rates.

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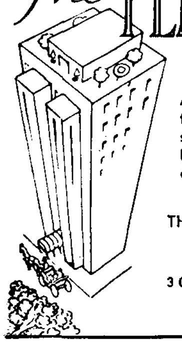

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ICE SKATING Daily
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to keep their bulges in the right places. This makes the girls sad, and they sing back to her, "We were beautiful for J. J. Shubert and for his brother Lee, but who could be beautiful enough for America? Certainly not me!" The wardrobe mistress rouses their patriotic spirit by asking, "Does Lee's horse keep an eight-hour day?" Everybody in the federal government, she sings, is doing his utmost and giving his all—everybody, that is, except Uncle Sam's chorus girls. This gets the young ladies and they resolve to be beautiful for the "United, United, United States of A." They promise to wash their necks, oil their hips, and rouge their lips.

This particular number had been in the show for a little while, was dropped, and then, about a month ago, was put back in again. The girl who had first taken the part of the chorus leader was in the hospital with appendicitis and the original wardrobe mistress had left WPA for a job in the commercial theatre. The rehearsal went along smoothly, with the girls following Hecht's directions capably, and at the end of two hours they were just as spirited and eager as they were at the beginning.

WHEN the rehearsal was over, I asked one of the girls to come out and have a drink and to bring along a few friends. Three of them joined me around a table in the lounge of a nearby hotel. One was Nina Wayler, who, several others had told me, is famous all over the Project as the most beautiful girl on WPA. Two of the girls drank Tom Collinses, and the other had tea with lemon.

Miss Wayler is twenty-two. She started studying adagio and ballet dancing nine years ago with Oukrainsky in Los Angeles and has appeared on the Fanchon & Marco circuit. She came to the Theatre Project last March, after two years of teaching arts and crafts to a group of children. She is still studying ballet and is admired by her colleagues on WPA because she makes all her own clothes.

The other two gave me similar histories of themselves. One was Nancy Fenton, a lovely, tall brunette of twenty-four, who has been in the cast of "Sing for Your Supper" since March; like all WPA workers, she had to go on Home Relief first. She lives with two girl friends in the Village. She began dancing—old ballet and modern—when she was seven and has danced with a Martha Graham group as well as in various night clubs. The third girl was Lucy Kaye,

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GIVE ANY OF THESE LOVELY
COLORED AND EMBROIDERED
WAMSUTTA
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SHEETS

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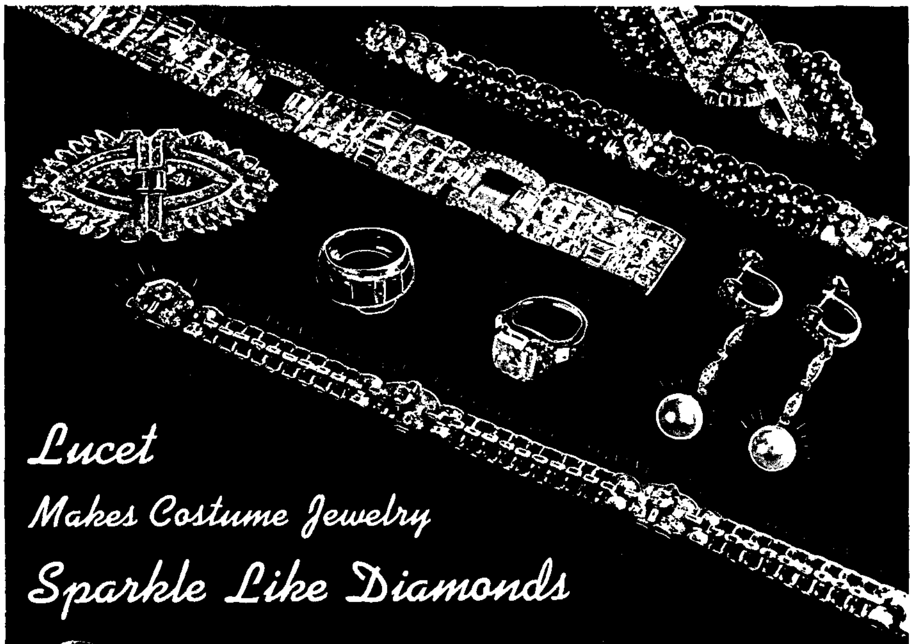
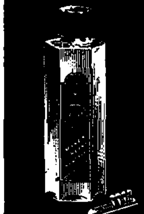
Christmas Sets of Wamsutta *Supercale* sheets and pillow cases include a variety of colors, multiple rows of hemstitching, hand-drawn work, scalloped and embroidered patterns, etc. They are being





A Christmas Gift Every Well Dressed Woman Will Appreciate
Safe and Effective In Cleaning Precious Gems As Well

For Sale at the Notion or Jewelry Counters of These Leading Stores:

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L. Bamberger & Co., Newark
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3 oz. Bottle
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$1.00

Or Send 10c for Generous Sample to THOMAS CHEMICAL PRODUCTS CO., 711 Fifth Ave., New York

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● Private brand liquors are kept out of Childs bars. We have had many profitable propositions to use them. But, we figure that the best profit comes from building a reputation for uniformly fine drinks.

We have won that recognition. And despite the fact that we use only liquors of high repute, Childs prices are unhigh. Over-size Martinis, 25 cents; big Manhattans, 30 cents. Roost at a Childs bar soon.

Childs

53 NEW YORK RESTAURANTS · 35 WITH BARS

two years, appearing in several one-act plays. She has been with "Sing for Your Supper" since April. She studied dramatics in high school and then acted for four years with something called the Theatre of Action. In her present job she dances tap and modern ballet, sings, and plays straight bits. She didn't know anything about dancing when she joined the cast; WPA trained her. Whenever she has time, she goes around to see commercial producers and managers. They all promise jobs.

The girls were eager to have the show open. They think it is a fine musical comedy and hope they'll get offers when the Broadway producers see them in it. They say they would leave Uncle Sam flat, even though the pay is steady, for a job on Broadway. Everyone on WPA is allowed a three-month leave of absence to take a private job. If it doesn't pan out, they can come back. Partly because of this, people are constantly leaving the Federal Theatre for Broadway shows, and twenty-two have already left "Sing for Your Supper." There are two or more former WPA actors in "Kiss the Boys Goodbye," "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," and "Knickerbocker Holiday."

No one can guess how many more will be gone by the time "Sing for Your Supper" opens, because no one can be certain when that time will be. Material is still being written for the show, the cast is still changing, rehearsals are still going on. With the help of God and Washington, the curtain should rise on about December 15th, in time to catch the Christmas trade.

—HYMAN GOLDBERG

•

The all-Czech club orchestra also plans to make its initial appearance. Freshman students of Czech descent are especially invited to attend. Comenius club members attending the Barb hour dance are requested to attend the dance between the hours of seven and eight so that the meeting may start promptly at eight o'clock. During the last rain (shower) it was noticed that the squirrel uses his tail as an umbrella by simply curling it up and back over his head. It would be a handy thing if we humans were so well equipped for the unexpected shower.—*Daily Nebraskan.*

It would hardly suffice for Czechoslovakia.

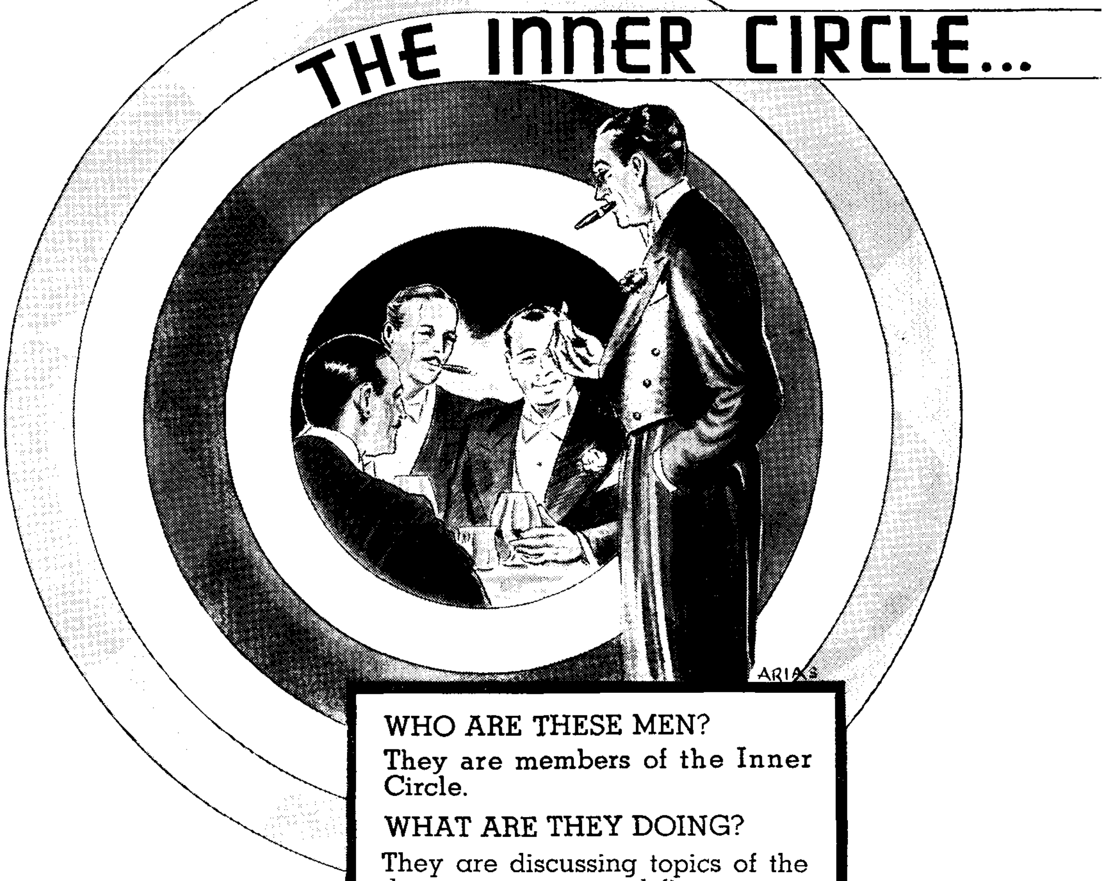
•

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN DEPT.

[*From a program of St. Bartholomew's Church*]

May we remind those coming to the Altar for Holy Communion not to leave

THE INNER CIRCLE...



WHO ARE THESE MEN?

They are members of the Inner Circle.

WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

They are discussing topics of the day... commerce and finance, politics and sports, and perhaps even Love...

- Yes, they are men of distinction, social leaders, men who make momentous decisions in the Board Room and Council Chamber—men who are watched and emulated by others...

Men who have been brought up to require the best...

Men who enjoy the fine flavor, exquisite aroma and soothing influence of

CUBAN MADE
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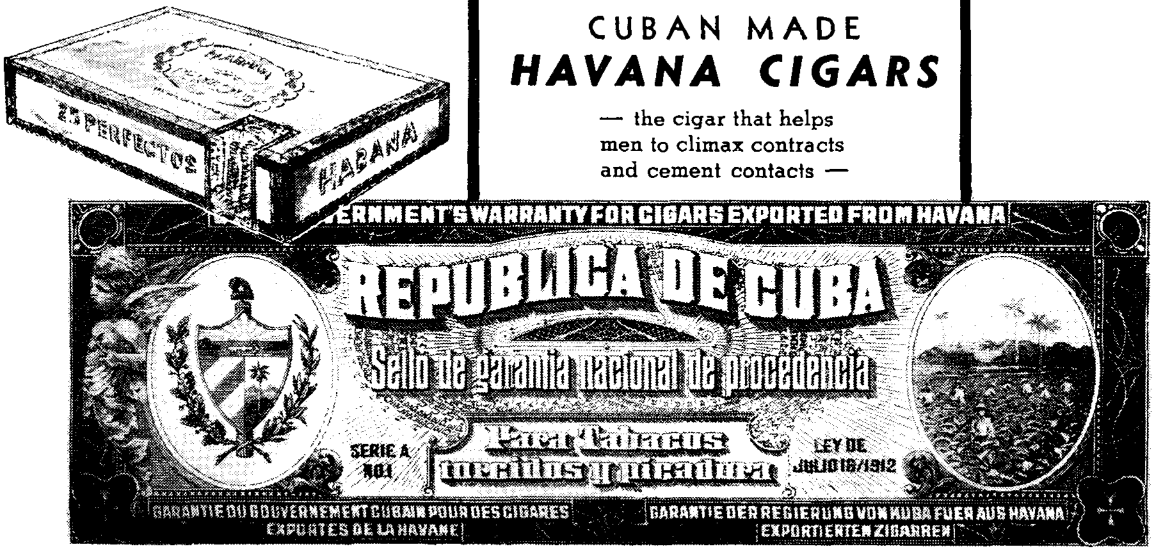
— the cigar that helps
men to climax contracts
and cement contacts —


25 PERFECTOS
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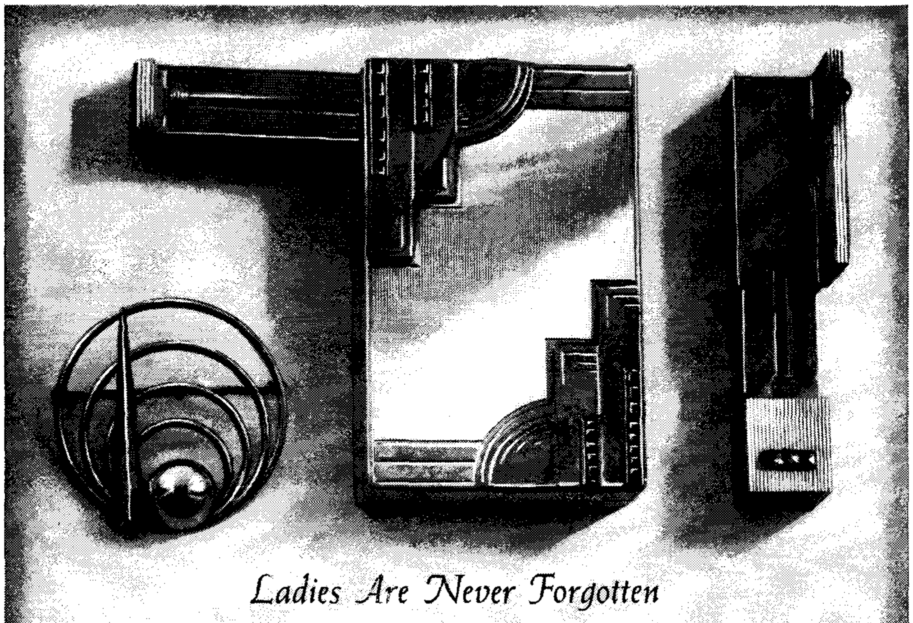
A SUGGESTION

When you desire to make a gracious personal gesture towards a man, please remember that a box of real Havana Cigars, made and packed in Cuba and bearing the Guarantee label of the Government, is the gift supreme

Elegant Victoriana

Gay revivals of things past, suggested as quickeners for modern living, as witty gifts. Victorian chairs in sentimental fabrics, around 100.00 pair. Plaster blackamoors, black, white, or gilt leaf, kneeling under glass cocktail table, 65.00 NEW Decorator's Shop, on the Seventh Floor

Lord & Taylor



Ladies Are Never Forgotten

— but a gift from Cartier, inexpensive trifle or important piece, marks a very special holiday. Jewelled vanity cases with enclosed lipstick, from $165; lipstick cases from $38; brooches from $16. Or we suggest jewelled clips, from $150; bracelets from $40; the exceptional Cartier watches, from $38. Other gifts, an interesting and wide selection for men too, from $5.

Original Designs in Christmas Cards

Countless Ideas in our Inexpensive Gift Department

Cartier, Inc.

JEWELLERS BY SPECIAL WARRANT H.M. THE KING OF ENGLAND

TRAVEL IS BROADENING

I BOARDED the tourist sleeper for California at El Paso with a ticket only for a lower berth and found that my section was already occupied by a plump little man and his tall son, who, I guessed, was seventeen or eighteen years old. They moved some of their bags to allow me to sit down, but their many belongings still were spread out on half of my seat and left small space on the floor for three pairs of masculine feet. The father introduced himself at once as Mr. Denny and his son as Roger. The boy nodded without speaking, but Mr. Denny was very talkative and plunged into a dissertation on their travels.

"This trip to California is going to be a wonderful experience for Roger," he said, while Roger stared out of the train window at the Texas desert. "It's a real education for him to see this big old country of ours. And then I don't mind saying he's learning a lesson lots of young folks need in this day and age. Yes"—Mr. Denny chuckled and reached over to pat his son on the knee—"yes, when this big rascal of mine kicked about so restlessly in our berth last night, I said, 'Mm-mmh, young man, you'll appreciate a certain bed with Beautyrest mattress when you get back to Dayton.' "

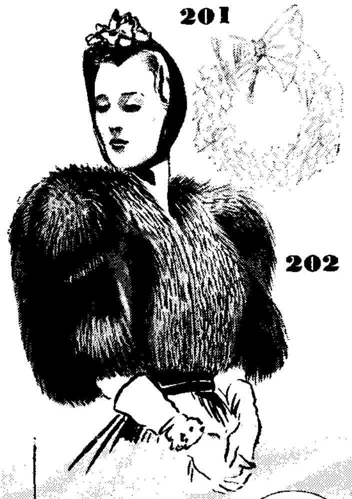
At the mention of "our berth," Roger's downy cheeks flushed, but he didn't speak. I realized then that he and his father must both be occupying the upper berth.

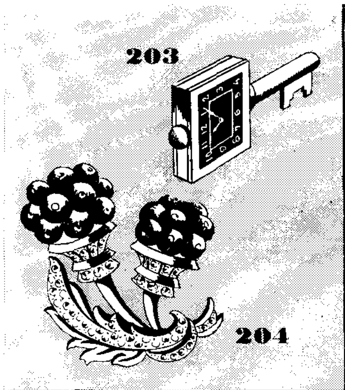
Their belongings fascinated me so that I could not concentrate on Mr. Denny's account of the home in Dayton where he had been both father and mother to Roger since Mrs. Denny "passed on" seven years before. Besides luggage, there were three pasteboard boxes and two market bags. One bag was open at the top and in it were several cans of milk and potted ham. The other rattled when the train jolted, and I was very curious about what it contained. Once Roger turned from the window and caught me eying the outfit; his flicker of a smile, half imploring, half embarrassed, made me feel guilty and I was quick to give my attention back to his father.

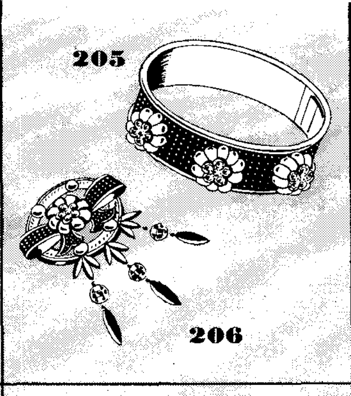
"Believe me," sighed Mr. Denny, "it takes travel to teach folks the meaning of home sweet home. I've been West before, been to Yellowstone and seen nearly all the real sights. And I tell you right now I'm going again only for Roger's sake. My goodness, I'm sick

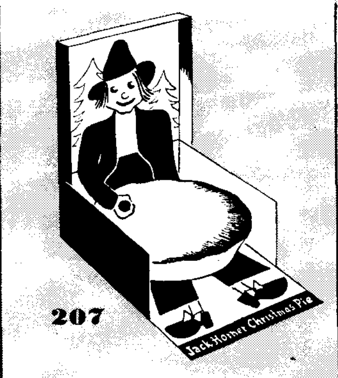
Bonwit Teller's 21 Gala Gifts

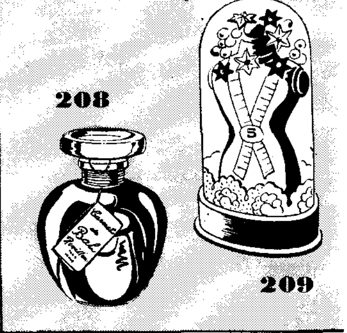
Our wonder list of 21 Bonwit bijoux to go out wrapped dazzlingly in our special Christmas tissues

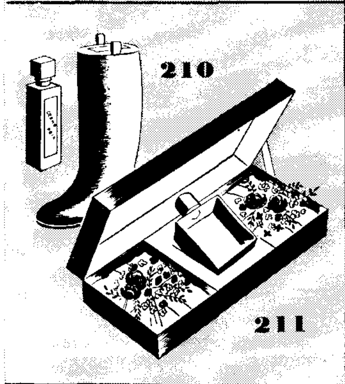


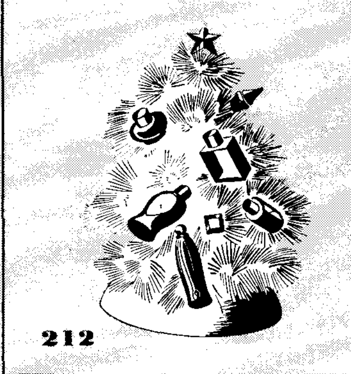


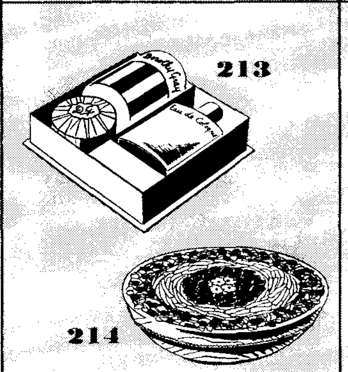


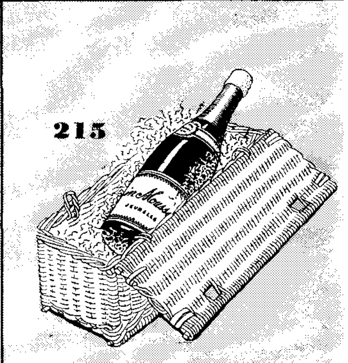


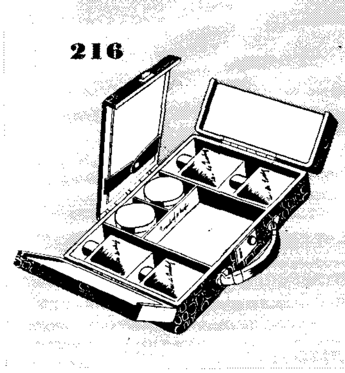


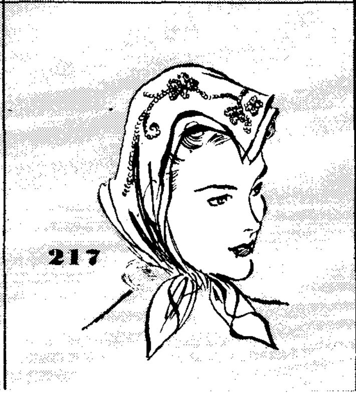


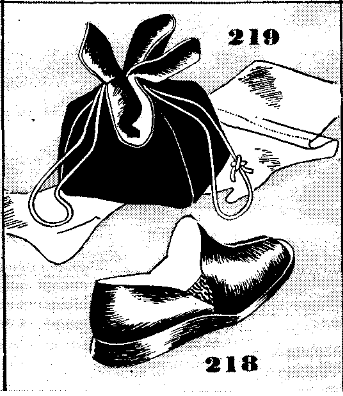


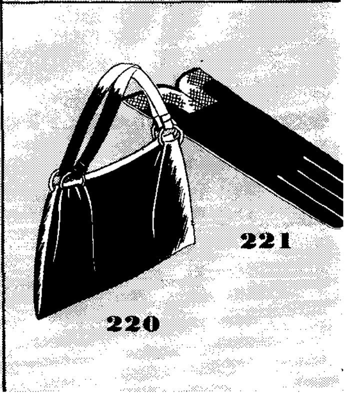












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208 Revillon's Carnet de Bal perfume for the skin, 8.00, 35.00
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218 Pantoufle soft cotton-back silk satin boudoir slipper, 4.95
219 6 pair Bontell three-thread Shadow Clox, in gift bag, 9.50
220 Pichel's Four Ring suede or calf bag. Black or brown, 12.75
221 Cocktail shortie glove, stainless black or white Polava, 5.95

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PUT *Crepetex** IN HER CREPETEX

HIGH QUALITY MACY'S OWN ★

Santa Claus says: "Mothers, daughters, grandmas, and aunts of all ages have written asking me to put Crepetex in their Crepetex. Those are the stockings they'll hang up, because those are the only kind they wear. It looks as though the old poem would have to be changed to 'The Crepetex were hung by the chimney with care.' And 'Merry Crepetex to all and to all a good night,' which is o.k. by me. Crepetex are easy to pack; and they wear so well people will be saying nice things about me all through the New Year."

A DIFFERENT STRIPE FOR EVERY TYPE

They Look Sheerer! *They Wear Longer!*

NUMBER 2. (2-thread, sheerest of all, for evening) has a pink stripe.

NUMBER 3. (3-thread, sheerer still, for afternoon wear) has a green stripe.

NUMBER 4. (4-thread, sheer, for daytime wear) has a blue stripe.

NUMBER 5. (5-thread, sturdy sheer, for hard wear) has a purple stripe.

A pair	**1.17**
3 pairs, (Triple play is even nicer)	**3.29**
6 pairs, (Whee! Mix 'em up. Two for day, two for play, two for eve)	**6.49**

MACY'S ACCESSORIES STREET FLOOR

feel like somebody's been trying to hold us up since the minute we left Dayton. Tips, tips, tips! Well, Roger and I can carry our own valises. And that colored porter needn't come fussing around me with his whiskbroom, because I've got a first-rate clothesbrush in my own valise. I'm no sucker. I hope to tell you I'm not. If you listen to me, young man, you'll put one eye on the scenery and keep the other on your pocketbook."

Roger gave me another nervous smile.

"I suppose you're keen on taking a look at Hollywood, aren't you, Roger?" I asked.

The boy's lips moved to speak, but Mr. Denny's were quicker.

"We'll go out Hollywood Boulevard to Grauman's Chinese Theatre," he said, "so Roger can see where Will Rogers and all the big stars wrote on the pavement. But we're not going to any high-priced eating places just because some actor might be there. There's no sense in throwing away money when you can get a good twenty-five-cent meal at any drugstore. Anyway, we'll be too busy. I want Roger to take in the Los Angeles City Hall, Aimee McPherson's Angelus Temple, and that big observatory near Pasadena. And I want him to see 'The Blue Boy' at the Huntington Library."

JUST then a waiter came through beating a gong and announcing the last call for dinner. Roger turned around and watched the Negro until his white coat had disappeared and the sound of the gong was swallowed by other noises. While I reached under the seat and struggled to get a comb and brush out of my bag, Roger whispered, "Dad, can't we, *just once?*"

"Roger!" Mr. Denny replied. "You know what I told you."

When I sat up again, Roger was star-

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A NATURAL WATER LITHIATED & CARBONATED BY THE WHITE ROCK MINERAL SPRINGS CO.
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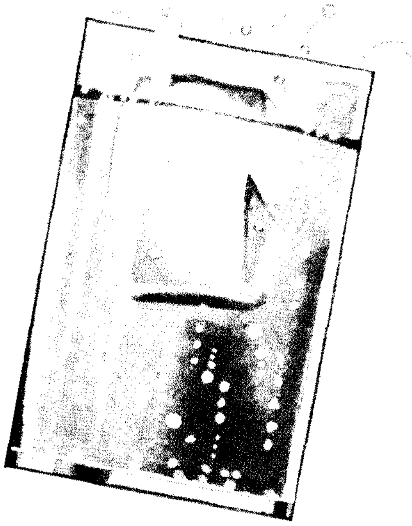
with the tang that comes *only* from *mineral* water. OVER ON THE ALKALINE SIDE



Calvert proudly presents

LORD CALVERT

the "Custom-Blended" Whiskey

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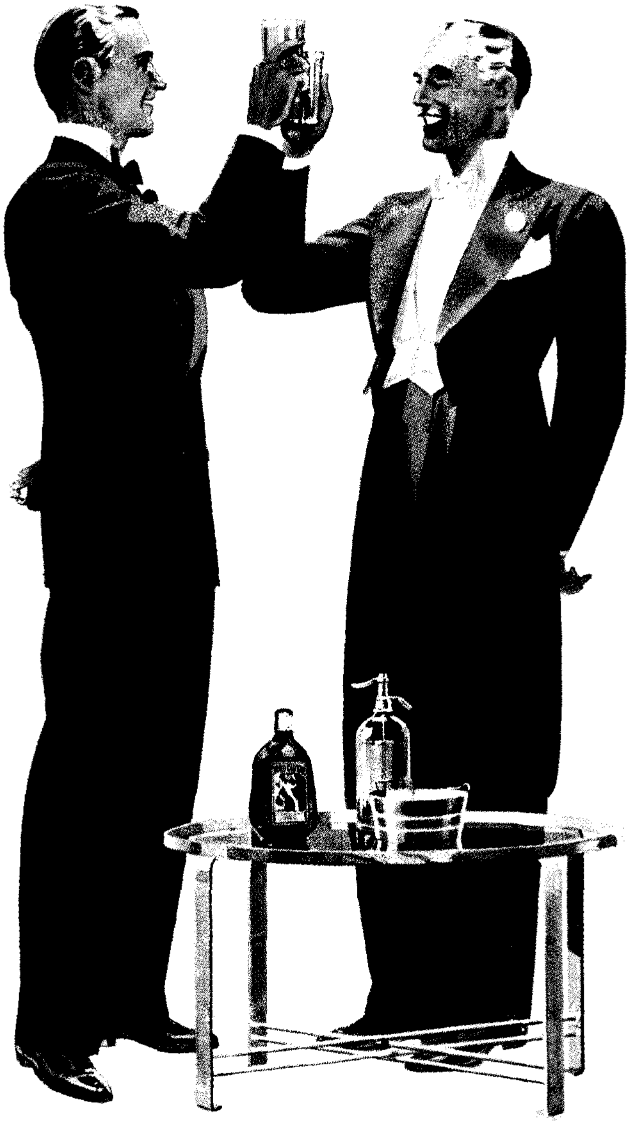

Expensive, yes . . . but expect a new experience in whiskey enjoyment!

Here, indeed, is the supreme achievement of Calvert's master blenders . . . the flowering of nearly half a century of their experience in the art of fine blending.

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We suggest that you pass your own good judgment on Lord Calvert. At your club . . . or at the better bars and package stores. By the fifth or the pint.

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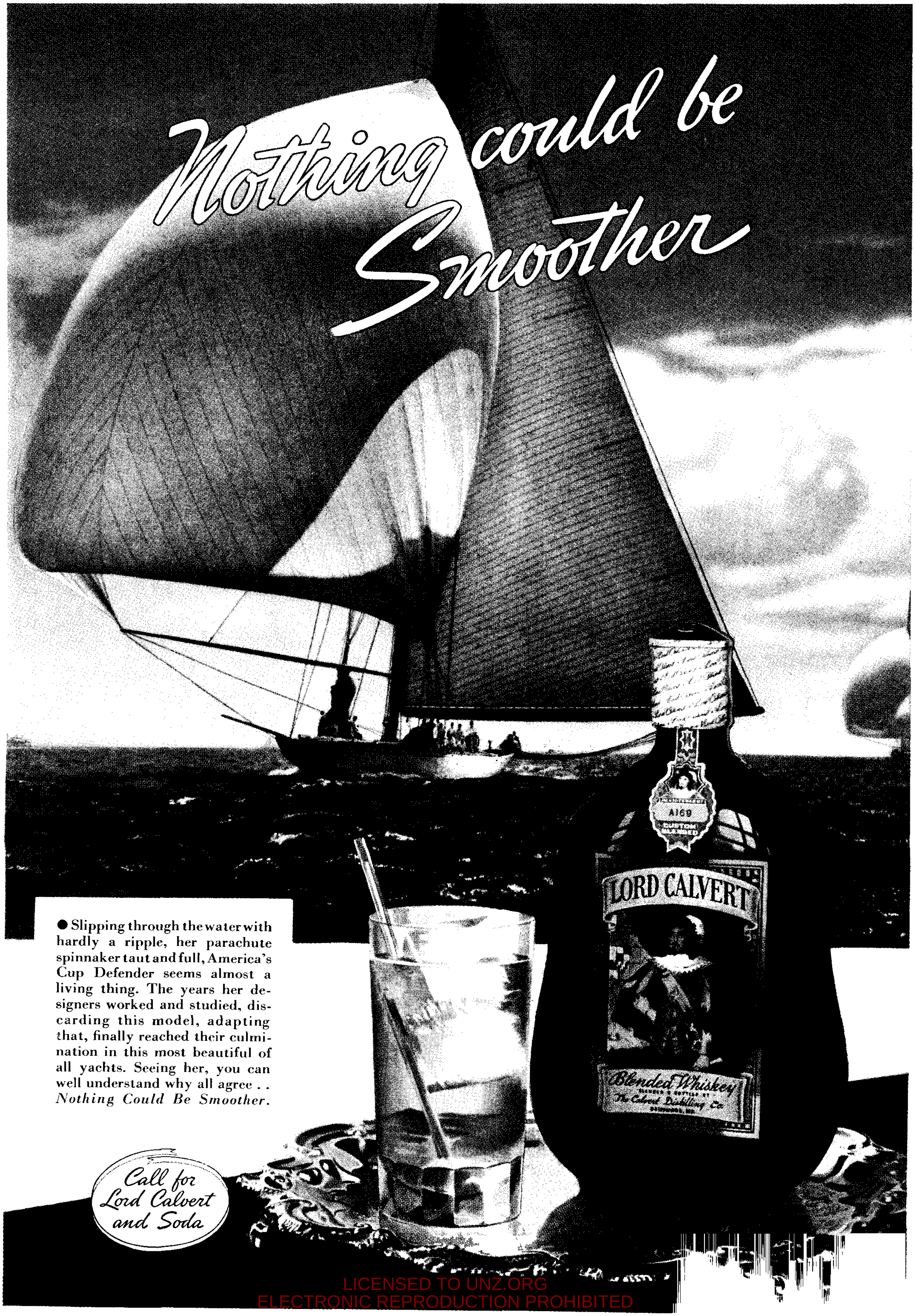
Copr. 1938 Calvert Distillers Corp., Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C. Lord Calvert Custom-Blended Whiskey—86.8 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 30% straight whiskies, 5% other whiskey, 18 years old; 65% grain neutral spirits. 20% straight whiskies four years old, 10% straight whiskies 10 years old, 5% other whiskey, 18 years old.

For those who can afford the finest . . .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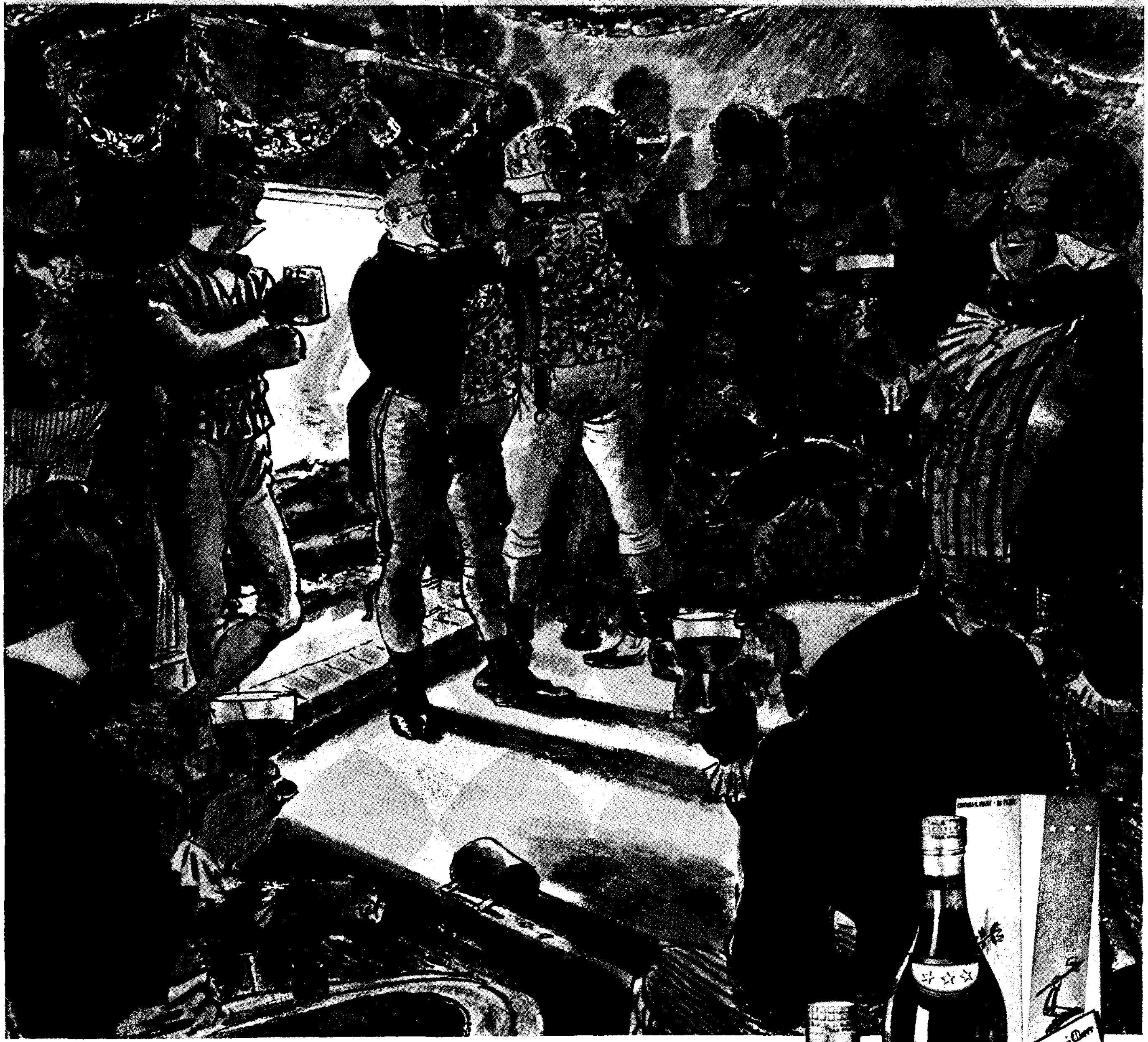
HENNESSY

COGNAC BRANDY



HENNESSY
HENNESSY
HENNESSY

"The Christmas party at Mr. Wardles"—from Dickens' immortal "Pickwick Papers." The liquid refreshment was elder wine, laced with COGNAC—and a good time was had by all.

Christmas is synonymous with good spirits, and "good spirits" is synonymous with Three-Star Hennessy. For almost two centuries, Hennessy Cognac Brandy has graced Yuletide festivities, added its own distinguished touch to holiday viands, and figured prominently on gift lists. Its quality, bouquet and "clean" taste make it the preferred brandy . . . as liqueur . . . for mixing . . . for giving.

Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France. JA^{S} HENNESSY & C^{O} Established 1765

84 PROOF

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES: **Schieffelin & Co.** NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794 ing once more at the New Mexico sagebrush and mesquite. His gray eyes were hot with indignation. I fumbled with my brush and comb, trying to make up my mind to withdraw from the painful scene. But some impulse made me say, "Look here, Mr. Denny, why don't you and Roger have dinner with me? I get tired of eating alone and I'd be glad to have some company."

Roger turned to me, his anger dissolving into a cheerful smile.

"No, sirree," Mr. Denny replied emphatically. "That's one thing I said before we left home—we're not going near any dining car."

The air was tense. Roger looked at his father beseechingly. Mr. Denny was brushing some lint off his trouser leg and did not seem to notice.

"Well, I'd better get ready," I said.

"We had a late lunch," Mr. Denny remarked. "We're not hungry yet."

"Who says so?" Roger mumbled.

Mr. Denny managed to say all he needed to with one menacing look and Roger turned back to the window.

"You ought to save your money, young man," Mr. Denny said to me. "You'll need it before you get home. Dollar and a quarter, not counting that tip business, just for one meal!"

"I can't help it, Mr. Denny. I've got to eat."

Mr. Denny waved his plump hands, a gesture of pity for my ignorance.

"I'll bet you don't get one bit better dinner than Roger and me will have right here. See this bag?"

I looked at the market bag which Mr. Denny was indicating; it was the one with the canned milk and potted ham.

"Right here in this bag," continued Mr. Denny, "we've got milk, coffee, sugar. In that box are cups, saucers, spoons—all ready. All I have to do is send Roger to the men's room for hot water and then I make the best minute coffee you ever tasted. We've got bread, ham, peanut butter, and some delicious canned fruit. I stocked up from our grocer back home because you never know what you're picking up if you buy in strange places. We boiled fresh eggs the day we left and they were still good today. Why, I'll bet Roger and I can eat two days for what your dinner's going to cost you. I tell Roger we're not travelling to eat. Don't worry—we'll get plenty of good, nourishing food. But the big thing is to see new places and make new friends. Roger's going to have a wonderful trip and he'll learn a lot about this big coun-

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robe for Christmas. Colors: wine with white
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A beautiful instrument of natural tone quality which wins instant acclaim from the most critical.

8" Magnavox speaker—self-starting constant speed motor—crystal pickup and balanced tone arm—4½ watts Class A amplifier—automatic stop. Table model.

AC Current	**$69.50**
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The "Playfellow"

The portable Magnavox "Playfellow" is a real companion at home and abroad. A smart piece of luggage with graceful lines—weight 20 pounds. The lid completely closes when playing 12" records. 3 watt amplifier—8" Magnavox speaker—crystal pickup—self-starting motor—automatic tone compensating volume control.

AC Current	**$39.95**
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AC Current	**$69.95**
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Purchase your records at Schirmer's. A complete stock of classical, modern and swing records. Soundproof rooms in which to hear records before making your selection.

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he'll be glad he went, but at the same time he'll be able to appreciate Dayton—"

Mr. Denny had no intention of pausing, so I arose and started down the aisle. Our seats were toward the end of the car and just as I reached the smoking room I heard Roger say, "For crying out loud, Dad, didn't you know the guy was *inviting* us! You wouldn't have to pay a cent! And I tell you, I could *use* some steak and potatoes!"

I stood there a moment holding back the green curtain of the smoking room. Then I heard Mr. Denny's positive voice again.

"He didn't *say* he was inviting us, did he? He just said why don't you have dinner with me, and that could mean Dutch or most anything. You never know what you're getting into with that sort of thing. You know what I said before we left home. Now wipe that scowl off your face. If you're all that hungry, we'll eat now. Take the coffeepot and go get the water. Let it run till it's good and hot."

—JULIAN R. MEADE

•

Most of us, said he, sit down to a typewriter like this: First we cut a slit in the top of our heads, just about where our brain begins. We insert a piece of screen in that slit. Then we filter all of our ideas through that screen. When they arrive on paper, they've lost their vitality and the writing has been slow and laborious.

We must learn to write as quickly and easily and dynamically as we think. The best way to do that is to sit down at a typewriter and write everything that comes into our heads. Then, without reading over what's been written, toss it into the fireplace. Keep on doing this for a month or more, every day. Then it will be possible to write without the screen and to write more easily and more prolifically.—*Writers' Monthly.*

Better not take that screen out during fly season, though.

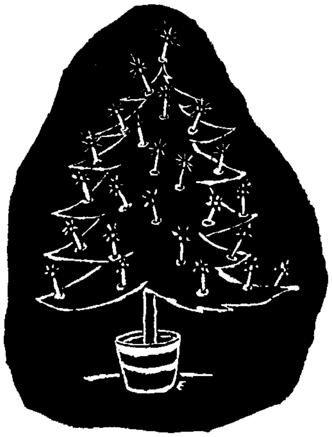
•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*Katharine Cornell in Stage*]

There was one tremendous scene, though—marvelously written—which *did* go: the one in which the boy wrings Shirley's confession from her. She is on the stairs and he keeps backing her up—catching her—catching her—until finally she breaks down and admits that she has allowed herself to be seduced to save him from prison. The thing just pounded you, pounded you; I was so exhausted at every performance I would nearly collapse. It was the first part of that kind I had had. Physically Mary Fitton was very wearing, but this took much more out of you. I had to take malted milk before the second act

Long After the Tree



It's a funny thing how many gifts seem to disappear right after Christmas, which is too bad, we think, because the joy of giving should be followed by a lingering joy of receiving.

This leads to the suggestion that you give a few subscriptions to The New Yorker this year. It's one gift that can't get misplaced or broken or lose its shine. Run down your list and you'll probably be surprised at how many persons will be pleased to get The New Yorker for an entire year.

Send us their names and addresses and we'll do the rest, including the mailing to each of an attractive announcement card to be opened on Christmas Day. Please notice that you'll be buying these gifts at very special Christmas rates.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT RATES

(Effective only until December 31st. Subscriptions placed at these special rates must be the gifts of and paid for by one person.)

One Subscription	$ 5.00	Three Subscriptions	11.00
Two Subscriptions	8.00	Additional Subscriptions, *Each*	3.00

FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS CONVENIENCE

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Enclosed find $________ for which please enter the following names to receive The New Yorker, *each for one year, under your special Christmas subscription terms—*

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

TO anyone who follows these lists at all, it is needless for us to repeat our little boast that we have been getting around. In the past five weeks, those of you who are alert have seen our masterly coverage of the following subjects:

November 5th.... Christmas cards, stationery and playing cards, handkerchiefs, gifts to order for the house, custom luggage.
November 12th.... Made-to-order lingerie, custom gifts for men.
November 19th.... Gifts for the house, music and radio, foods from out of town.
November 26th.... Jewelry, wrappings for packages, Christmas spirits.
December 3rd.... Toys, children's books.

This week, doing our best to further the shambles that all good department stores and specialty shops get into at this time of year, we draw your attention to:

Women's accessories, below.
For men, page 88
Food for the holidays, page 94

Furthermore, if you look under the appropriate department headings elsewhere in this issue, you will find discussions of books and various works of art that might come in handy as presents.

Women's Accessories

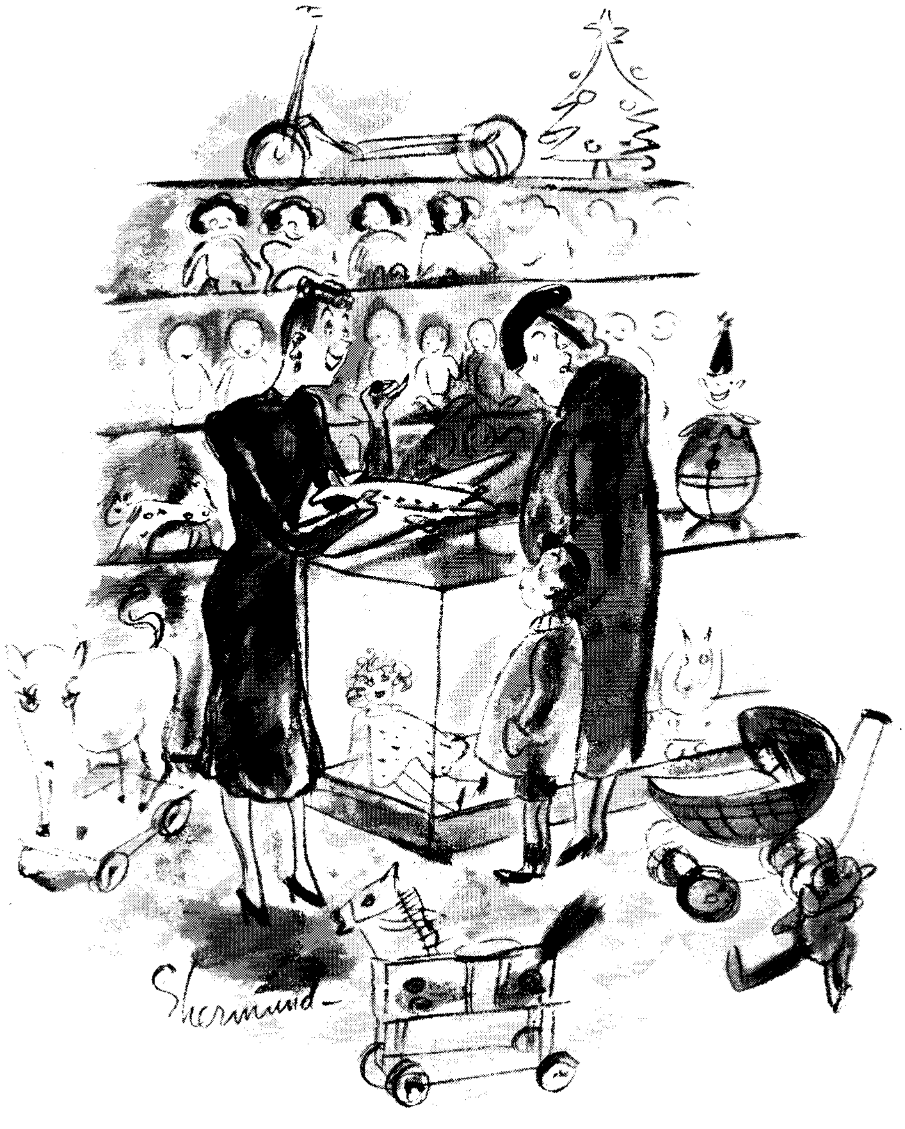
THE embattled American woman who yearns to be chic is constantly being reminded that accessories make or break the costume. The bag, the gloves, the jewelled trinket at the throat—a symphony of these is more important than the dress itself. Fortunately, attending to these details is not a grim duty but a joy, for women adore wearing amusing compacts and silly bracelets and gold necklaces to freshen up That Plain Black Dress. Moreover, they can never have too many doeskin gloves or black suède day bags (a conventional gift, but never ordinary). At this point, therefore, we barge into a review of the accessory situation in various well-known shops about town, many of which have counters so vast and comprehensive that shy shoppers need an objective to keep them from becoming hopelessly flustered.

First of all, here are a few shorthand observations. Ask to be shown the Koret handbags—we haven't seen one we wouldn't like to own. Koret, who has

ple, capacious bags for from about $15 to $25. The "facile" opening, which does away with trick clasps and elaborate frames, is his most recent contribution. The only framework in a bag thus equipped consists of two concealed strips of springy steel running horizontally along either side of its mouth. The tension of the steel keeps the bag safely closed until you pull a tab at one side; then the strips arch outward in opposite directions, forming an oval opening and staying that way while you burrow in the interior. Other Koret achievements are leather bags, simple in shape, stuffed and padded and stitched like a quilt. He uses metal kid in evening bags (which, by the way, you'll find are universally good and large—no longer designed to hold just a wisp of handkerchief) and soft leathers or patent leather for hunky affairs. His vast alligator day bags are exceptional, and you might ask to see his muff bags, a type that is still going strong—among older women, at least.

There are also black cocktail bags covered with embroidery—risky as gifts. Schiaparelli has done many of these with padded embroideries in violent colors, which you either like or loathe, and some lovely ones with swirls of gold braid and embroidery on white or black satin. Both kinds cost around $50 and lots of places have them.

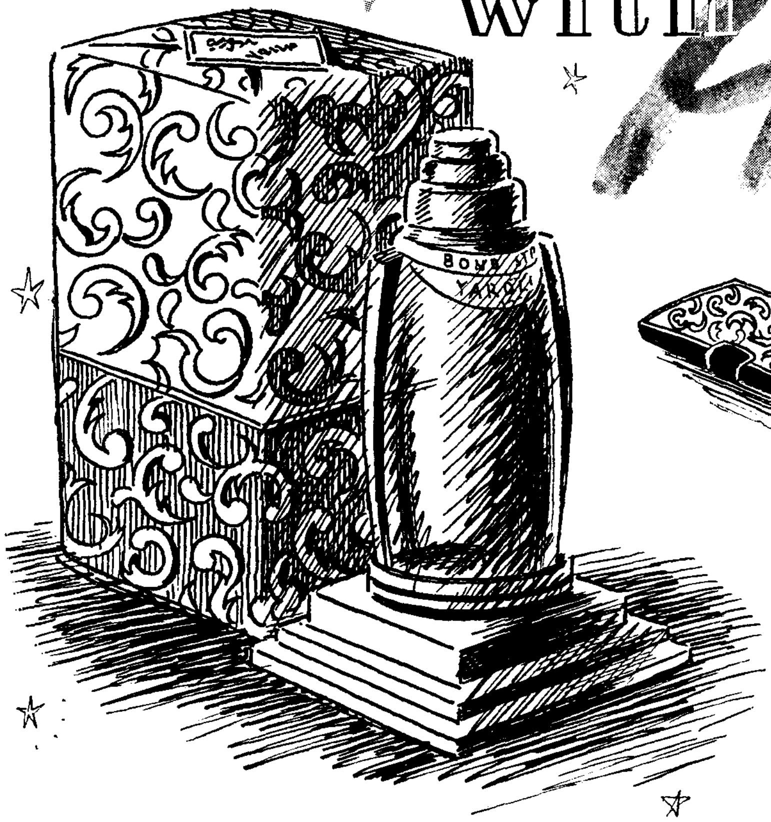
In "costume jewelry," everything—quaint or haywire—goes. There are all kinds of gaga antiques around, and you will be urged to wear old silver (even in lockets) with sports clothes. Victor-

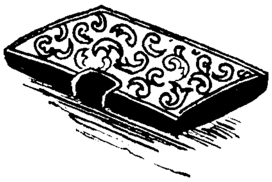


"As I understand it, while it flies, it drops these teeny-weeny little bombs!"

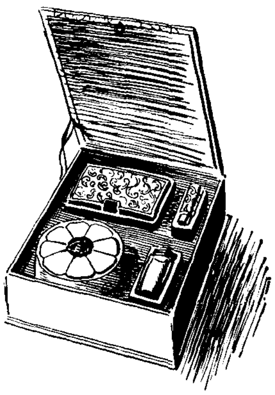
Bond Street with holly

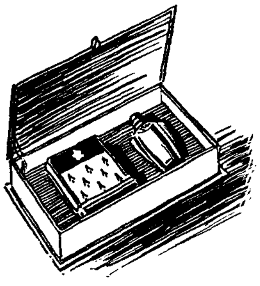
BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
QUEEN MARY

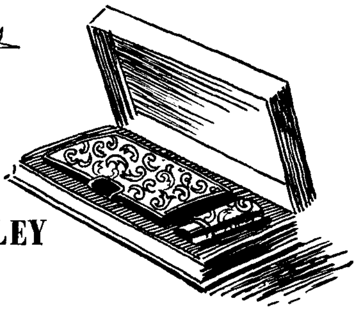




Splendidly gift-wise, a royally-scrolled "Bond Street" compact costs $3.50; this lavish set of "Bond Street" powder, compact, lipstick and the great perfume itself, $11.25; our triple *ermine compact*, with "Bond Street," $8.50; the compact and lipstick, bedded in velvet, for $5—and may Yardley suggest that "Bond Street," perfume of glamourous women, is welcomed on dressing-*tables in every smart corner of the world, come Christmas morning. In* sealed packages priced at: $2.50, $4.50, $8.50 and $13.50 at finer stores.







Bond Street **A PERFUME BY YARDLEY**

AMERICA'S
Modern Gift CENTER!

Crystal-gazing won't help you find that preciously different gift...unless you mean gazing at crystal we display in our Modern Gift Shop! We've let our imagination soar like a bird in flight to show you something distinctive in useful and ornamental things for decoration. They're arranged for selection by price . . . from very low to very high!

A world of Modern home furnishings!

Modernage
162 East 33rd St.
Open Mon., Wed. till 8, Sat. 6

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Charles
OF THE
RITZ

ian fancy settings, real or faked, bob up here and there. Lavallières and chatelaines (the latter for the lapel of your suit) are riding in on the drift toward romantic clothes. Women still love rings with huge hunks of stones which simulate rubies or sapphires or aquamarines and are blatantly phony. The Hobé jewelry is the most de-luxe sort of glitter—clips and frames for bags and cigarette cases, made of stones constructed from the dust of real rubies and such, and then massed together in irregular shapes and outlined with gold cord.

There is seldom any news in gloves. This year, however, a girl named Merry Hull came along to protest against the stitching in gloves, which always seems to knot at the fingertips, causing particular annoyance to women whose fingers tend to be talons, and fostering clumsiness in general. She has run an extra strip of leather up the inside of the finger and curved it over the tip. Everyone shows Angora mittens, which débutantes are supposed to like with their evening ermines; everyone tells us that long, sixteen-button pastel or vivid-colored French gloves are being worn again in the evening by all but us. There are cocktail gloves—black affairs with touches of gold kid, which are nice enough, or of white kid (a revival) and Beauvais embroidery. Apparently the words "romantic" and "feminine" still work wonders; at least, they are constantly used to describe hair ornaments which you can't avoid running into—veils, combs with paillette butterflies or ostrich plumes, and snoods sparkling with rhinestones. They make good casual gifts for young dancing things, but are not the safest presents for women set in their ways.

The scrawled signature on tailored accessories is a popular decoration, and there is an epidemic of powder cases, handbags, and cigarette cases made to look exactly like a letter that has just been delivered to your door. Bergdorf shows a suède day bag done up like a

UNUSUALLY LOVELY FLOWER BROOCH OF GOLD AND AMETHYST WITH MOONSTONE CENTER, $60

FLEXIBLE, TWO-TONE GOLD BRACELET SET WITH RUBIES AND DIAMONDS, $400

DIAMOND AND PLATINUM RING, $400

GOLD BEADS ARE BACK, TWO-TONE THREE STRAND NECKLACE, $125

DIAMOND SHELL EAR-CLIPS, PEARL CENTERS, $1500

DIRECTLY ABOVE, VERY NEW SAPPHIRE AND DIAMOND RING, $600

Above: FLEXIBLE GOLD WATCH-BRACELET SET WITH RUBIES • $625
Right: TORTOISE SHELL COMB FOR THE "UP HAIR-DO", GAY GOLD AND DIAMOND BOW-KNOT ORNAMENT • $180

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FIFTH AVE. AT 48th ST. • NEW YORK

Custom-Made
Fur Trimmed Hats
15.00 to 40.00

Mrs. Pleasants Pennington presents "Perce-Neige" in pastel colored net. 19.95

Chez Rosette
10 EAST 56TH STREET, NEW YORK

package, with sealing wax and gold cord. It has silver fittings inside, and costs a trifling $500. The alert Bloomingdale offers compacts for a buck.

So, for details:

ALTMAN: Costume jewelry: A group of "Scotch pebbles"—bloodstones and other mottled bits native to Scotland—is set in silver; a cairngorm, for instance, which looks like topaz, is mounted on a great silver wheel of a pin. Odd and lovely antique pieces, one of a kind, such as a pin made of an ancient silver perfume bottle, in the shape of bellows. Lots of snuffboxes (for saccharine, or even face powder), many with bloodstone tops, and an enormous collection of silver lockets on long chains—the gals again love these (they say). The Ciro of Bond Street corner has exquisite jewelry which, being very ladylike, resembles the real thing—small rhinestones, zircons, etc., delicately set in sterling. Then there are Bohemian garnets (the best, and they are becoming increasingly rare) set by hand in brass to make delicate lacy clusters for bracelets, necklaces, and such; $5 to $90.... Ski bits from Switzerland: Bunny-fur baby bonnets and matching knit mittens with fur backs; both $3.95.... Attention, indulgent uncles: short guanaco jacket dyed to look like blue fox, bunchy and very smart, at $79; bed jackets of very drippy ostrich for non-ticklish women, at $18.50. ... Round hat of looped wool, with the backstrap crocheted over elastic, for $3.95; muff to match, $7.95.... The Kay Fuchs gloves, handmade, 8-button length, in wonderful weird colors, $8.95.

BENDEL: To a world busy putting ostrich feathers, grapes, and birds all in one coiffure, Bendel suggests trying just a small, romantic Spanish mantilla. One of fine black Chantilly, which might be worn as a fichu with some gowns, is $6.50. Tiny paillettes forming stars on black or white net are very appealing; $20.... For sports: Fine suèdes in wonderful colors appear in blouses with short sleeves and action backs that are not a bit bulky; suède combines with a knit material to make a loose turnover collar and short sleeves; both $18. The bush coat has been feminized and made very trig, with long or short sleeves; $25.... There is patent-leather piping on the moccasin toe of a silver or gold kid lounge slipper with resilient platform sole; $15.75.... One-thread stockings with a special Bendel clock are so sheer you can pull a pair through a wedding ring; $7.50 (in case you want to turn the calendar back to 1928). The French hand-seamed two-thread affair with a clock, reinforced or sandal style; $2.95.... An evening purse which rolls up and fastens with one clip in the middle or a clip at either end comes in velvet or brocade and holds everything; $35. Suède day bag resembling a loose-leaf notebook, with the top fastened on by gold-metal rings, has lots of pockets and diagonally quilted silk lining—it's one of those fine things; $40. Box-topped

Bonwit Teller
FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SIXTH ST.

Sabots for Street

our popular Finnish play shoes copied in

CAPRE KID

12.75

We've never had a shoe that was quite in such demand as our funny little Kip Sabots from Finland. College Girls clattered in them till now it's made the newspapers! They're such fun that we've copied them in sleek street shoes in Capre Kid . . with platforms and cylindrical heels and a new plateau last by Stewart and Potter. Natural, wine, bright brown, black.

SHOE SALON · SECOND FLOOR

KIP SABOTS, *below.* Finnish wood sole, 5.00

many colors; $15.... Leakproof purse atomizers with no funny bulb to squeeze—just a slight bulge to press—in silvery metal, $5; in gold finish, $10.

Bergdorf Goodman: Antique jewelry, one of a kind. The huge rings in quaint settings (like a heart made of massed diamonds) are sought after, and chatelaines for the lapels of suits are thoroughly chic; also buckled gold-mesh bracelets—a notable collection; $100 up, and up.... Costume jewelry: The Hobé composite stones in misty pastels. Customers still adore huge rings with synthetic rubies and sapphires; $70 to $100. Or with a vast, reconstructed aquamarine surrounded by white sapphires; $50. Fat, round stones set in gold—ring, $14; two pins, $8 each. You're supposed to buy the set, but you don't have to.... Watch curios: Pigskin case to hold a pack of cigarettes, with watch set in the strap; $18. Round watch, with face concealed by a sliding St. Christopher medal, dangling from a key ring; $22. Pigskin bell with storage space for aspirin or saxin in its base and a crystal top revealing a watch face—also on a key ring.... Evening handbag with oval antiqued mirror, gold tracery front and back; handles of bright velvet ribbons which can be changed with the costume; $25. Compact to match; $10. Exclusive collection of cocktail bags in antelope, velvet, or satin with colored stones set in the frames; $60.... For the boudoir: Mirror glass with gold traceries and antiqued to look as though it had mercury behind it makes fascinating clocks as well as powder jars and the backs of brushes, combs, hand mirrors, and so on—all highly feminine and lovely. Those vast picture frames or standing mirrors with edges made of twisted crystal are still a success at $35. They dote here on flower pots, bowls, and vases of Shellflex, a composition which looks like parchment and weighs exactly nothing; these come in lovely colors, cost from $1 up, and people with small apartments and big ideas about flowers find them wonderful to stack in corners of the kitchenette.... Miniature faked-antique chests and desks; $4. They think it a pretty idea to enclose your gift of jewelry in one.

Best: You already know that the inexpensive handbags here are unsurpassed; we were sidetracked among the accessories by the lingerie they showed us. Such as: Teddy-bear robe of cotton, shredded to resemble fur; most effective in white; $16.95. Nada house coat of rayon flannel, cut on monastic lines, full and circular in front; nailheads stud its wide belt and appear on the sleeves; $29.95. Viyella flannel house coat, with fly front concealing a zip-

Because she likes warmth and glamour give her this
QUILTED HOUSECOAT
16.95

Feminine and flattering for winter evenings spent at home. Soft rayon crepe lined with rayon taffeta. Flower print on pink, white, or blue. Sizes 12 to 20. *Second Floor*

Mail orders filled

BEST & CO.

Because she likes comfortable slippers, give her
JOYCE
OF HOLLYWOOD
SCUFFS

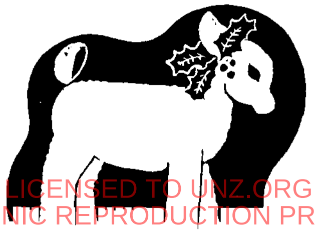
Velveteen cross straps in peach, blue, aqua, wine, and royal blue. **1.95**

Bunny fur scuffs, soft and white. **3.95**

Fur trimmed chenille in white, aqua, pink, raspberry, or French blue. **2.95**

Mail orders filled

BEST & CO.



GIFTS BY NAT LEWIS

TIE AND KERCHIEF SET

A wide variety of matching tie and handkerchief sets. Illustrated set of fine colorful imported silk crêpe .... $5.

OTHERS $3.50

SMART GIFT SHIRTS

White imported self-figured broadcloth shirt, $5. [illegible]

OTHER SHIRTS [illegible]

Wrapped in the inimitable Nat Lewis manner and sent any place in the World.

Nat Lewis

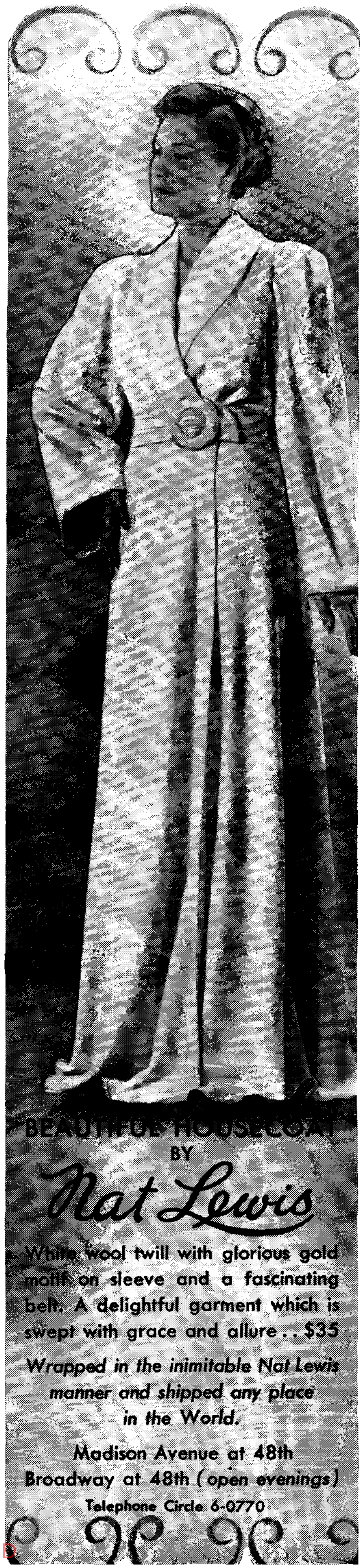
Christmas catalogue on request

Broadway at 48th · *Open evenings*
Madison at 48th · New York

per, comes in several colors and has a contrasting snake belt; $16.95. Robes of quilted flowered pastel crêpe, lined in a brilliant color to match the sash, have tiny collars and a zipper down the front; $16.95. An extraordinary selection of nightgown-and-bed-jacket sets; from $10.95 (tailored blue satin) to $17 (lacy). Dirndl satin nightgown with a round neck of gathered lace; robe to match, with corselet belt; $25 a set. Satin nightgowns having cap sleeves and little buttoned straps come with Empire satin coats—stark simple, with three buttons at neck, three at waist; $29 a set. Christmas special: bright-red or green chiffon nightgowns, dirndl or Empire type, trimmed in the opposite color, with matching chiffon house coats. Like many other gowns here, these could go dancing; $29 a set. . . . Bedroom slippers: As always, lovely, comfortable, scuffling slippers; $1.95 to $4.95. Among them are quilted velvet lifts with fur around the ankles; slippers with leather outside, lamb's wool within, and a zipper up the front (little-boy style); and bright-colored sheep-lined suèdes with the white wool used even inside the back-strap.

BLOOMINGDALE: We were flabbergasted by the number of attractive gifts you can get here for a dollar. Like young girls' felt corselets, eight inches wide in the brightly colored front, where they hook, and four in back. Or the Airguide, a round, flat thermometer thing you keep on the window sill to tell whether it is too nippy for your short jacket. Or an Oscar Bach cigarette-ash receiver, silver-plated, with a dolphin décor. Or a glass cigarette box with three compartments and a silver-plated top. The newest scarf bears a map of the World's Fair. . . . Handbags: Their pride is a black or brown suède bag, soft and comfortable to hold, with a full-length zipper opening; it's moderate in size, but big enough for a lipstick, change, and other small things you ordinarily scrabble for; really nice; $4.95. Sweat suits in any high color (we liked the fireman's red) or in dusty pastels, to be worn under skiing clothes or for warmth in general. Regulation sweat shirt and slacks; $1.98.

BONWIT TELLER: Jackets, caps, and stuff: Wonderful reversible sleeveless vest of white mouton with bright-red lining (or in wine or brown) and a towering moujik hat to match; $18.50 a set. Long-sleeved jackets of quilted rayon in a challis print, with suède heart-shaped pockets, at $12.50, and matching bonnets at $3.95. A quilted plaid cotton jacket that looks for all the world like flannel has bell buttons; $5.95. Round crocheted muffs of looped wool, for $7.50, matched with round Russian chechia hats or toreador affairs with back-straps, at $5. For fancy: Pointed white wool evening hood edged with gold braid and finished off with a scarf; comes also in black and silver; $3.95. Perfect evening jacket, Schiaparelli type, of hopsacking tweed, has a tiny collar, gold or silver embroidery in leaf pattern going up the front, and a zipper,



BEAUTIFUL HOUSECOAT
BY
Nat Lewis

White wool twill with glorious gold motif on sleeve and a fascinating belt. A delightful garment which is swept with grace and allure . . $35

Wrapped in the inimitable Nat Lewis manner and shipped any place in the World.

Madison Avenue at 48th
Broadway at 48th (*open evenings*)
Telephone Circle 6-0770

made about these. Evening belts of old brocades or velvet, with beads or embroidery or applications of metal kid; $7.50 to $22.50. Crinkled Lastex gold or silver belts are very wide and fit anyone; $12.50. Colored jumping ropes which you knot together and tie casually around the waist; $1 apiece, and you should have at least three. Two-color belts (purple and chartreuse, blue and Kelly green, pink and cyclamen) in leaf design; $5. . . . Costume jewelry: Groups of gold-metal, enamel, and jewels, adapted from antiques, appear on earrings, bracelets, and lavallières with gold-metal chains; $7.50 up. Schiaparelli's gold-speckled black-enamelled Victorian jewelry, with little gold danglers and "diamonds," such as rigid bracelets, simple clips, more elaborate pins, chatelaines, and gobs on four-strand gold necklaces; $10 to $20. A good selection of collar necklaces in gold for the necklines of stark black dresses; from $5.95. Trick: A chromium house key with a matter-of-fact watch at one end in place of a handle. It's a lapel pin; $15.

Hattie Carnegie: Hair ornaments: Tiny red or black birds taking off from combs; $7.50 a pair. Those velvet bows in all sorts of colors are mounted on velvet bands; $15, we shudder to say. Elegant French headdress composed of two frail but towering ostrich fronds; $32.50. Ermine tails on tiny hatlike what's-its; $40, for goodness sake. . . . Novelty knit lumberjackets in wool are styled to be neat and to fit beautifully; $55. . . . Evening bags of antique dull brocades, ecclesiastical type; $45. Smocked suède afternoon bags with calla-lily clasps of rhinestones and jade glass; $65. . . . Fine washable doeskin gloves in all colors; $5.50. . . . Sterling money clips with enamelled rhinestone penguins on them, $5; others with delicate ornaments, like palm trees, $7.50.

De Pinna: The free-finger glove to the fore—in hand-sewn pigskin, for $5.95, or black suède, for $5. Dachels—doeskins which they guarantee washable—in black, brown, beige, and white; $3. Look at the mittens of Lamaskin from Alaska, with buckskin palms and wool lining. Bulky and comfortable, they come in white with camel, or cork with brown; $3. . . . Obi bags with semiprecious clasps; $20. Evening bags of solid Beauvais embroidery outlined in small pearl beads; tops brilliantly jewelled; $15. A twin bag that is really

ESTABLISHED 1845 MARK CROSS TRADE MARK ENGLAND

SHE'LL BE A LUCKY GIRL...

LUCKY TO GET one of these smart new accessories from France . . . the powder case from Napoleonic days, revived by Mark Cross in rich brocades or crushable coloured leather, $3.75 . . . Our swallow-in-flight pin in coloured leather and gold metal, $4.75 . . . The new "Road Sign" ring for her car keys, the metal discs marked with the International Motor Code, "Bump Ahead", "Railroad", "Cross Roads" and "Curve", $2.50.

●

LUCKY TO GET this Carryall, with little sections and boxes for everything she needs and likes to carry . . . there's even a perfume vial, and a little money purse. And please notice the extra strap. That's so she can swing the Carryall smartly over her shoulder, when she's so inclined. Coloured calfskin or gingerbread pigskin, $25.

●

LUCKY TO GET a Glove Wardrobe from Mark Cross . . . any assortment you select. The three gloves shown are a knit-wool lined mocha slip-on, $5 . . . peccary pigskin slip-ons with thong-laced back, $3.95 . . . and classic French slip-ons in kidskin, $2.95.

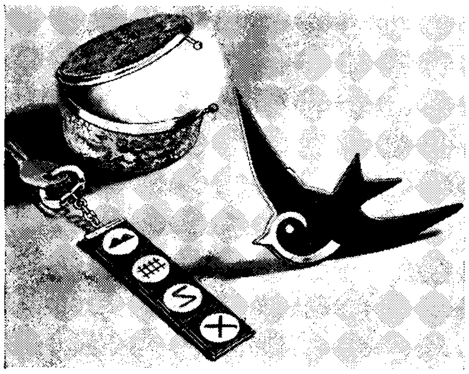
●

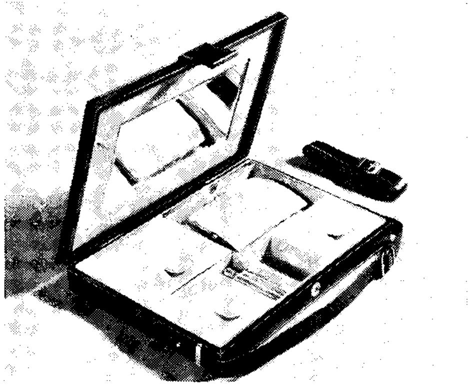
AND PARTICULARLY LUCKY to get this stunning new Mark Cross beauty case . . . The Mayfair. When she opens the handsome pigskin box, the moisture proof drawer slides out automatically, the jewel tray rises up . . . revealing as luxurious a case for her own bottles and jars, her nightgown and slippers, as she will see in many a day. 14" long, $39.50. Coloured hide, $29.50.

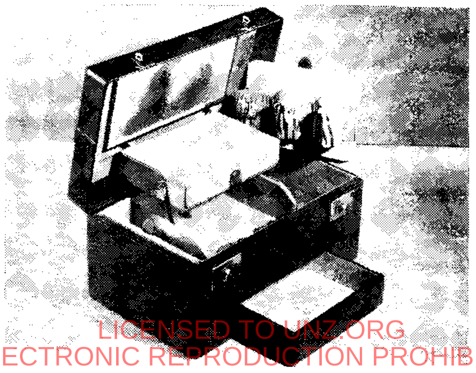
May we send you our 32-page book of Christmas gifts?

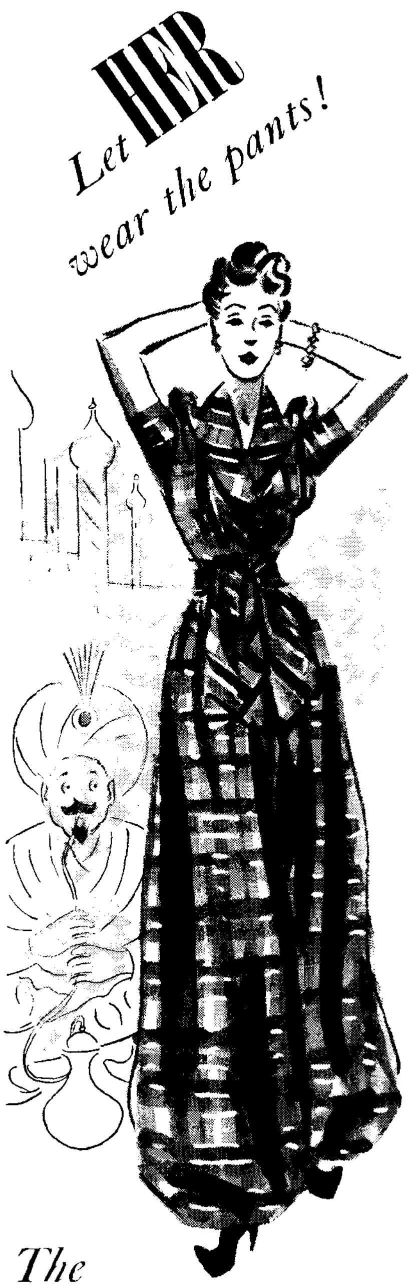
MARK CROSS

Fifth Avenue at 52nd








Let HER wear the pants!

The
"SHAHZADI"

You'll *urge* her to wear the pants once you see our new Shahzadi lounging pajamas. Of spirited plaid rayon taffeta, with glistening gilt stripes, they're feminine, provocative, romantic. If her waist and ankles are slim, the billowing, fairy tale trousers will make them look even more so. If she's built on solid, durable lines, Shahzadi will taper her down to bewitching proportions. Sizes 12 to 20________**10.94**

Second Floor

★MACY'S

something opens up casually to reveal a fitted interior and plenty of room for handkerchiefs, cigarettes, and stuff. *Then* you open a concealed zipper, which sneaks around the top, and, behold, another complete bag, in which you can cache extra money, important papers, and more stuff. Tricky, but doesn't look the least clumsy. In calf; $12.50. . . . Two-thread stockings; nice-looking; $3.30 for three pairs.

FRANKLIN SIMON: Still maintaining its reputation for lovely lingerie at incredibly low prices. Simple sheer nightgowns with little buttons on the bodice and shirring under the bosom; $3.95. A hussy affair of pink satin with the top entirely of lace, and lace at the hem. Lots of chiffon gowns in deep colors like purple, chartreuse, and brick, or a gown with rosebud embroidery on its shirred and gathered bodice; between $3.95 and $7.95. House coats: A dressing-gown type of thing in velvet printed to look like chipmunk fur; $35. For young girls, pin-striped flannel with a zipper under the fly front; $10.95. Vanity Fair Kneelast stockings, with Lastex bands above the knee to absorb strain; $1.25 to $1.35. Stockings made interesting by Christmas packaging—in cellophane tubes that slide inside gold tubes with black-and-gold wrapping like snappers for kids' party, or in moiré duffle bags with zippers. They are daft about the handbags with "facile" frames—puff patent-leather bags for day and puffed silver-and-gold kid for evening; $18.50 to $25. Absolutely lovely necklaces (can be wound twice around the wrist as bracelets) of Chinese charms jumbled together on a gold-metal chain. No two alike. A revival of French paste is to be noted here, with pendant earrings at $4.95; necklace at $10. Old-fashioned lockets in filigree gold-metal set with imitation diamonds; on one, you touch a spring and four tiny pictures snap out, four-leaf-clover fashion; $4.95 to $10.

JAY-THORPE: The Hobé jewelry—in vivid colorings, sort of Russian-crown-jewel type—makes the frames of bags, earrings, pins, clips, et al.; each one a little different; from $39.95. Tiny gold cord outlines the irregular shapes of the stones. . . . Handbags: The lethal-weapon offering this year is a deep metal case with a striped gold-metal top, a drawer for cigarettes in the base, and partitions for powder, lipstick, and the rest; $7.95. A group of brocaded Chinese evening bags in oyster white with dull greens and rich browns is exceptional. Carved gold frames are set with real lapis, jade, malachite, or carnelian; $22.95 to $45. Fat satin seed-pearl pouches with rhinestone frames;

JUST IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS!

New! BALAR
...3X POCKET FIELD GLASS
BY BAUSCH & LOMB

Get all the thrills and action *close up* at sports events, the theatre, outdoor hobbies. BALAR, the new Bausch & Lomb glass, will give you a fine, sharp view, is so compact it will fit in vest pocket or handbag. Scarcely larger than a package of cigarettes, weighs but 6 ounces. For a top-flight Christmas gift, see BALAR at your dealer's or order direct, postpaid, $19.50

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DONU EDMOND'S
6 DAY BEAUTY POTPOURRI

Ancient Yoga Principles Plus Modern Scientific Beauty Aids.

Complexion, hair, body sculpturing, posture and personality recreated in six short days. Body contour. Prana facial make-up. Posture corrected. Throat and neck smoothed out. Yoga breathing exercises. Steaming. Hands made lovely. Scalp de-acidized. Hair toned, conditioned and styled in symmetrical fashion.

- **Entire six day beauty treat $35.**

DONU EDMOND'S
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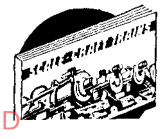
Why Is MODEL RAILROADING
A Favorite Hobby of
SUCCESSFUL MEN?

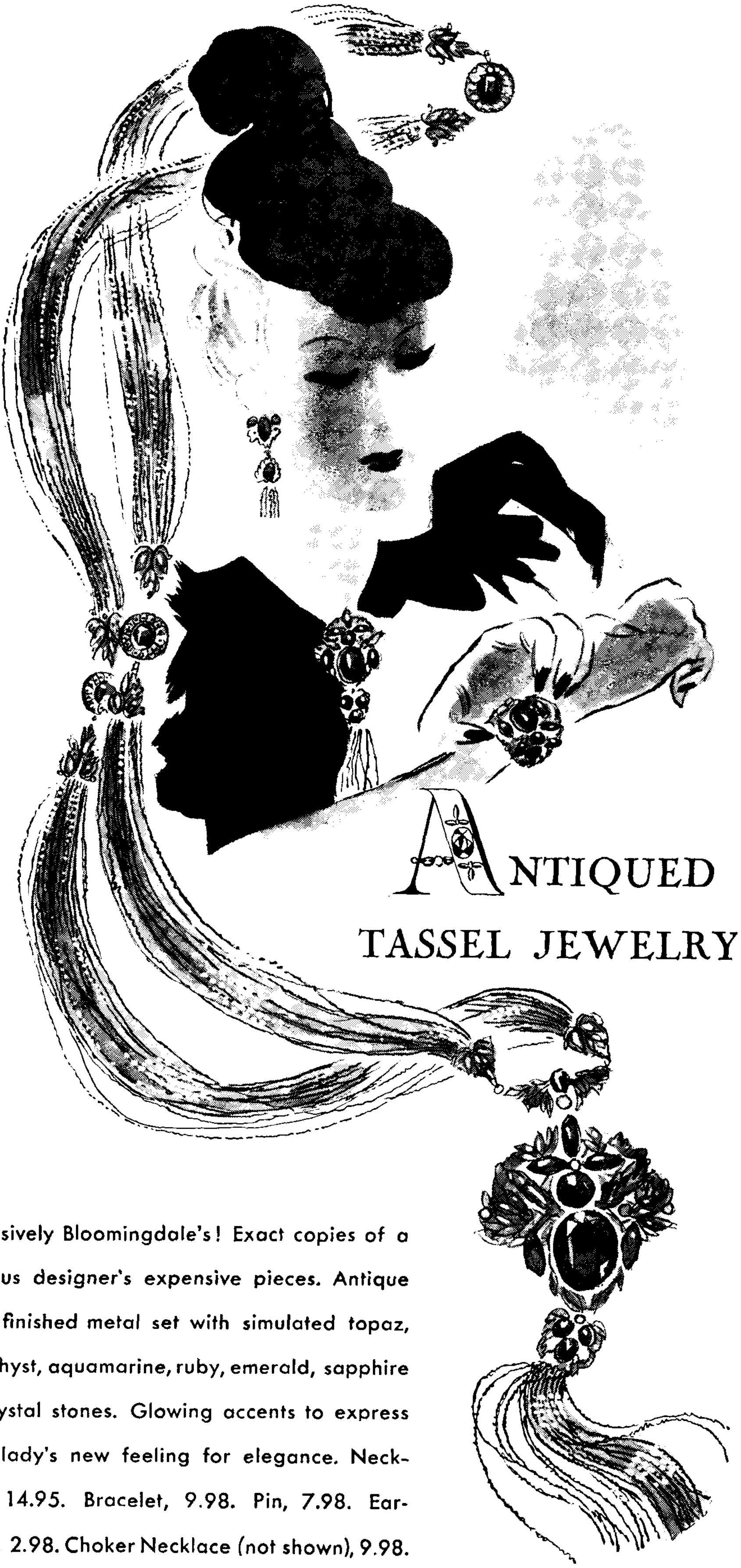


● Because it's a fascinating pastime (not expensive) and it keeps their faculties *keenly alert!* The whole thrilling story of this grand hobby is told in the new Scale-Craft Catalog—with charts, diagrams, illustrations—revealing its full fascination. A joy to read! Invaluable for reference! Send 25c today for your copy to SCALE-MODELS

$55. Tailored flat envelopes of massed antique gold-lacquered cord, trimmed with gold kid; $22.95.... The Merry Hull gloves are pets here. On some, the special strip around the finger is in suède of contrasting color; $6.95.... They do stockings up in vivid, tinselly blue things, and brag particularly about the shadow-sole sheer stockings which show no reinforcement whatsoever, at $1 a pair, and about the ones with a mesh toe and heel, for women who like open-toed shoes, at $1.35.... Short, hand-knit, fuzzy Angora sweaters with round necks and crystal buttons, imported in a wide range of soft colors; $39.95, and women love them for bed jackets. English cashmere sweater that looks like the twin-sweater classic but isn't—it's double in front only; $22.95.... Boudoir ensemble: Printed challis nightgown, high-necked and elbow-sleeved, a padded bellhop jacket with a zipper, a long skirt, and a sash. Dainty colors, and more fun; $25 a set.... Wide bracelet of gold mesh, the old-fashioned chain-purse material, has crystal teardrops dangling from it.

LORD & TAYLOR: Jackets for young ladies: Black velvet, stopping just below the bust and tied with three ermine-tail bows, $4.95; or red velveteen with a rhinestone scroll pattern and a zipper, $14.95. Terra-cotta suède jackets with wool embroidery and calico lining, for outdoors, $12.95; black velvet ones with leaves of gold kid up the front, $9.95. Some in white felt, studded with gold-metal nails, have zippers up to the round collar; $17.95.... Purple, aqua, fuchsia, and, of course, black gloves with ermine tails around the cuffs; $5.95, and designed for little débutantes. Suède gloves with silver-fox pompons at the wristbone, in black and colors such as Shocking and plum; $10. Mittens with capeskin palms and calf backs, $5.95; belts and sleeveless cowboy vests to match, $2.95 and $15. Steamer-rug plaid wool made into a big red-jersey-lined hood, and a muff with a handbag aperture; $8.95 a set.... The revival of paste jewelry, and also of the long, dangling earrings that delighted the girls of Connie Bennett's prom days, is going full tilt here; they have the jewelry in necklaces, bracelets, clips, and everything. Velvet bags with quilted satin linings and a paste ornament are $15.

MACY'S LITTLE SHOP: Junk jewelry: Gold-metal doves with rhinestone wings are for earrings; $5.59. Chanel's wrap-around pastel stones in a gold-metal chain that has dangling gold-metal balls and goes twice around the neck, or four times around the wrist; $12.74. Gold-metal necklace supports a fat bunch of chestnut balls at the throat; $4.64, and it's very light. Bracelet to match; $3.69. Schiaparelli powder cases are little metal things with pastel and gilt covers in flower shapes like asters and pansies.... Wonderful mittens for motorists or sportswomen. White ones of sheared baby lamb with a suède palm in any color, $5.98; others with brown suède palms and lynx backs, $23.49. Hermès-type glove of veau velours, with stitched seams inside the thumb, $7.4



ANTIQUED
TASSEL JEWELRY

Exclusively Bloomingdale's! Exact copies of a famous designer's expensive pieces. Antique gold finished metal set with simulated topaz, amethyst, aquamarine, ruby, emerald, sapphire or crystal stones. Glowing accents to express your lady's new feeling for elegance. Necklace, 14.95. Bracelet, 9.98. Pin, 7.98. Earrings, 2.98. Choker Necklace (not shown), 9.98.

Bloomingdale's NEW YORK CITY

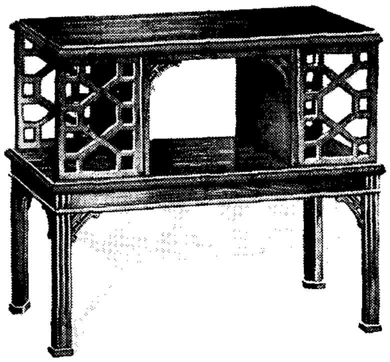
ORREFORS
UNRIVALLED MODERN GLASS

For You Who Give the Better Things

Sparkling Orrefors Crystal makes the perfect gift. Shown: the "Debonair" series, ranging from $18 to $30 a doz. in price.

SWEDEN HOUSE, INC.
Rockefeller Center
6 West 51st Street • New York City

Gift suggestion


Chinese Chippendale end table, as practical as it is correctly smart. Two book compartments flank a storage space that can be used for magazines, or for smoking accessories and reading comforts. In satiny mahogany $17.50

HATHAWAY'S
51 WEST 45th STREET

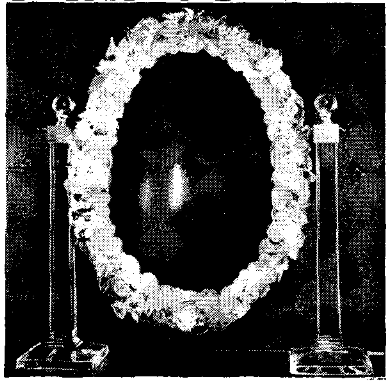
is washable, are soft enough to roll up into the size of a walnut and supposed to be tough; one-button and beautiful; $4.98. For dressy occasions: 8-button suède gloves with velvet whipped up the back of the hand, $6.98; gloves in gay colors hand-stitched with a contrasting bow perched like a butterfly on the knuckle of your index finger, $6.44. . . . Vast assortment of those black handbags made violent by bright-colored embroideries, blobs of gold-embroidered puffed treatments, and sequins; $32.50 to $89.50. Also, among exquisite Schiaparelli evening bags, one with gold-metal feather frame has intricate beading and delicate gold embroidery on white satin; $49.50. Satin evening bags with the "facile" opening, to be dyed to match the dress; $9.84. . . . Those partitioned-off, real tortoise-shell vanity boxes which women love are dark, mottled, or blond, and fragile as anything; $69.95 to $99.50.

PECK & PECK: Stocking cases of scented satin, holding three pairs of their pet Princess stockings; $5 for the works. . . . Hoods of white Angora, very Currier & Ives and extremely ingénue; $5.95. . . . A handbag of brown calf to hold almost everything; it's fitted with compact, comb, a slot for a pack of cigarettes, lipstick, and mirror (the last is part of the bag and stays put); $5.95. Good bags of alligator calf with lots of pockets are $7.95. . . . After-skiing slippers from Yugoslavia, or somewhere, have hand-knit wool tops and soft-leather soles; $1.95. Old-fashioned blue or pink hand-crocheted bed slippers, by popular demand; $1.25. Double-barrelled billfold of tartan rep tie silks; $2, and a nice stocking gift. . . . The Braemar sweaters; short-sleeved pullovers at $15.95 and cardigans at $18.95. Nobody who likes the country has ever had enough of these.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE: Costume jewelry: The Dujay type is their favorite this year. Wide bangle bracelets have openwork flower patterns in rhinestones and colored enamel; very handsome, as they should be at $69.75. In earrings, Saks likes the ear clip fanning out very wide; one that looks like a bursting rocket has gold-metal sprays tipped with blue stones; $8.75. Large gold-metal and imitation-topaz semicircles have rhinestone twirls near the ear; $10. Many curly-snail types in rhinestones set in silver; around $7.50. The Sarah Bernhardt collection, mostly in silver and fairly—well, theatrical, for any season but this. The necklace she wore as Cleopatra ($129) may be gone by now, but there are others. . . . Gadgets in gold: Fob watches, hanging face down from copper balls with magnifying crystals; $40. A super-super billclip in the shape of a gold horseshoe; across this is a latchkey case, and on the case is one of those tiny gold books waiting for photographs of your loved ones; $65. . . . Vanity and froufrou: The darnedest performance in metallic boxes for evening that we ever saw. One, a deep gold-metal box, has a brocade or satin cover with handles. There is a lower drawer partitioned for powder,

Sally Victor
18 EAST 53RD ST.

SANDFORT INC.
RICHARD L.


Swinging dressing table mirror with crystal morning glory frame. W. 24". H. 26". $60.
133 EAST 54th ST., NEW YORK

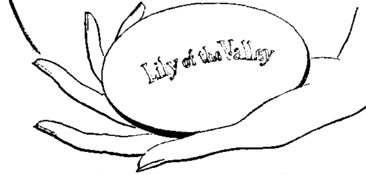
THE CORAL ISLAND CLUB

Coral Island Club
Bermuda
JACK PEACOCK GREEN, PRESIDENT
A SMALL HOTEL OF DISTINCTION
NO DRESSING RULES—STEP FROM
YOUR BEDROOM INTO THE SEA
AMERICAN OR EUROPEAN PLAN
Restricted Clientele
See your Travel Agent or write

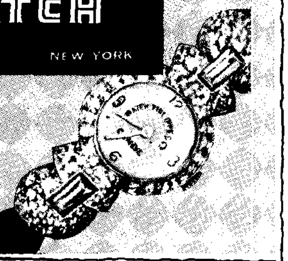
Queens give Morny's
Why not you?

English nobles have not forgotten that as late as 1853 soap was officially considered a Luxury and so taxed. This probably explains why a gift of Morny's has the approbation of even the highest court circles, for in Morny's mammoth bath tablet, soap remains a gay-tinted sweet-smelling luxury. There is hardly a house in Mayfair or a country seat in the Empire that does not use Morny's in bath and boudoir. Hand-milled in England for 50 years, its 12 flower-garden fragrances, its 12 decorator colors and its profuse iridescent bubbles are ample assurance of your good taste. Box of 3 Morny tablets, $1.50.

Morny
REGENT STREET, LONDON



PATEK PHILIPPE
EST. 1839
THE WORLD'S FOREMOST
WATCH
GENEVA NEW YORK



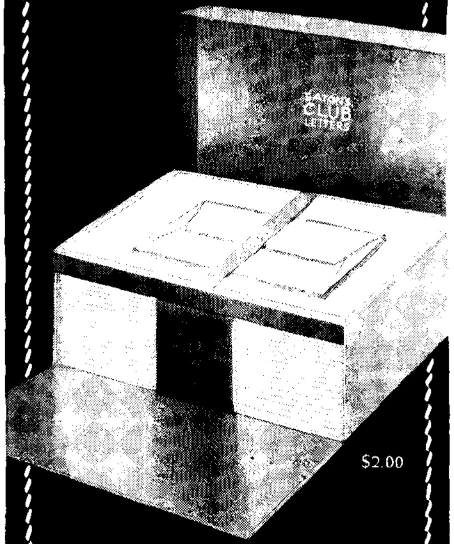
Just skip it—Girls, unless you're size 14. But if—you're in on a marvellous Sale: Original Models at Sale—Prices!!

FiFFi and ELiOT
INCORPORATED
31 WEST 47TH STREET

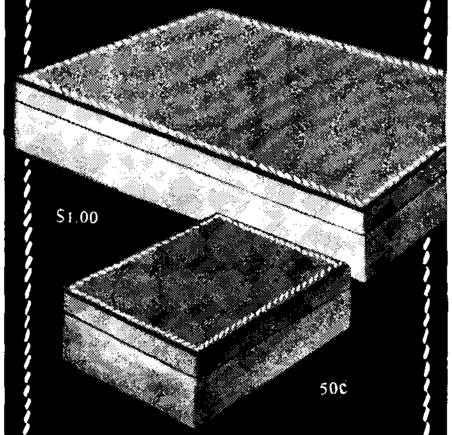
top rolls back to reveal indentations for fifteen cigarettes and a mirror rises from the depths; compact, $16.75; cover, $5; and, pray, what will they think of next? Sentimental note in powder vanities is the "I Love U" gold-metal box in the shape of a daisy, with a compass fluttering around, pointing to this petal and that and indicating whether the state of your emotion is lukewarm or verging on madness; $10.... Things for the hair are dynamite as gifts to any except gay young things, but, for them, look at copies of Maggy Rouff combs with paillette butterflies trembling over them, at $5, and at traditional Chanel caps of baby-sized sequins.... 12-button suède gloves in brilliant colors with hand-whipped edges; $10.50. Ermine-velvet mittens with bright velvet palms; $5.

WANAMAKER: Leather: They're making a great fuss here about Flylite luggage, with one-piece flexed-wood frames in striped material; solid brass locks; $15 to $32.50. The Air Chief series, made by Belber, is of heavy trunk canvas bound in cordovan leather—the woman's wardrobe case is $27.50. Wheary's Stream-Gard stuff will catch your eye; it, too, is covered with trunk canvas and, instead of stitching, is bound with strips of stainless steel, which take all the brunt of banging around and look decorative besides. Pieces start at $20; a hatbox with a wardrobe attachment for eight dresses which you can take out and hang in the closet is $29. Among smaller pieces, the Redleaf wallets for both men and women are famous; $1 to $25, and every kind of partitioning you can think of. Ladies' wallets may have a tiny notebook and pencil, and compartments for drivers' licences crop up in many of them.... Amazingly good bags for day and evening at $5. For instance, bags of suède with a faille cuff and that "facile" opening; fat pouches in calf with gold locks; and pouch bags with shell frames. Also, look at the gold kid bag with a puffed daisy pattern, at $10, and a paillette bag, all puffed so that it looks as if the paillettes had been crocheted; $18.50.... Gloves: For warmth, camel's hair with pig palm for $2.95, or mocha with camel's-hair lining, at $3.95.... Hosiery: A gay gold-and-red candle holds one pair of stockings; a huge, transparent candy cane with a wooden hook contains two; a clock's face is on the lid of a box with three pairs.... The sweater department is paying attention to the

Saddle-Stitched Boxes
OF
EATON'S FINE LETTER PAPERS
chosen from the varied
Eaton Holiday Collection



Envelopes in neat and reachable columns; large single sheets of white vellum paper, smooth as kidskin. A box designed for masculine approval.



A woman who likes good tweeds would appreciate: a box of deckled-edge letter sheets in the longish 2-fold style or the folded club size; or note-paper in a cigarette-size box of simulated leather with saddle stitchings.

A GIFT OF
EATON'S FINE LETTER PAPERS
is Always Correct
AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE

EATON'S FINE LETTER PAPERS PITTSFIELD MASSACHUSETTS

GIFTS of fine Quality

Crackle pottery flower bowl 7″ square, $5.00 . . . Antique Chinese carved and gilded wood figure bookends (Ming Dynasty), pair, $25.00 . . . Cigarette box in book form covered in brocade with genuine jade or coral placque, $15.00 . . . Inlaid pewter desk lamp, masculine and substantial. Height 18″. Complete with processed taffeta shade, $50.00 . . . Match box carved from white onyx with coral ornament, $10.00 . . . Carved onyx lotus leaf ash tray on stand, $10.00 . . . Carved and pierced spinach jade portrait frame, 6″ x 8″, $75.00.

YAMANAKA & CO., Inc.
680 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY
BOSTON CHICAGO PALM BEACH LONDON

Since 1881
ALWAYS A "SHERRY" CHRISTMAS

Louis Sherry
CONFECTIONS
Sold Everywhere

FIFTH AVENUE SHOP • In The Savoy-Plaza • Plaza 3-6009
Ice Cream • Candies • Bon Voyage Baskets

needs of women, sizes 36 to 46. To give you an idea, there are soft cardigans at $5.

For Men

AN enormously difficult problem—gifts for men. First, do your best to get a true line on your friend's tastes and idiosyncrasies; then find, we hope, something to match them among these notes on clothing, sports equipment, and trifles for his library or study:

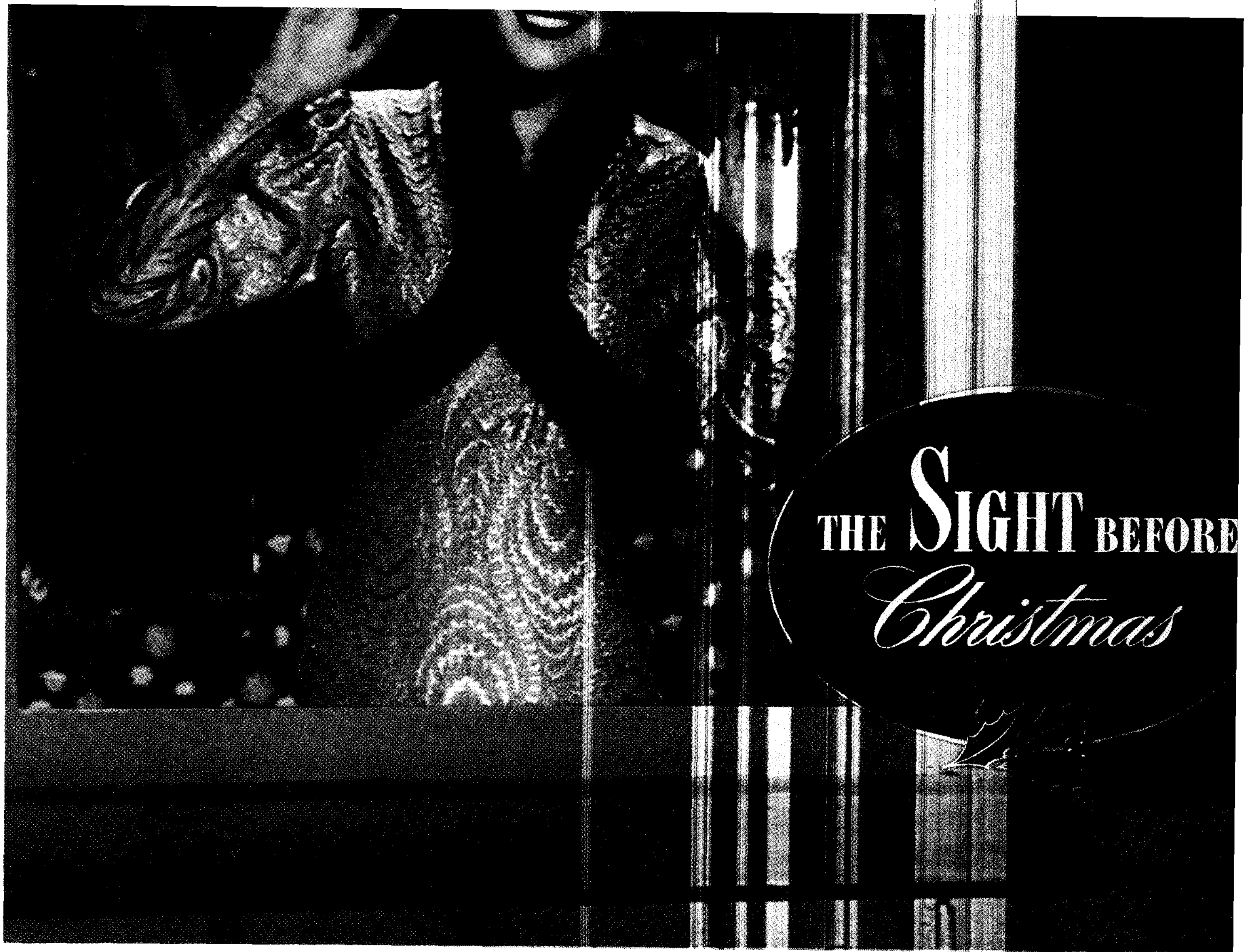
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: We'd never finish if we tried to list all the good things in this shop's gun room, but bear in mind a small repeating trap that throws forty-three clay targets without reloading, weighs only ten pounds, and folds up nicely for carrying; $10. A cork-handled knife that won't sink if dropped overboard is fine for men who fish or sail. We admired a landing net with a spring-balance scale in the handle to weigh a fish the moment it's caught; $4.50.

BROOKS BROTHERS: A notable collection of fitted dressing cases. Good hunting accessories; riding shirts by Allen, Solly & Co.; and handkerchiefs of Sea Island cotton. A trick gift for a golfer is called a thistle-cutter. It looks like a golf club except that where the head ought to be there is a double-edge blade for cutting weeds while improving your swing. Now, there's really something to think about. It's $8.75.

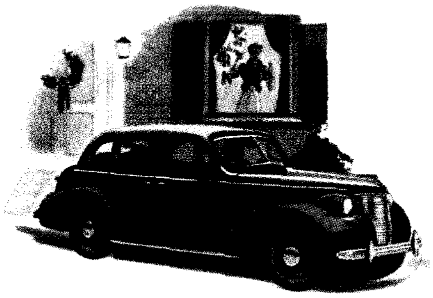
CHARVET ET FILS, 18 East 53rd: Noted for their imported twill-silk ties—some in bizarre designs and others, broad-striped, that would be safe to buy for almost any man; $5.50. Reversible mufflers have various patterns on one side and white silk on the other, so that they can also be worn in the evening; $22.50. Among the dressing gowns, one of fine blue silk is dotted with white airplanes for the man who likes flying; $135. Bathrobes, some of them made from hand-blocked linen lined with terry cloth, cost $95. Remember that if they haven't the size you want in their stock, it will take them from ten days to two weeks to fill an order for a robe, so be spry. Those great handkerchiefs of Egyptian cotton which men really enjoy are $2.50 apiece in plain white and $4.50 in color.

MARK CROSS: Distinguished leather cases for all uses. One for motorists has four compartments for maps, and pencils with colored leads to trace the route of your journey; $14.50. Pipe rack, shape of a race-horse's shoe, on a wine-colored leather stand; $8.50. Set of leather poker dice in a pigskin case, $10; dice box to match, $3.50. A travelling bag has a zipper pocket in the side which makes a separate compartment for shoes or soiled linen; from $17.50. Probably the biggest golf bag we've ever seen has two huge pockets and is $50.

DUDLEY G. ELDRIDGE, 11 West 50th: Large, really first-rate linen handkerchiefs, beautifully monogrammed—with three letters, if you like, and they'll turn your order out in just a few days, too:



This picture tells the story of a sight soon to gladden thousands of hearts as it has on many a previous Christmas eve



They're saying "Chevrolet's the Choice" *of the low-priced cars. And when you see it you'll certainly say one great big reason is its safer, more comfortable, more beautiful 1939 Body by Fisher.*

IT'S her first sight of the family's number-one present — a new General Motors car. And what makes it such a thrill to behold — what catches her eyes and stops them — is its stunning Body by Fisher • Somebody has been mighty thoughtful, selecting a car with this world-famed body — thoughtful of the security, comfort and air of well-being it brings those to whom it is given • You have only to ride in the 1939 Body by Fisher to appreciate that — to understand how much extra value Fisher craftsmen have packed into its solid construction and greater roominess —to appreciate its improved Fisher No Draft Ventilation — to see with what rare facility they have enhanced its luxuries and increased its safety with new visibility • Naturally, it's the only motor car body almost everyone knows by name. Listen, and you'll hear them saying, "For '39 better pick the car with Body by Fisher." And everyone knows what that means — a General Motors car of course.

UNISTEEL TURRET TOP

GM
GENERAL MOTORS

BODY BY FISHER

ESTD 1823
WILSON
"THAT'S ALL"
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Wilson Distilling
CO., INC.
PENNSYLVANIA
WILSON
ESTABLISHED 1823
"THAT'S ALL"
BLENDED
WHISKEY

Barley from sun-soaked fields . . . corn grown to rich perfection . . . rye sown in rich soil, reaped at just the right ripeness . . . Mother Nature supplies every ingredient for this famous whiskey . . . Distilled and blended according to a long treasured recipe now 115 years old. And so we say, with utmost sincerity:

wool dressing gowns in tweedy weaves, $25; silk mufflers in gay colors, $12. The well-known Morley gloves, some of extra-heavy goatskin, are $6. So are suspenders decorated with dancing nymphs, horses' heads, game birds, dogs, or polo and hunting scenes. Garters to match; $1.50.

S. J. FERON, 55 East 44th: Specialists in tennis and squash equipment. They will take your order for a tennis racquet, send it out unstrung in an attractive Christmas package, and string it (without charge, of course) to suit the recipient's taste whenever he cares to bring it in. Racquets from $6.50 to $21.

ALBERT LEONARD GEORGE, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th): They point with just pride to a document case which is a thin, elegant variety of the briefcase popular in Downing Street; made of pigskin, with zipper fastener; $32.50. For travellers, a pigskin tie case which, even with three dozen ties in it, folds up into a remarkably small compass; $22.50. Incidentally, this shop is the only one we've run across that has those flat, knitted Scotch wool ties. They're $3.50. New travelling slippers of gabardine fold up and fit into a package the size of a large envelope; $5.50. They come in red, tan, and blue to match lightweight gabardine dressing gowns; $37.50.

MACY: Cigarette cases of crocodile, pigskin, ostrich hide; wallets, billfolds, and passport cases of seal, pigskin, and Boroso sharkskin. A traveller's wallet has four compartments to keep the paper money of as many countries separate; each is lined with suède of a different color so you can tell them apart easily; there are also four coin pockets with zippers; $11.74. A golf bag of heavy calfskin, with a pocket as big as a weekend bag, $34.95; an English golf umbrella, $7.98; a motorized scooter, $104.

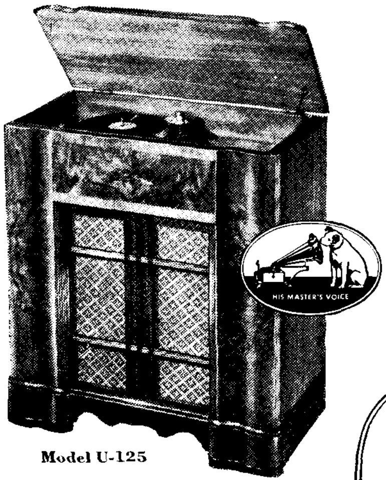
W. A. McLAUGHLIN, 697 Fifth Avenue (54th): Superior things for a man's quiet evenings at home. Luxurious robes of stiff neckwear silk are $125, and smoking jackets of the same material, $75. Dressing gowns of double-faced cashmere are $145—we particularly liked the red and blue ones. Among the pajamas are pairs in French silk for $34.50 and in brocaded Egyptian cotton for $18.50. Ties, ties, ties. Mr. McLaughlin designs his own and the silks are woven to his order. A crêpe handkerchief and foulard tie set comes to

Give Romance, Beauty, Life-Long Pleasure

...VICTOR RECORDS!

The gift that keeps on giving

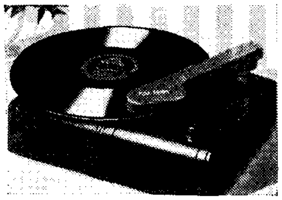
You can give this new automatic RCA Victrola for only $175*!



Model U-125

40th Anniversary RCA Victrola with $9 worth of Victor Records Combines Victor Record and radio entertainment. Has Gentle Action Automatic Record Changer . . . Radio has Electric Tuning for 6 stations. In walnut or mahogany. Price, $175* includes $9.00 worth of any Victor Records you choose, membership in Victor Record Society. Other RCA Victrolas . . . . $19.95* up.

It costs only $14.95 to give Victor Record music this way!



$25.95 value—in Victor Records and RCA Victrola Attachment—for $14.95! RCA Victrola Attachment plays Victor Records through any modern AC radio, with full tone and volume of set. This special offer gives you $14.95 (list price) RCA Victrola Attachment, $9.00 in Victor Records of your own choice, $2.00 subscription to Victor Record Review, membership in the Victor Record Society — at a saving of $11.00!

Yours for keeps on Victor Records

Enjoy Christmas this year to the sound of your best-loved Christmas songs, performed by your favorite artists! Give your family Victor Record music... Ever after, Victor Records will bring you the music you want, when you want it...music for every occasion...to match any mood . . . Just see how little it costs this year to give Victor Record music.

A gift of Victor Records costs only 75c up

26049, 26050, 26051 — A collection of the six most popular Christmas hymns — $2.25
6607 — Adeste Fideles
The Palms . *John McCormack* $2.00
1748 — Der Tannenbaum
Silent Night, Holy Night
Hulda Lashanska-Paul Reimers $1.50
25145 — Santa Claus is Comin' to Town
Jingle Bells . *Dorsey — Goodman* 75c

Let this book be your guide to joyful Christmas presents

Most complete, compact and convenient musical reference work...lists 6,500 Victor Record selections. COMPLETE with biographies, portraits, cross indexes, pronunciation table. See your RCA Victor music dealer.

The World's Greatest Artists are on
VICTOR RECORDS

The World's Greatest Artists are on Victor Records

Listen to "Magic Key of RCA" every Sunday, 2 to 3 P. M., E.S.T., on NBC Blue Network.

You can buy RCA Victrolas on C. I. T. easy payment plan. Any radio instrument is better with an RCA Victor Master Antenna.

*Prices f. o. b. Camden, N. J., subject to change without notice.

RCA Victrola

COMBINES RECORD AND RADIO ENTERTAINMENT

A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IS HE/SHE A SKIER?

Yes? Well, then you can bet your last dollar that a pair of Northland skis for Christmas will make him or her the happiest skier this side of Greenland.

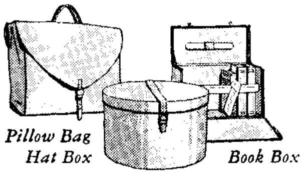
Skiers from Maine to California recognize the superiority of Northland matched skis. It's the ambition of most skiers to enjoy some day the marvelous skiing advantages that Northlands make possible. Speed! Smooth Flight! Control! That's what Northlands lend to skiing. Beautifully finished . . . a perfect gift!

See Northland's five exclusive models and other skiing accessories at your dealers. He'll show you how to win the heart of "your" skier. Write for catalog today.

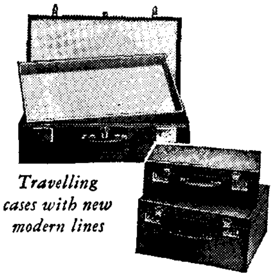
NORTHLAND SKI MFG. CO.
WORLD'S LARGEST SKI MANUFACTURERS
6 Merriam Park St. Paul, Minn.

Luggage

for Gifts



Pillow Bag
Hat Box
Book Box



Travelling cases with new modern lines

Arthur
Gilmore
INC.
16 EAST 52ND STREET, NEW YORK

$6.50. Quite the sheerest—and most expensive—handkerchiefs we've seen; $75 a dozen.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE: Sets of London House military brushes in pigskin cases; from $15. In the riding-kit department, a whip to shoo away flies (especially handy in the South) is made from the tail of a donkey and is supposed to be something extra-special; $10. Drawers full of cigarettes pop out of an elephant-hide box when you twist a little pachyderm on the top; $37.50. A cedar cigarette box covered with rawhide is $10 and, for $4 more, you can get an attractive cut-out monogram on it in about three days. We liked a British umbrella seat stick, for $25, and an aluminum shooting seat stick at $38.

SPALDING: They're out with new sets of Bobby Jones golf clubs. The irons have flanged soles, which, we're told, increase their accuracy, and the wooden clubs have something called a line of percussion, which is supposed to give better distance. Sets of six matched irons are $50; for eight, the price is $67. Matched wooden clubs in sets of three are $36, sets of four are $48. Felt-lined leather covers will take good care of wooden clubs.

A. SULKA, 661 Fifth Avenue (52nd): Handsome sets of colored shirt studs, waistcoat buttons, and cuff links for dinner jackets—look at those of black polished hematite; $44, studs and links. For men who like comfort, we recommend moiré silk robes for $165, or vicuña dressing gowns—double-thick cloth, with the inside and the outside in contrasting colors—at $175. You can get soft, heelless leather slippers in colors to match the robes; $5. Ready-made pajamas in printed crêpes and silks; $17.50 to $32.50. And in a bewildering collection of colors, there are the famous Sulka ties of moiré, French twill, brightly figured crêpe, and lustrous English silks.

TRIPLER, 366 Madison Avenue (46th): For golfers or motorists addicted to open cars: a pullover with knitted cashmere back and sleeves and a chamois front; comes in rust, blue, or tan; $18. Pigskin gloves lined with rabbit fur, $2.50; driving gloves with pigskin palms and camel's-hair backs, $3. Don't overlook sets consisting of a reversible, sleeveless pullover, a muffler, and socks. Other items we liked included a muffler of hand-crocheted silk in British regimental stripes; a small, very flat pigskin case for twenty cigarettes; Norwegian sealskin slippers with fleece linings, welcome on a skiing trip; a pigskin jewelry box with divisions for studs, cuff links, and pins; and a watch chain of braided ostrich leather.

WANAMAKER: A briefcase that can be turned into a small overnight bag when its inside compartments are removed is $15; a flat one, made like a dress-

Original
Hand-Woven HUARACHES
from
OLD MEXICO

★#710

★#700

$2.65 per pair delivered for MEN and WOMEN.

★#700 In pure white leather or natural rawhide.

★#710 In natural or brown and natural rawhide.

Send your stockinged footprint and mention your regular shoe size.

Yes, we notify gift recipients and attend to fitting them.

FRED LEIGHTON
15 EAST 8TH STREET · NEW YORK
Open Evenings AL.4-9413

This year Send

Merry Xmas from Mary & Jim

Talking Xmas Cards

Let these tiny Presto phonograph records—recordings of your own voice or music—carry intimate, unique Christmas greetings to your friends and relatives.

Discover how simple it is to make Talking Christmas Cards. Mail this ad with ten cents. We will send you a blank record, a mailing envelope and the name of your nearest recording studio where they will make sample record for you **without charge.**

PRESTO RECORDING CORP. 155 W. 19TH ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Rare Cheeses
from ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

CHEESE CROCK-ETTS

French Camembert and Brie, English Stilton, Wine Cheddar, Canadian Cheddar, Silver Edams, Prepared Cheese Rarebit, Cheese Crock-etts (7 varieties in Wine), and many others.

Attractive Christmas Cheese Baskets and Boxes. Parcel Post Shipment.

VISIT
Taste our tangy Rare Cheeses served at our Buffet Table.
BARTHOLD MICHELS SON CO., Inc.

suit case, which has an indexed file and can be surprisingly enlarged by letting out a couple of straps, is $25. A rack made of strips of saddle leather will hold half a dozen pairs of shoes on a clothes-closet door; $4.50. A long, flexible-leather shoehorn has a handle like a riding whip. Wooden shoes made by Paavo Nurmi, the Finnish Olympic runner, for people who putter around in muddy gardens. And Villa d'Este shirts of water-repellent cotton for golfers going South after the holidays.

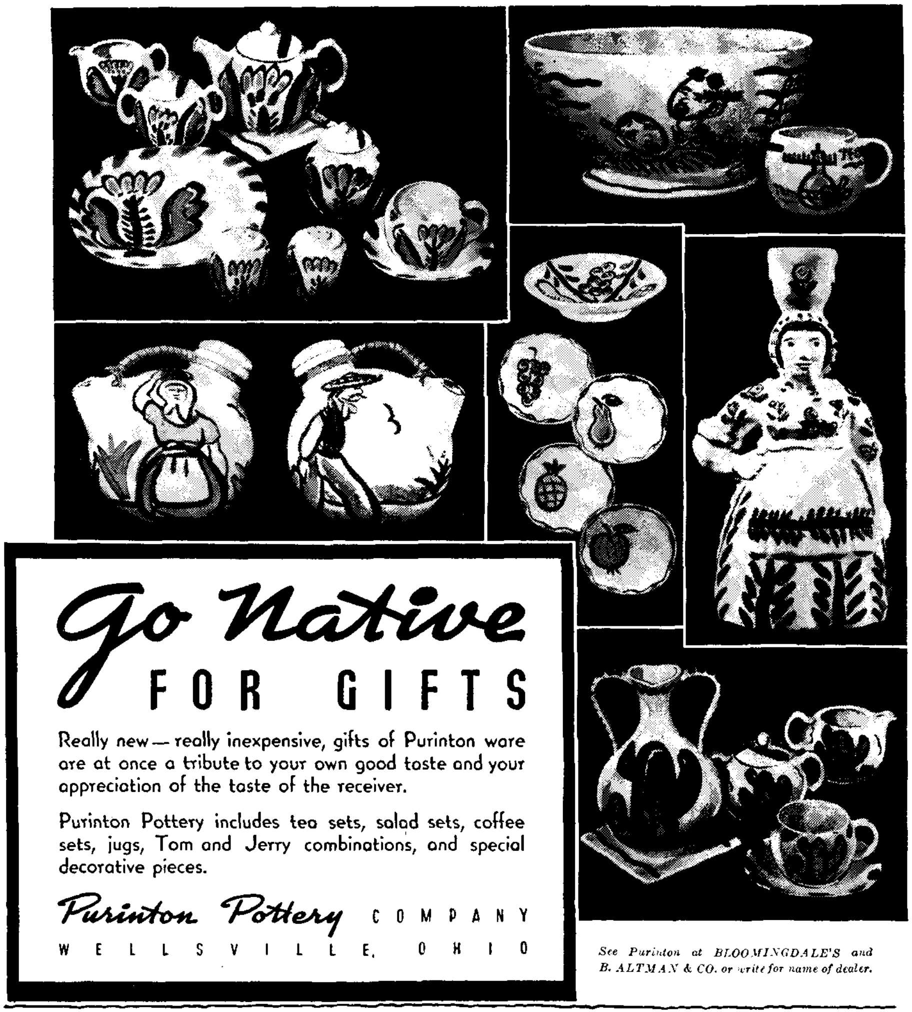
If it becomes necessary for you to do anything about the complicated matter of skiing, you would do well to seek guidance in such stores as Spalding, Abercrombie & Fitch, Saks-Fifth Avenue, Alex Taylor, and Macy. All go in extensively for equipment; all have competent people on hand to advise you what you should buy and, more to the point, what you shouldn't.

Now for one or two specialties:

GLASSES AND CAMERAS: Carl Zeiss, 485 Fifth Avenue (42nd), has a few pairs of those hard-to-get featherweight binoculars—the 8-by-40 and 7-by-50 models. The latest addition to the Zeiss camera family is a Tenax using 35 mm. movie film—compact and fast. It has a combination range- and view-finder for speedy, accurate focussing on moving objects. The maximum shutter speed is 1/500 of a second; equipped with an *f* 2.8 or *f* 2 lens, the camera will take excellent action pictures in poor light. . . . Eastman makes so many models of Kodaks and ciné cameras that it's only a matter of what you care to pay. Our advice is buy just the simplest, self-focussing cameras unless the recipient is an expert—if he is, he'd probably prefer to select the thing himself.

ELECTRIC RAZORS: You'll find these everywhere, so we're merely going to lump them all together and let you take your pick. Gillette has finally come out with one; it's $20. Schick has two, the Colonel Schick, $15, and the Standard Schick, $12.50. The General Shaver Corporation makes the Remington, $15.75, and the Rand, $9.50. The Knapp is $15 in a pigskin box turned out by Mark Cross. The Gem-Lectric—that's what they call it—is $12.50, the Zephyr is $15, and the Clipshave, $10. Macy has its own Saybrooke razor; $9.34. Wanamaker's Minute-Man is $6.95.

SMOKERS: Alfred Dunhill has brought out a new pocket lighter; it's square, and the roller that you spin to ignite the wick is set in the side instead of on the top. Anticipating the new British-American trade agreement, Dunhill has reduced all $12 pipes to $10. Straight-grain pipes cost as much as $100; a Tyrolian novelty of shell briar is $25. Cigars and tobaccos are done up in special containers to your order; a tin labelled "Full of Surprises" holds eight one-ounce packets of the leading Dunhill brands. . . . You know all about the cigars, cigarettes, pipes, and tobaccos at Benson & Hedges, but perhaps you


Go Native
FOR GIFTS

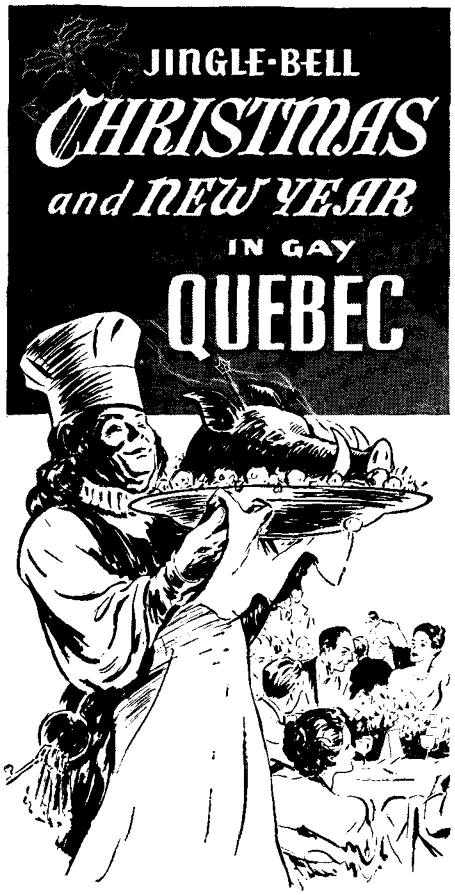
Really new—really inexpensive, gifts of Purinton ware are at once a tribute to your own good taste and your appreciation of the taste of the receiver.

Purinton Pottery includes tea sets, salad sets, coffee sets, jugs, Tom and Jerry combinations, and special decorative pieces.

Purinton Pottery COMPANY
WELLSVILLE, OHIO

See Purinton at BLOOMINGDALE'S and B. ALTMAN & CO. or write for name of dealer.

LE PARFUM ENVELOPPANT COMME LA SOIE
CRÈPE DE CHINE
MADE BOTTLED AND SEALED IN FRANCE
F. MILLOT



Where they haven't forgotten how! . . . Frosty world, roaring fires. Winter sports . . . to paint your cheeks like red holly and stand your appetite on its hind legs. Triple-chute toboggan slide, sheltered ice skating rink with vari-colored lights. . . . Cross-country ski-ing, over newly-opened trails. Hockey tournaments.

Real, jingle-bell Yuletide... *Baron of Beef, Boar's Head, Plum Pudding,* Yule log, old-time music, folk-songs, stringed quartette in 17th Century costumes. Gilbert Darisse's lilting dance orchestra.

High, old-time New Year's!.. With the gayest of merrymaking, sparkling wines, freedom of Terrace Club to guests. Begins with a New Year's Carnival and Ball like a slice of rainbow set to swing! . . . *And your host*—the Chateau Frontenac.

See your travel agent or the Canadian Pacific at 344 Madison Ave., New York; 1500 Locust St., Philadelphia; 405 Boylston St., Boston, or write Manager, Chateau Frontenac, Quebec.

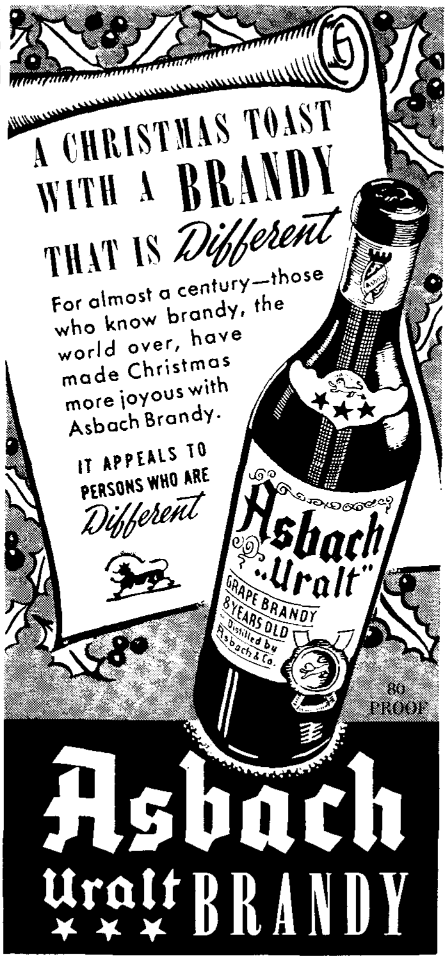
Chateau Frontenac

out excellent humidors in fine woods. A wide and interesting assortment of these, starting at about $10. . . . At the M M Importing Co., 400 Park Avenue (54th), are two sizes of the exceptionally lightweight Kennett pipe; the big one comes in unvarnished briar for $7.50.

Food for the Holidays

WE are assuming that by this time you are reasonably well organized so far as gifts are concerned and that you are beginning to worry about the survival of your family, your guests, and yourself between now and the first of the year. We think it is a great mistake to consider holiday foods merely in terms of plum puddings and mince pies and fruitcakes, so we have tried to assemble a list that will be useful not only for Christmas dinner but for seeing you through the season's parties—big and little—and those trying days when the cook does *her* gift shopping, and even the panicky moments when you realize that such minor details as Christmas breakfast and luncheon have escaped you. Below are some places which we think may be helpful. A few of them are not shops but private homes, and in such instances we have noted the telephone numbers.

Every year about this time we are greatly moved by calls from plaintive bachelors begging to know where they can get good, simple sandwiches without curlicues and foolishness—something as hearty as the best delicatessen item and yet dainty enough to serve without plates and napkins. It took us a long time to find an answer, but at last we have it in the simple and wonderfully good sandwiches of Madame Vally, a Viennese pastry cook, at 235 East 51st Street (EL 5-0013). This unusual caterer turns out bread-and-butter slices with a generous quantity of the best Smithfield ham or white meat of turkey between them. No trimmings and no fancy shapes—just the sort of things your own cook would do if she had the time and a sharp knife. As delivered, these sandwiches are ample for an after-theatre supper; cut in two, they are just the right size for tea. Madame Vally does every kind of elaborate cocktail pastry—little cornucopias filled with chicken livers or anchovy paste, fragile cheese puffs, and such. Her *petits fours* and fine Viennese cakes range from a medium-sized Mocha *Torte*, at $1.75, to a Sacher *Torte* big enough for twenty-five people, at $2.20. By the dozen, her cocktail pastries and canapés are


A CHRISTMAS TOAST
WITH A BRANDY
THAT IS Different
For almost a century—those who know brandy, the world over, have made Christmas more joyous with Asbach Brandy.
IT APPEALS TO PERSONS WHO ARE Different
Asbach "Uralt"
GRAPE BRANDY
8 YEARS OLD
Distilled by Asbach & Co.
80 PROOF
Asbach
Uralt BRANDY

• RHINE-BAVARIAN CORP., *Importers*, NEWARK, N. J. •

The man who's really in the know
(That's why he's "taking in" this show)—
Is haberdashed, on dit, "au fait"
With jewelry styled the KREMENTZ way.

KREMENTZ
Jewelry FOR *Gentlemen*

PIRIE MACDONALD
Photographer-of-Men.
576 FIFTH AV · COR · 47TH ST
TELEPHONE BRYANT 9-1074
Visit MOTHER by proxy:
You know that she would love

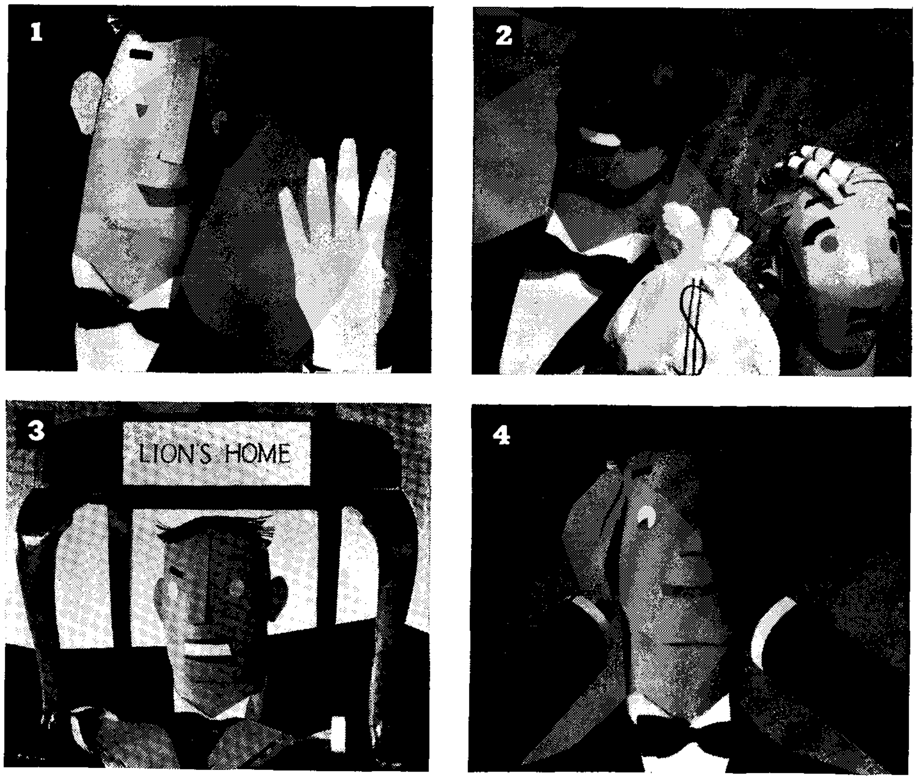
and the sandwiches, which started us on all this, $2.40.

That talented woman who is in charge of the Louis Sherry shop at 769 Fifth Avenue (59th) has outdone herself this year in creating new candies. Some of the high spots of the shop are caramel-covered pecans and almonds, awfully good marrons déguisés, and a crunchy sort of chocolate lace that makes a delicate after-dinner candy; all these from $2 to $3.50 a pound. Numerous and beautiful cakes can be ordered to go with any sort of table decoration you have in mind. They also have those old-fashioned peppermint-candy walking sticks from ten cents, for a short one, up to $2.50 for a really grown-up size.

The catering department of the Park Avenue Sherry, at 300 Park Avenue (50th), will attend to every last detail of your Christmas dinner, from a roast turkey with whatever stuffing you specify, at $9, to plum pudding at $1.25 a pint and mince pies at $1.25 and $2.25. The excellent homemade mayonnaise does not have to be ordered beforehand, since it is always in the shop (forty cents a half-pint jar). They will even send individual orders of Christmas dishes, kept hot in some special sort of contrivance, to invalids and non-housekeeping friends who live alone.

As if the Morvay Cheese Shop, 13 East 59th Street, weren't already one of the most satisfactory places in town, it has gone and imported a large number of those Fortnum & Mason specialties which you may have missed since the F. & M. name disappeared from Madison Avenue. Morvay is now importing all the fine teas Fortnum & Mason used to handle, including Earl Grey and a particularly lovely smoky Souchong. Then there are the Melton Mowbray meat pies at $1.25, the famous honeys—wild rose, peach blossom, and acacia—at $1.75 a pot, and every kind of English biscuit. The good old Morvay cheeses, however, remain our favorites—well-matured Edams, of a firmness that is hard to match, $1.75; two-year-old Cheddars, in convenient three-pound shapes that any cheese-loving family can cope with, $3; Cheshires of the same weight and age, $3.50; and those great, fragile Bries, which can be had whole or by the half-cheese. The list of imported things is so long that you had better stop in for yourself and taste your way through the lot, which is what the Morvays seem to dote upon having you do.

WHAT DOES THIS *Charade* STAND FOR IN A CAN OF NIBLET-EARS?



Give up? All right, it's (1) "Four," (2) "Gold," (3) "Den," (4) "Ears." Put them all together and they say, "FOUR GOLDEN EARS."

Sure! corn-on-the-cob in the winter

Niblet-ears
4
WHOLE EARS FRESH CORN ON THE COB

Packed only by Minnesota Valley Canning Co., Le Sueur, Minnesota, and Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario. Other Green Giant Products: Niblets Brand Corn, Green Giant Peas and Del Maiz Corn, Cream Style.

Don't just reminisce about summertime with its hot buttered corn-on-the-cob these blizzardy days. You can have that eating thrill right now. It's Niblet-ears—fresh roastin' ears in a can!

Niblet-ears is a "matched set" of four uniform, deep-kerneled ears. It's packed in vacuum from an exclusive type of corn developed by our experts after years of work. We call this new member of the great Corn Family N-462. It features a smaller cob and even rows, with about the same number of kernels in each. It tastes just like you remember fresh-from-the-garden golden sweet corn, even more so.

If the Green Giant's on the label, you'll find summertime in the can.

Do You Make Up Charades?—*If you make one up about Niblet-ears, mail it to Dept. 365-N, Minnesota Valley Canning Co., Le Sueur, Minn., before Jan. 1, and*

Have You
a young actress or
musician in your home?
this Christmas give her
A Presto Recorder

. . . the new instrument that makes a perfect phonograph record of your voice or music, then plays it back to you immediately. An amazing help to any artist . . . used by all radio, stage and screen stars. A unique original thoroughly useful gift.

on display at
LIBERTY MUSIC SHOPS
450 MADISON AVE. at 50th St.
795 MADISON AVE. at 67th St.
8 E. 59th ST., Savoy Plaza Hotel
254 WORTH AVE., Palm Beach, Fla.

musical alarm

. . fun to be awakened to the music box melody of the reveille . . gently, but insistently playing "can't get em up". this handsome little clock of polished chrome is a gift that would be a novelty to the most blasé sophisticate on your list. *order now for christmas delivery, postage collect.*

10.50

carole stupell ltd.

507 madison avenue, new york

you certainly mustn't overlook Barney Greengrass, at 541 Amsterdam Avenue (86th), who calls himself the Sturgeon King. Besides smoked sturgeon, at $2.40 a pound, the shop specializes in other and more unexpected smoked fish. You will find a platter of assorted smoked slices with fresh dill chopped over them is a mighty handsome dish for a cold supper or even for the fish course of a dinner. Many imported and domestic sausages, too. Very fine.

When it comes to planning the more serious part of holiday meals, you can't do better than confer with George H. Shaffer, at 673 Madison Avenue (61st). Right now, this place can provide upstate venison at ninety cents a pound, Pennsylvania and Long Island pheasants for $2.75 apiece, and hot-house lamb at $6 a hind quarter. Shaffer also has Boston geese stuffed in the authentic Auvergne manner, which makes the liver abnormally large and abnormally good. These elegant birds are fifty cents a pound. Any day now there will be suckling pigs weighing from five to ten pounds, and red snapper, which arrives by plane from the Gulf of Mexico and which the Shaffer fish man knows how to skin and prepare in steaks the way it is done down there.

The Atlanta Market, 1218 Third Avenue (70th), shares our opinion that frozen game is not to be recommended, and imports from Scotland only those birds which are rushed over on fast boats. For other game the shop depends upon domestic preserves. If you are contemplating something classically simple, like roast beef or saddle of mutton, this market will serve you well. We remember lovingly every single beefsteak we ever had from the place.

You can get terrapin either alive or prepared for cooking at Wynne & Treanor, 712 Madison Avenue (63rd), and the Rosedale Fish & Oyster Market, 1132 Lexington Avenue (78th), at around $4 each. However, if your cook looks with disfavor on terrapin in the raw, you may wangle the dish already made up into Maryland from Robert's, 33 West 55th Street, where the

Drink the Famous
CZECHOSLOVAK BEER

Imported
Pilsner Urquell

"The Aristocrat of Beers"

THE ORIGINAL PILSNER

Brewed by the renowned Citizens' Brewery in Pilsen, Pilsner Urquell is imported direct from Czechoslovakia—the original Pilsner with the identical dry, creamy taste that has made this beer so justly famous the world over. Try it today...on tap at leading restaurants, clubs and bars—in bottles at fine food stores.

PILSNER URQUELL
PILSNER URQUELL IMPORTING CO., INC.
11 West 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

A Very Warm Beginning

JOHN McCANN'S
IRISH OATMEAL

REAL IRISH OATMEAL, piping hot, plenty of cream and sugar, and you're ready for anything the weatherman has in store this winter. McCann's Irish Oatmeal, imported from Drogheda in 2 lb. tins, makes the best porridge this side of Dublin. Buy it at Charles, Gristede, R. H. Macy, Reeves or at any fine food shop.

To MEXICO By MOTOR
Over unrivalled highways of scenic beauty to the ancient glories of Spanish and Indian days. Fiestas . . . Orchids . . . Palm Trees . . . Sunshine.
All Expense de Luxe Tours
Flexible Itineraries . . . Private Cars
(*Plane or train to San Antonio optional*)
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THE AMERICAS BY MOTOR
64 East 55th St., New York Wickersham 2-4818

Enjoy PALM BEACH at the
HOTEL EVERGLADES
Large Rooms, Twin Beds, Parking Lot
Priv. Beach. Cafe. Europ. $20 wk. up.
VILLA ATLANTIQUE
On Private Beach-Golf-Fine Location - Am. Plan $40 wk. up - Excell. Cuisine
Restricted . . . Ideal for Children
Arthur L. Roberts Hotels - Bklts.

IN ALL THE WORLD . . . NO *Gift* LIKE THIS!

Something to tell the Ladies!

Make your Holiday Parties the talk of the town. Make them "SOUTHERN COMFORT" parties.

Our recipes will show you how to *easily* and *quickly* prepare tall drinks and short drinks . . . sparkling and plain. Potent . . . yet mellow. Economical too, for SOUTHERN COMFORT comes to you at full 100 PROOF. Available only at the best places.

SOUTHERN COMFORT
The Grand Old Drink Of the South

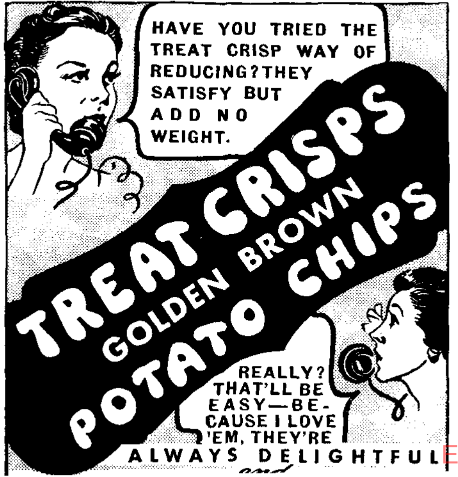
Write for Recipe Booklet
SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Stow your lead line

—there's safe draft where

the *Wanderer's* anchored.

Whaler Bar
MIDSTON HOUSE
MADISON AVE., AT 38th ST.


HAVE YOU TRIED THE TREAT CRISP WAY OF REDUCING? THEY SATISFY BUT ADD NO WEIGHT.
TREAT CRISPS
GOLDEN BROWN
POTATO CHIPS
REALLY? THAT'LL BE EASY—BECAUSE I LOVE 'EM, THEY'RE
ALWAYS DELIGHTFUL

chef is expert with all terrapin dishes.

The catering service of the Crillon Restaurant, 277 Park Avenue (48th), will supply any part of your Christmas dinner and do it well. A young roast turkey, deliciously stuffed and enough for four to six people, will cost $7.50; a grand duck *bigarade,* $5; a whole larded tenderloin of beef in sour cream, $8. The Crillon's lobster dishes, we think, are fine, especially a lobster *Américaine* that comes with wild rice on the side.

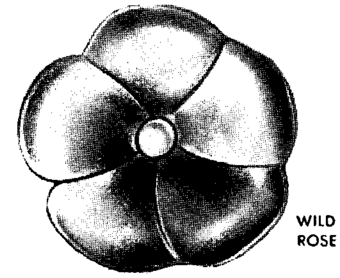
The Vendôme, 415 Madison Avenue (48th), is heaven's gift to the harried hostess who wants to see what she is ordering. There are endless imported and domestic foods appetizingly displayed for your inspection. The Smithfield ham alone, which is sold sliced at $1.50 a pound, is enough to make anybody a Vendôme addict, so handy is it for cocktails, tea, or buffet suppers.

The New York Exchange for Woman's Work, at 541 Madison Avenue (54th), has rolled up its sleeves this year and is tackling Christmas with efficiency and helpfulness. To begin with, they recognize here that a number of casual daytime family meals will have to be provided between now and the twenty-fifth, and to that end they are ready to furnish excellent corned-beef hash at eighty cents a pound; baked beans at forty cents a pot; and fish cakes at $1.20 a dozen. Besides these strictly homemade items, the Exchange handles several canned New England specialties. The best of these are, we think, a clam chowder, clam fritters and fish cakes, Indian pudding, and cranberry jelly—all less than fifty cents a can or jar. Furnishing an entire Christmas dinner, cooked, is no new trick for the Exchange ladies, but this year you will be able to bring your own turkey or goose or one of those embarrassing gifts of game and have it cooked according to your directions.

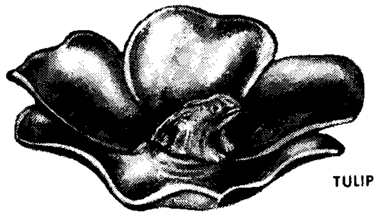
As for cakes, if you have met up with so many of the fruit variety that you can't bear the sight of another, the light-as-a-feather caramel loaf made by the Barclay Restaurant, 33 East 60th Street, will be a blessing. This comes in $1.75 and $3.50 sizes. At the New Orleans Restaurant, 17 East 60th Street, you can get pralines, made by the restaurant's Louisiana cook, for $1.20 a dozen. The Wedgwood Cake Shop, 82 East End Avenue (84th), turns out one of the most stylish gingerbread men we have come across—a carefully costumed fellow with just the right frills and buttons of pink icing and appealing currant eyes; twenty cents.

Henry S. Gordan, 203 West 91st

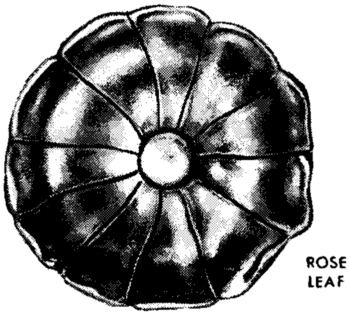
..LONG GIFT LIST?
..LIMITED BUDGET?
HERE'S your ANSWER
in gifts designed by
McClelland Barclay
WORLD FAMOUS ARTIST-SCULPTOR


WILD ROSE

Flower Petal Ash Trays in Color! Expertly hand-forged. Over 3½" in width...

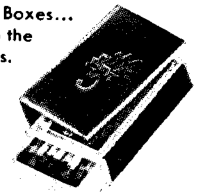

TULIP

...cannot chip, tarnish nor discolor. Special lustrous-finish metal. Each tray *signed* by McClelland Barclay. Colors: gold, iridescent, copper, red, green or blue...


ROSE LEAF

...SIX ASSORTED TRAYS FOR $5.00—Individually, $1.00. "The beauty of a McClelland Barclay art gift grows on you".

Beautiful Metal Match Boxes... perfect companions to the Flower Petal Ash Trays. Same color selection. Set of two boxes, $1.

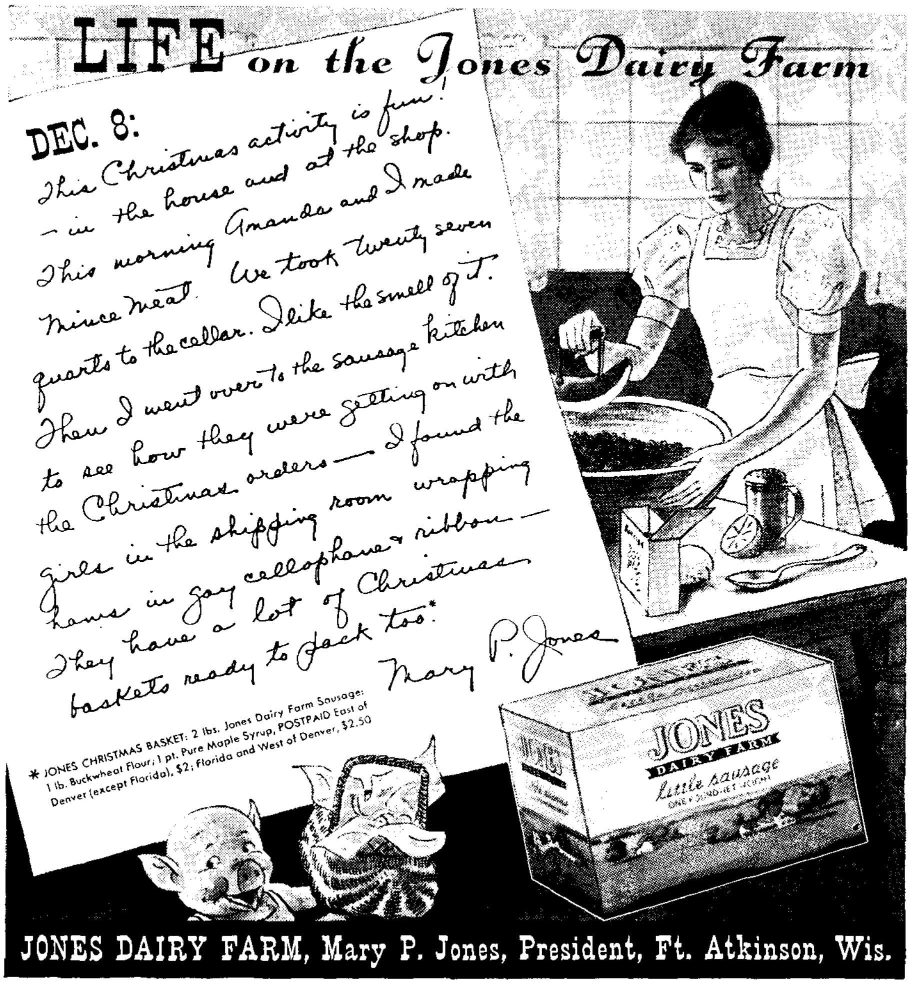


FREE—with each tray ordered, Manzy, the good luck cigarette snuffer. No ashtray is complete without Manzy. America's newest craze. If your favorite dealer does not stock these gifts use coupon.

McClelland Barclay
Art Products Inc.
305 East 45th St., N.Y.C.
$________ Enclosed

Please send me postpaid:
________ FLOWER PETAL ASH TRAYS
Check Color ☐ Gold ☐ Iridescent ☐ Copper ☐ Red ☐ Green ☐ Blue
________ METAL MATCH BOXES

NAME ________



LIFE on the Jones Dairy Farm

DEC. 8:
This Christmas activity is fun! — in the house and at the shop. This morning Amanda and I made mince meat. We took twenty seven quarts to the cellar. I like the smell of it. Then I went over to the sausage kitchen to see how they were getting on with the Christmas orders — I found the girls in the shipping room wrapping hams in gay cellophane & ribbon — They have a lot of Christmas baskets ready to pack too.*
Mary P. Jones

* JONES CHRISTMAS BASKET: 2 lbs. Jones Dairy Farm Sausage; 1 lb. Buckwheat Flour; 1 pt. Pure Maple Syrup, POSTPAID East of Denver (except Florida), $2; Florida and West of Denver, $2.50

JONES DAIRY FARM, Mary P. Jones, President, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.

Pedro Domecq wears a White Tie

No formal dinner party would be right without white ties and formal gowns. Nor would it be quite correct without wine—a glass of Amontillado with the soup, a table wine with the entree, and a mellow, sweet Oloroso with the dessert.

Ask your dealer to show you Pedro Domecq's range of Sherries. Your cellar without a noble Sherry like Domecq would be as incomplete as your wardrobe without evening clothes.

COMEX TRADING COMPANY, INC.
Radio City, New York 200 Bush Street, San Francisco
Bottled in Jerez, Spain. Alcohol 18 to 20% by volume

Pedro Domecq
SHERRY
La Ina
VERY PALE DRY

chocolate-covered bonbons at $1 a pound, and paper-thin chocolate squares, ideal after-dinner candy, for seventy-five cents a half-pound box containing eighty squares. Very European chocolates are made by Mrs. Rosa Borchardt, 141 East 88th Street (AT 9-6307), at $1.25 a pound; the fillings in her candy run a good deal to nuts and marzipan. Mrs. Borchardt also does an authentic *Baumkuchen* at $1.60 a pound.

The Martin's Fruit Shop, at 1042 Madison Avenue (79th), isn't just a fruit shop. It has also the fine French cheeses (that is, the boxed ones), equally good foie gras, and tasty as well as decorative table candies. Neat-looking kegs of black pitted cherries in cognac, the sort for cherries Jubilee, have just arrived, and so have apricots in brandy; $3.95 and $3.25. All the oranges here are tree-ripened—those from Texas are especially fine right now. There is also North Carolina sourwood honey in jars, the kind with part of the comb left in; seventy-five cents a jar.

Lola's French Sweet Shop, 167 West 74th Street, has a number of new and luscious holiday sweets, some of which are unusually lovely to look at. There is, for instance, a decorative box made of chocolate and filled with a pound of whatever small chocolates and bonbons you choose, for $3. Marrons glacés (we never tasted better) are $2 a pound.

You can get perfectly toasted almonds at Maison Glass, 15 East 47th Street, and from Anna Bibro, who makes those heavenly candies at 860 Madison Avenue (70th). Various homely little Swedish Christmas cakes and candies are sold at the Swedish Kondis, 204 East 58th Street. Altman and McCreery have all kinds of food gifts in packages. Pinesbridge smoked turkeys are to be had whole at Maison Glass; Park & Tilford; and Esposito Brothers, 444 Sixth Avenue (10th), or by the pound, sliced, at the Vendôme and at Wanamaker's Pantry Shelf.

•

"I have just learned that Chicago is the nicest city in the world—because it's just an overgrown Columbus, Ohio."—*The Mirror.*

Please begin again—we didn't follow you.

•

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Publishers' Weekly*]

Hitler. Mein Kampf. 1st Amer. or 1st English ed. (Author of Little Lord

So you're a native of SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA? *All right, listen –*

"YOU'VE talked for years about your sunshine, your thermostatically controlled climate, your palm trees, and the limitless opportunities to enjoy every kind of sport and recreation...

2

"Furthermore, you've told the world about your scenery–the mile-high mountains, the blue Pacific, the green valleys, the vineyards and orange groves, the magical purple deserts, all gathered together in this one place. I agree it's wonderful and there's nothing else like it...*But my good friend—*

3

"Look what you're leaving out! This amazing city, for instance—Los Angeles, bigger than Rome! Your symphony orchestra conducted by the great Klemperer. Your scientists at "Cal Tech" splitting the atom, grinding the lens for the new 200-inch telescope. Your modern architects. Your Hollywood costumers setting the fashions for Paris. Your movie stars, playwrights, radio celebrities, wits, columnists...Do you begin to get what I mean?

4

"What I mean is–the place is *alive.* It's doing things. It has its chin up, and its eyes fixed on tomorrow. It's gay and eager. It's *young.* And that spirit in the air makes visitors *feel* different here, and makes this place different from any other in America. That's why I come back here year after year instead of taking ordinary routine vacations. I always go home *a new man,* ready to take Depressions and Recessions in my stride."

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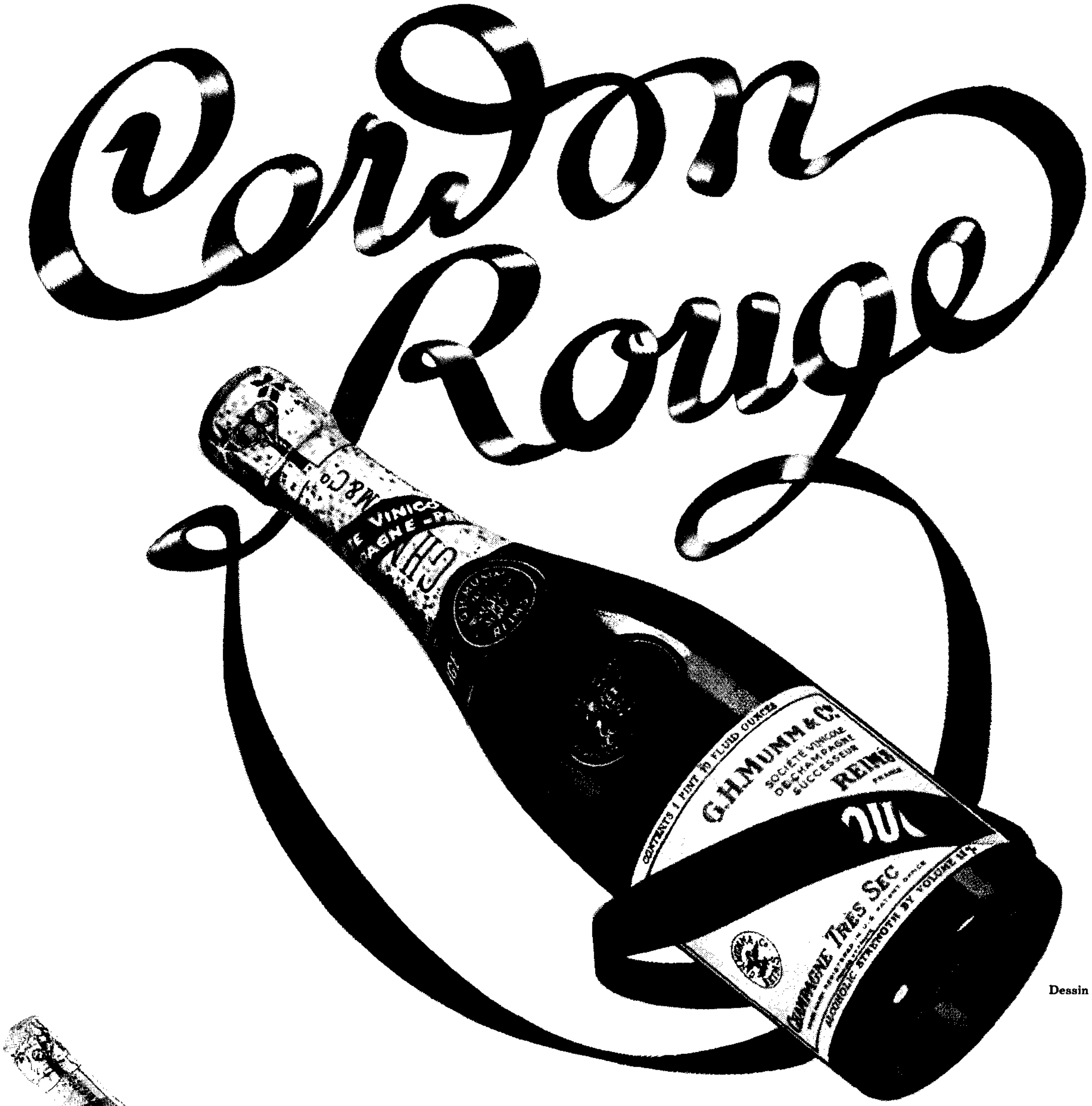
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OF ALL THINGS

Daladier is being widely praised for his firmness in putting down the general strike. It is a relief to discover that there is somebody in the world he can lick.

•

The French want to know why Italian deputies are making gimme remarks about Tunisia, Corsica, Savoy, and Nice. The symptoms seem to indicate that the Duce is threatened with another attack of kleptomania.

•

In passing sentence upon the three spies, Judge John C. Knox sadly observed that the Reich espionage system has not improved since the days of Boy-Ed and von Papen. It seems that German youngsters who are not quite bright are assigned to the Intelligence Service.

•

There must be some truth in the old saying that this is a small world. At least it is not large enough to accommodate all the people who would like to leave Germany.

•

Homer Martin says it is true that Reds bore into labor unions. Their number is overemphasized, he reports, but not their ability as bores.

•

Five years of repeal finds drinking definitely on the decline. We may yet become a sober people if prohibitionists and prosperity will stay away from our door.

•

A London litigant who lost his case hurled tomatoes at the two Lords Justices but did not score a direct hit. The British people are properly shocked at this exhibition of bad sportsmanship and marksmanship.

•

A *Times* correspondent reports that Father Coughlin is quite a hero in Germany because of his anti-Semitic speeches. Perhaps Mr. Hull could arrange to let the Nazis have him in part payment for Einstein.

•

According to Dr. Isador Lubin, economist, the eight years' depression has cost us $133,000,000,000. The oldest inhabitant cannot recall when anybody ever had so little fun for so

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Newcomers Settle Down

ALMOST all of the singers who made débuts in the first week of the Metropolitan program were kept in circulation through the second. Hans Hermann Nissen, who had been introduced as Wotan, reappeared as Wolfram in the season's first "Tannhäuser," confirming the impression that he is a capable baritone who, unlike some other specialists in the Wagner repertory, prefers singing to snorting. All that he does has about it an unpretentious dignity and efficiency, and although there are more exciting voices than Mr. Nissen's there's no doubt that he Belongs.

This performance of "Tannhäuser" served as an introduction for Erich Witte, a tenor who sang the somewhat incidental rôle of Walther solemnly and forcefully. Mr. Witte will have better opportunities later on, so we may consider him as unfinished business. In the same category, we might place Alessio De Paolis, who was the Cassio of the Saturday matinée's "Otello." "Tannhäuser" was another demonstration of Erich Leinsdorf's gifts as a conductor, for he provided it with a zip that it hasn't often had in the past few years. Sometimes the going was rough, but Mr. Leinsdorf was always ready. Mme. Lotte Lehmann, who in the first week had a battle with the rôle of Elsa in "Lohengrin," was practically a new soprano as Elisabeth—and one of the best.

It was a good interval all around for the celebrities of the Metropolitan's Wagnerian division. Mme. Flagstad and Melchior appeared in "Tristan und Isolde" (this production, as conducted by Mr. Bodanzky, has become practically the ideal presentation), and Miss Lawrence, Mr. Melchior, and Mr. Schorr were in "Siegfried," also directed by Mr. Bodanzky. The only important Wagnerian offender was the "Siegfried" anvil, which wouldn't come apart until Mr. Melchior had smacked it three times with his sword.

MME. MAFALDA FAVERO, Miss Marissa Morel, and Jussi Bjoerling, all of whom had their first Metropolitan hearings in "La Bohème," got together for another showing of this

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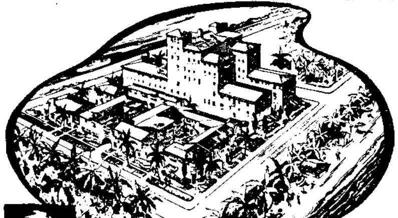
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in the second week; Miss Morel, however, went on into the coloratura business as Gilda in "Rigoletto," and made a hit with the Saturday-night customers. Miss Morel has a light voice, and her singing is remarkably uneven, but she has charm, brains, and showmanship, so her Gilda was more effective than that of many a soprano who has sung the rôle with greater vocal resources. A Sunday-night concert offered a moment of "La Traviata" with Miss Morel as Violetta to the Papa Germont of Leonard Warren, who was doing his first Metropolitan chore, and Miss Morel's characterization was de luxe. Mr. Warren, a winner of last season's Metropolitan Auditions of the Air, tossed an attractive baritone voice at a loudly appreciative audience, and had a successful if somewhat inconspicuous début.

"Il Trovatore" gave us Jussi Bjoerling as Manrico, and since Manrico has a couple of high C's to sing, it might as well be reported that Mr. Bjoerling sang both of them—one handsomely, the other a bit too tensely. I hope Mr. Bjoerling, with his unusual vocal gifts, won't be typed as a "heroic tenor," for he isn't an old-fashioned *tenore robusto*, and he's even more attractive when he sings smoothly than when he's involved in the exploitation of high notes.

PHONOGRAPH listeners may know of the firm of Marcel Maas, pianist, and Alfred Dubois, violinist, who are giving a series of four sonata recitals in the Town Hall. The Messrs. Maas and Dubois sound in person about as they do on records—like thorough, accomplished, and musicianly artists.

FRITZ KREISLER returned to Carnegie Hall for his first recital of the season, and the old magic remains. Simply as violin playing, this was one of Mr. Kreisler's best exhibitions in several seasons, but technique isn't the story of his music. He manages to play almost everything as if he had composed it, and anybody who can do that with Viotti's twenty-second concerto is a Kreisler.

ENTERTAINMENT for dance followers: "Opus 51," composed by Vivian Fine, presented by Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, and their concert groups. More about this when there's an uncrowded evening to catch it. . . . "Balletomane—Connoisseur," one of Angna Enters' new creations, which is brilliant criticism of swooning dance devotees—and of ballets.

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TRY A NEGRITA TOM AND JERRY. Separate whites and yolks of 4 eggs. Beat whites to a stiff froth, add 8 spoons of sugar. Beat yolks until creamy, mix with whites. Put heaping tablespoon of this mixture in a mug or cup. Add jigger RHUM NEGRITA and hot water to fill. Stir. This recipe serves twelve.

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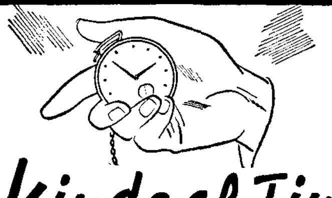

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ORDEAL AT THE POLE

FOR some reason or other, people who live in country houses seem to develop a strange immunity to the cold, as if they grew a rich, invisible fur. I have spent a lot of time wondering about it, especially since I stayed overnight with the Burgesses.

This arctic adventure started pleasantly enough. I took the 5:24 train from Grand Central and was met at a respectable brick station by Mrs. Burgess's imposing car. The chains on the tires whirred over the snow-packed lanes, and before I knew it I had been deposited in a restrained *moderne* interior.

The evening was pleasant, too, and at eleven o'clock, mellowed almost to the point of purring by the elegance about me, I was ushered up to my room. My room? My suite. There was a chaste, pastel-tinted bedroom with twin beds; a dressing room which gave way to mild frivolity, at least to the extent of powder puffs and apple-green chintz ruffles; and a bathroom with a glass-doored shower. I admired it all and then I turned out the light, opened a window halfway, and got into one of the beds. Through the window I could see the lemon-colored moonlight on the snow. Feeling very cozy, I cuddled down to go to sleep.

It was then that the first foreboding struck me. Certainly I was accustomed to sleeping under a heavier weight of blankets than I felt now. After thinking it over for about ten minutes, I turned on the light. I found that there were two pretty blankets over me, one pale green, one lilac. They looked and felt like tinted foam. An extra blanket of sky-blue foam was at the foot. I pulled this up and turned out the light again.

A long half-hour must have passed. I began to realize that it was a cold night. The bed had the kind of springs and mattress that cost a fortune. Was it my imagination, or did plentiful drafts flow up through them? In any case, they seemed thoroughly air-conditioned.

Struck by an idea, I turned on the light again, got out of bed, and braved the cold floor as far as the other twin. Here was hope. But when the fluffy candlewick spread was drawn away, it disclosed nothing except a bare mattress and pillow.

I went back to bed again. After lying there a while, I rose and shut the window.

More time passed. I bunched the cov-

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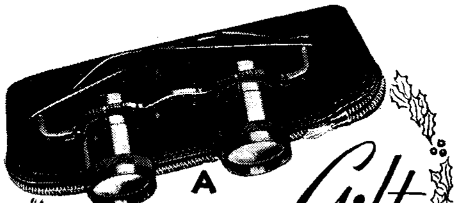

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and shut my eyes, tense with shivering. No use. At last I gave in and turned on the light. I got up and went over to the glass-topped bureau where I had left my watch. Five minutes to one. I put the chilly little white-gold watch back on the chilly glass top and went to feel the radiator, just out of curiosity. The radiator, though turned on, was chilliest of the three.

As I was too polite and considerate to think of rousing the Burgesses, I had to face my awful position alone. There was only one thing to do, I decided. I got up and dressed, all except shoes. There wasn't much warmth in silk stockings, but every bit helped. Then I triumphantly made my fourth trip to bed.

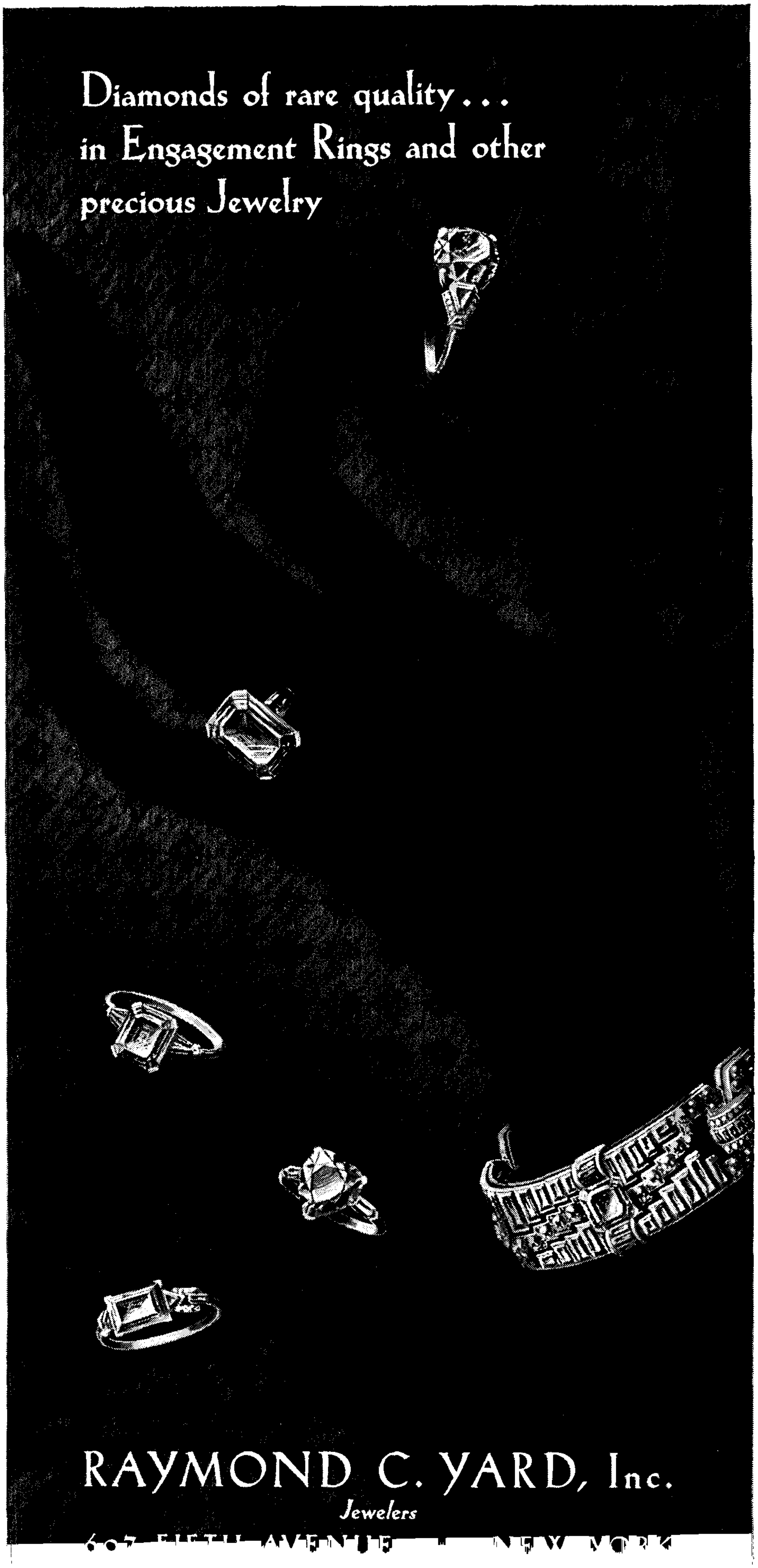
But by then I had a chill. After shivering in the dark for another hour or so, unable to think of anything more to do, my agued thoughts flew to my winter coat with what a poet might call a sick despair. It hovered before me in vision, a thing desired but unattainable as a star. It was downstairs in the hall cloak closet. Should I undertake to go exploring in that terribly dark and silent house, I would certainly bump into things and knock them over, and people would come rushing downstairs with loaded pistols, but the more I thought about it, the more absolutely necessary my winter coat seemed. Once more I got out of bed, put on slippers, and tiptoed out into the dark hall.

Feeling my way carefully, aware that my motives might be misconstrued if I were caught, I seized my coat from the depths of the hall cloak closet and bore it back to my room. I looked at my watch again, this time without touching it. Nearly half past two. I put the coat on and got back into bed.

I had enough covering at last, but I don't know how long I lay there trying not to look at the moonlit snow before sleep finally came.

I was awakened by the maid knocking at my door and calling, "Eight-thirty!" This was a well-ordered house. I noticed that the morning sun was gilding the hardwood floor and that warmth was vibrating from the radiator. The ghastly ordeal of the night before might have been imaginary, as they say in ghost stories, except that I was lying in bed fully dressed, with my coat on, and I had something resembling a hang-over.

My night at the Burgesses' marked a turning point. Since then, when gracious hostesses ask me for a weekend in the country, I say firmly, "I'm afraid you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terribly. It's impossible for me to sleep unless I have a *great* number of *thick* blankets."

If a doubtful look comes into the hostess's eye and I can see that she is mentally making a list of what covers she can spare, I take my cue and stay away from her door, no matter how artistic it is. But if she says carelessly, "Don't worry, I'll give you comforters enough for ten people," I venture to accept. And, by Jimminy, I *let* her give me comforters enough for ten people.

—ELIZABETH NEWCOMB

•

THINGS THAT WOULD DEPRESS ME IF I GOT THEM FOR CHRISTMAS

A whistling teakettle.

A wastebasket made of bits of mirror.

Preserved ginger.

Crystallized ginger.

Cocktail napkins bearing riddles, toasts, puns, mottoes, verses, railleries, reckless remarks, philosophical remarks—even if in English.

Cocktail napkins bearing scenes of Manhattan skyscrapers or World's Fair, 1939.

Any cocktail napkins at all.

A pair of lovebirds.

The works of George Sokolsky.

An umbrella.

A cellophane rolling pin filled with powder puffs.

The "Opera Story Book" (the plots of 300 operas—no music).

Collapsible bedroom slippers.

Photographs of my loved ones.

Stuffed prunes.

A Regency snuffbox to carry my aspirin in.

A chenille toilet-lid cover, even if not orchid.

Picnic fixin's; i.e., composition plates, cups, tin knives, forks, spoons—six of each, in jolly colors, packed in one convenient hamper with a hole, slit, or crevice for each thing to be poked into.

A season ticket to the lectures at Town Hall.

A nice muff.

Scottish-terrier bookends.

Penguin bookends.

Scottish-terrier anything.

Penguin anything.

A filing cabinet for my recipes.

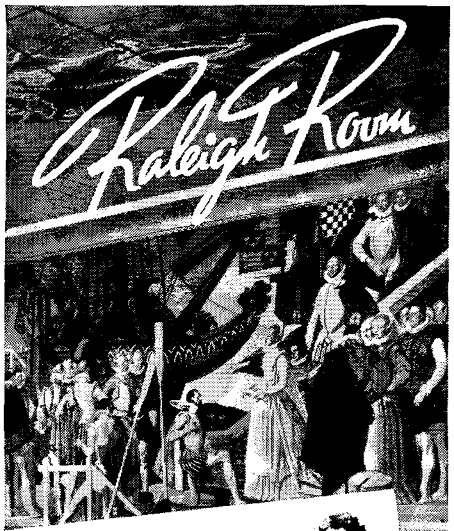
A life membership in the Museum of Natural History.

Candied orange peel.

A sombrero ashtray, a remembrance from Old Mexico.

A brocaded silk case for my spectacles.

Feathers for my hair.



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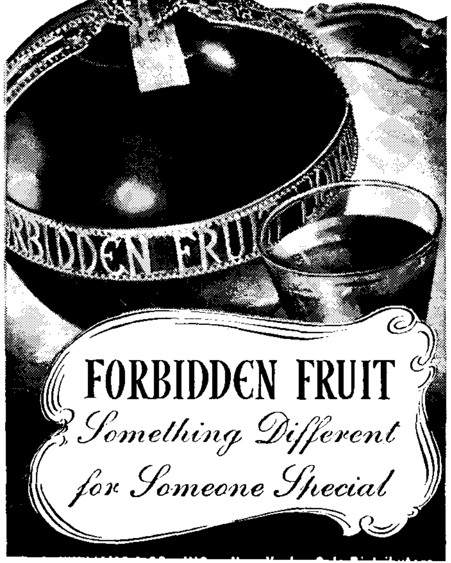

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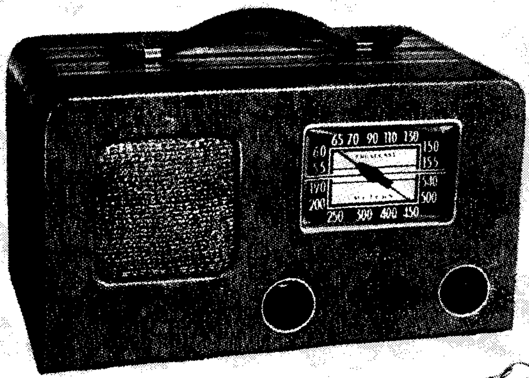
LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 30

SOBERED by the September crisis, the early-winter season here has been carefully conservative in its music, its art, and its plays. Sibelius, old masters, and Marie Tempest have been the cautious mixture offered the public, with the Old Vic, the people's inexpensive delight, furnishing the sole experiment. At its worst the Old Vic is the liveliest theatre in London and at its best it is one of the few creative theatres in Europe today. The recent uncut version of "Hamlet," in modern dress, was one of its finest productions. As for the modernity of the attire, to an American eye the Elsinore family, like most of official England today, looked very costumey indeed. Although the Ghost walked wearing a Tommy's tin hat, Hamlet had on rubber boots, and the mourners carried umbrellas to Ophelia's funeral, the King's regimentals were pure Ruritania, his retainers were decked out in scarlet mess kits, and the Court ladies were violently Victorian. The producer, Tyrone Guthrie, frankly and admirably aimed at melodrama, combining extreme stylization with up-to-date realism. During the play scene, the guests (as they would at any smart English castle today) chatted so loudly that the host and hostess could hardly hear themselves accused of murder. The duel scene, which contained the most dangerous and prolonged fencing we've ever seen on a stage, renovated and amplified the text. Alec Guinness was a sentient, fresh Hamlet—a tragic radical son who defiantly clothed himself in a sweater when his parents dressed for a Court dinner. As the final curtain speech stated, the Old Vic's "Hamlet" was much criticized, principally by people who didn't go to see it.

THE annual Antique Dealers' Fair, which was recently held at Grosvenor House, was the best art show of the fortnight. Founded under the patronage of Queen Mary, that persistent collector, the Fair is a glorified Flea Market, displaying superb Georgian silver, break-front Chippendale bookcases, Waterford glass, Charles I sweetmeat dishes, fox-head stirrup cups, Wedgwood, Battersea enamel trifle boxes, and



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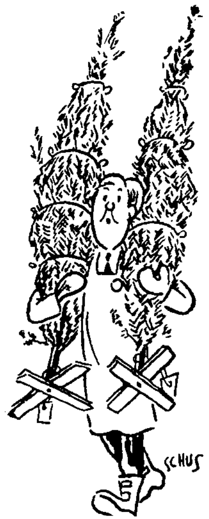
touched more than a hundred years. All the eccentricity and artisanship which gave English furnishings their shapes and styles were to be seen here. The Fair featured a hundred and eight stands chock-full of things made before 1830, including a Sheraton set of musical glasses, designed for parlor playing around 1790 and still sounding fine. Fashions in furniture are an important trade item in England. It would seem that eighteenth-century Chinese cabinets of lacquer, now mostly used to hold liquor, are again going out of style; that Queen Anne kneehole writing desks would be the new rage if there were enough to go around; and that the smartest English period furniture today is Regency, or what Americans could call President Madison.

IT is considered here that Third Reich politics have reached the dangerous Pompadour period. Struggles for the power to influence Herr Hitler are now going on behind the Berlin scene, as similar ones once did behind the Bourbon throne. With all the chiefs of the European democracies reduced, since the Munich Accord, to functioning like handmaidens rather than like men of the world, the household loves and hates that shake the Nazi Party vibrate across the whole Continent.

It is supposed by some in London that General Göring, who has always maneuvered to check Dr. Goebbels' activities, cruelly let the Doctor have his way with the pogroms in the hope that by overreaching himself he would fall and take his partner, Himmler, with him. Another explanation for the pogroms is that after the Paris Embassy murder, the Goebbels-Himmler combine suggested that Hitler might also be assassinated and, having thus built up fear, launched a pogrom as proof



that they alone among his friends were safeguarding his life. There are wild rumors in high British circles that the Führer has indeed been shot at, that Goebbels has been whistled at in the streets, that his wife will divorce him, that the important avuncular affections of the Leader, hitherto centered on Goebbels' children, have switched to Göring's little daughter, that von Ribbentrop is playing a lone hand, that Hitler is ill, that the Reichswehr is dissatisfied, that the monarchy will be restored, that the Party will be purged—gossip ordinarily disdained by the pessimistic and sensible and now retailed with the nervousness of helplessness and hope. The strange psychology and physiology of the Nazi chiefs, their sublimations, deformities, hospital histories, and phobias, have finally alarmed political England to a degree which the degeneracy of its own kings never inspired.

In an effort to let Germany know what England says—even if England can't find out what Germany thinks—since the crisis the British Broadcasting Corporation has been putting on the air, every night at eight, in the German language, samples of British and world opinion and news, which must be news indeed to listening Germans and little like what their censors allow them.

Among country people, there's talk of returning, in the interests of direct government, to King and Council methods. It seems they worked well in the days of good Queen Bess. Among city people, the talk is only of America. Never, since our States were founded, has Europe looked toward us with more hope and envy. Ours seems to be the land of the free where men don't have to be brave.

—GENÊT

•

LINES FOUND IN A HYMNAL

The Sabbath as a day of rest
Few compliments from me can claim;
No ease and idleness are blest
When friends and minions share the
  same.
Whatever is the fun of shirking
If other people aren't working?

—BAIRD LEONARD

•

Somewhere far away the call of a bittern could be heard that sounded doleful and cow-house. The cry of this mysterious dull like a cow that was shut up in the bird was heard every spring, but they did not know what it was nor where it lived.—*Blue Ribbon edition of Chekhov's stories.*

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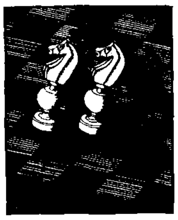
ANNALS OF CRIME

MIRACLE IN STONE

IN his day David Little, M.D., looked after the health of a territory which a dozen modern physicians could hardly cover. The day was the early part of the last century and the region the opulent lowlands of the Cherry Valley in upstate Otsego County. There he patched up wounds for Indians, delivered babies for two dollars each, made standard calls for a shilling, charged a dollar for night visits and double where the illness was "of a malignant and catching nature," with extras for supplying an emetic or setting a leech. On this practice he flourished lustily until the case of Martha Latham* almost ruined him.

The big man of the vicinity was Genter Latham, owner of rich farms, loaner of money at twelve per cent, political and financial mogul. With his motherless daughter he occupied the finest mansion on the turnpike that ran through Springfield Center. The girl was pretty, sprightly, and so obdurate to suitors that several local enlistments for the unpopular War of 1812 were ascribed to her light-hearted rejections. That she died at the advanced age of twenty-two without being betrothed was a town wonder.

When Martha was twenty, she showed vaporish symptoms. Worried, her father sent for their physician and friend, David Little. The girl refused to see him. She would be all right in a day or two. She was not all right then, or for many days. Sewing bees, roof-tree raisings, and church sociables lost their interest for her. She moped; stayed in the house. Imperatively recalled—Genter Latham was an imperative sort of person—Dr. Little had to force his way into his patient's room. He was with her an hour while the anxious father waited in the parlor. When the Doctor came down his face was grave and pitying.



"Prepare yourself for a shock, Mr. Latham."

The magnate paled. "Is it the lung fever?" He had lost his wife from that dread ailment.

"Not as bad as that. Your daughter is pregnant."

Latham laughed, contemptuous in his angry relief. No girl between Albany and Deerfield was more carefully guarded, more circumspect in her bearing. The thing was absurd. He said as much to the physician. There was an error somewhere.

"I hold to my diagnosis," said David Little.

The father began to rage, but was sharply interrupted.

"Ask her."

"I will."

He stamped upstairs. When he came down, the veins of his forehead were congested and purple.

"Out of my house."

The physician stood his ground. "She as good as admitted her condition to me."

"You are a liar as well as an ignoramus. Never enter my door again."

The younger man took up his fur cap. "I shall call here in April," he declared.

Shaken by the certitude of the other's manner, Latham said, "I am a fair-minded man, David Little. April, you say?"

"The child will be born late in April or early in May."

"If you are right, I will eat my words. If you are wrong, I will drive you out of the valley. Let time be the judge."

THE broken friendship between the two men became a matter of wondering gossip in the vicinity. Nobody had an explanation for it. Neither of the principals was the sort of person to endure impertinent prying. That there had been a violent quarrel, the nature of which was secret, was all that anyone knew.

Through the winter Martha Latham's friends and suitors saw little of her. She had not left town at any time; the watchful Doctor was sure of that. Nor was any physician or midwife called to the Latham mansion. If she had lost something of her maidenly slenderness, it was not suspiciously noticeable.

April came, and May. Incredulously, David Little saw the girl emerge from her self-imposed seclusion. She was less gay than before; more given to good works. There was no other change discernible. Yet his conviction was not shaken. He called at the Latham house. Admittance was refused him. He now inclined to the belief that there had been an illegal operation. But how to get eviwealth, and hatred could exert Genter Latham now directed against Dr. David Little. One by one his profitable patients deserted him for young Dr. Westcott of Cooperstown or the new practitioner in Cherry Valley Village, Dr. Semple. To such an extent did Dr. Little's fortunes dwindle under the persecution of Latham's open slanders that in the second winter his four children went to school insufficiently shod and in homemade clothing. An offer came for him to move into new territory westward. But it was not in David Little's character to let any man drive him forth from his place. He could be just as stiff-spined and hard-bitten as Genter Latham himself. He planted a garden, hunted and trapped, lived as best he might. A faithful old freedman called Caesar stuck to the hard-pressed family.

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*Because descendants of the family, including one person of national note, still

TOWARD the close of the war one of those devastating epidemics of "spotted fever" which figure so largely in early death records swept central New York. Martha Latham sickened and died. She was buried in Center Village Cemetery. This was two years after Dr. Little's final call at the Latham mansion.

Still obsessed by his conviction, Dr. Little decided upon a desperate measure to justify himself. On the night after the girl's interment he and the blackamoor went to the graveyard with pick, shovel, and rope. They worked until nearly dawn. The next day Caesar left for the South and was never again seen or heard of in the neighborhood.

After breakfast Dr. Little hitched his mare to Genter Latham's stone. He entered the house, carrying a small black satchel. He stayed inside a long time, while the village buzzed with renewed surmises. He came out still carrying his burden, unhitched, and proceeded upon his shrunken round of professional calls. Against queries and hints he preserved a grim silence.

That day Genter Latham was absent from his bank for the first time in years. Nor did he attend business all the week. Rumor spread that he had suffered a "shock." When he did appear the village got a shock of its own, for he walked arm in arm with David Little.

The breach was healed, the old companionship resumed, with the same dogged secrecy which had marked its rupture. All that he had done before to ruin the physician's practice, Latham now strove to undo. Dr. Little's practice came back to him. He grew prosperous, then rich, and eventually succeeded

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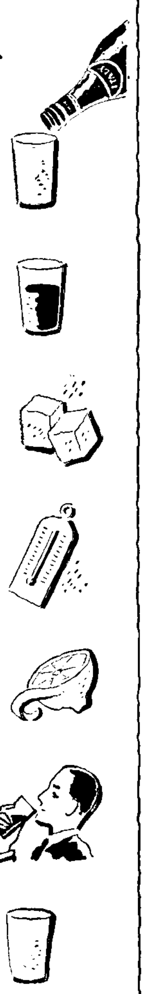

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age, carefully wrapped, with instructions as to its eventual disposition.

Genter Latham died and was forgotten. David Little died and is unforgotten. The tradition of his skill and devotion to his arduous calling still endures in the valley where he pioneered. The secret of his crime of grave-robbery he confided to his eldest son, together with the package which is its proof and justification. From generation to generation the story has been handed down, and is here recorded as Beckman Little of Rochester, New York, great-grandson of David Little, told it to the writer.

The object which Dr. Little carried in his satchel from the cemetery to the Latham house was a stone baby. That phenomenon which occurs perhaps once in a million pregnancies had intervened to save Martha Latham from the savage disgrace attaching to proof of unchastity in those days. The child, petrified within the mother's body, remained there and so would have remained, unless removed by surgery, no matter how long she had lived. In another case years later, in Troy, New York, an autopsy on a woman seventy-seven years old revealed one of these strange lithopedia which she had "carried," unknowing, since her late twenties.

Martha Latham's stone baby suggests the unfinished sculpture of a small Buddha. It is now in the museum of the Albany Medical School, to which it was devised by that resolute diagnostician and close-mouthed gentleman, David Little, M.D. —Samuel Hopkins Adams

•

Shakespeare's England is the earlier England, the scepter'd isle, the precious stone set in the silver sea which guards it as a wall or moat against the envy of less happier lands.—*The Times.*

To put it in less prettier English.

•

We are being besieged today, as never before, for trained, efficient office help. The day of the incompetient stenographer, the inefficient bookeeper, the negligent secretary is past.—*From a letter from Southern University, Miami.*

Well, *almost* past.

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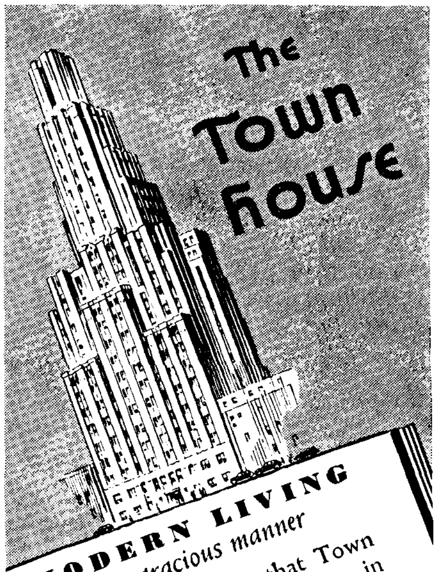
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

(NOBEL PRIZE DIVISION)

[*From "This Proud Heart," by Pearl Buck*]

And Michael came in cheerfully obedi-



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THE ART GALLERIES

Renoir vs. Dufy

THE current exhibition, at the Bignou Gallery, of paintings by Renoir and Raoul Dufy is an interesting collection, in spite of the fact that there's a hint of that old bane of mine, the "idea show," about it. "Two Colorists" is the title the catalogue gives to the affair and I suspect that one part of the intention was, by putting the pair together, to bring out such comparisons and resemblances as might exist between them. If so, that side of the thing fails badly.

The truth is, of course, that in outlook, philosophy, tradition—almost everything, in fact, save their passion for color—the two men are poles apart. Vivid as Dufy's perception is, and sure as his eye is, it's his brain that dominates all he does. Even in the field of color, though he has found more positive values in that difficult pigment, green, and more ways of resolving the dissonances that lurk in a landscape than almost any other living painter, his triumphs are still those of the intellect—of "good taste," if you will—and despite the contagious sparkle and air of careless disarray that characterize his canvases, his work is strictly classical in outline.

With Renoir, the case is the opposite. A romantic to the bone, he had an eye as sharp as Dufy's, but he used it in a less controlled fashion and his color in consequence obeys few laws beyond those of his own instincts. Those soft, tingling pinks that bathe his nudes are not, one feels, the product of rationalization; they represent the visible emanation of desire, the suffusion of emotion that clouded the painter's own view at the sight of so much loveliness. And though "good taste" is the essence of Dufy's work (and may, with its hint of the too conscious and calculated, be the quality that will eventually rob him of lasting reputation as an artist), that stigma at least can never be applied to Renoir. Indeed, there are canvases of his, like those huge, cluttered portraits and candy-colored Venusberg panels, that make one wonder if in the sophisticated sense he had any "taste" at all.

As a result, the paintings in the present show "fight" a little, and there

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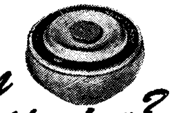

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from the sleek sureness of the Dufys. These suffer, too, by contrast, seeming thinner and more brittle than they really are beside the calm, placid strength of the Renoirs. Individually, however, a number of the pictures are superb. The Dufys are especially well chosen, from the bright, swiftly painted "Le Bateau du Havre"—with its covey of gray-sailed yachts in the foreground and its sunlit shore beyond, the whole thing as fresh and lively as only a summer sea scene can be—to the darker, more luminous "Le Bassin de Deauville." Though there are only six Renoirs, they manage to cover most of the painter's familiar subjects and moods. There's an unusually charming landscape, "La Route Ensoleillée," rich with warm Provençal browns, and the small, oddly posed "Rêverie"—hardly more than a studio sketch—is notable for its ease of handling. The best pictures of the show, however, are big ones: "La Source," and a portrait of two children reading, called "Gabrielle et Coco"—the first a nude, as lush and as sensuous as only Renoir could make one, the other full of the innocent tenderness he brought to his genre studies. Facing each other on opposite walls, they show, almost challengingly, the range of feeling the artist was capable of.

BUCHHOLZ is having a memorial exhibition of works by the German sculptor, Ernest Barlach, who died only a few weeks ago. Though his work was classed as "degenerate art" and proscribed by the Nazis, the odd fact is that Barlach was directly in line with the German Gothic tradition, and there's more than a trace of deliberate medievalism in the sharpness of contour and angularity of pose displayed by many of his figures. But there was strength and a kind of rugged humor behind his stylization as well, and the best of his pieces show remarkable solidity and power. I liked particularly his "Singing Angel," in which the very planes of the figure suggest a kind of calm beatitude; his "Fugitive," a running man with a cape streaming out behind him, indicates how well he could adapt his technique to contemporary uses.

At the Midtown, they're showing paintings in tempera and water colors by Zoltan Sepeshy. The water colors seem too "worked" and a little muddy in color, but the paintings are vigorously handled and, though somewhat sombre in tone, reveal, especially in the landscapes, an excellent sense of

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Andreu, a Spanish artist, are at the Valentine. Though new to New York, Andreu has had a long and, it would seem, a varied career abroad, and the show is by way of being a retrospective, with pieces dating from the middle nineteen-twenties up to the present. All of which might explain a certain air of wild disconnectedness in the collection, for the earliest items are in the most romantic eighteenth-century tradition and the later ones range through Callotesque fantasy to wind up in a mood of surrealism slightly tinged with *Yellow Book* wickedness. There's no gainsaying the artist's technical proficiency, however, and in certain of the more recent canvases, he masses his influences behind him and strikes out with really startling effect.

I hardly know what to say of the Guy Pène du Bois show, now on at the Kraushaar Galleries, except possibly to point to it as a remarkable study of the way a man can be trapped by his own technique. A big affair, this is also a retrospective, dating back to 1908, and in it one sees first, in the early little restaurant scenes, couples talking, and so on, the creation of a swift, simplified idiom admirably adapted to such direct social commentary; then the gradual hardening of manner, the sweetening of color, the emptying of content, until at last the swiftness has turned into mere dexterity, the simplification become posterlike stylization, and you feel that you want to go back to the beginning again, to find out just where it was that the talent went wrong. Like the Sepeshy exhibition, the show closes this Saturday.

—Robert M. Coates

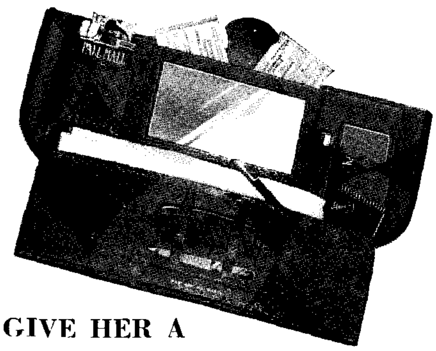
ART FOR CHRISTMAS

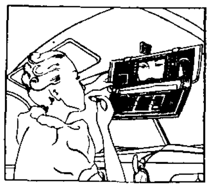
BUYING art gifts this year should be easier in some respects. If you're interested in originals—and I hope you are, for the original painting, drawing, or even etching or lithograph has an individuality that the reproduction lacks—more and more dealers are willing to supply works to fit anyone's purse. Even the haughtier galleries, if you prod them, will often turn up an item by one of their artists to suit, say, the $100 budget. The places listed below are either running Christmas shows or are specially fitted out with gift items:

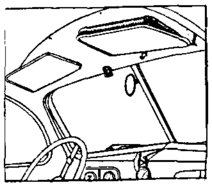
A.C.A. Gallery, 52 West 8th: "8 x 10 Show" of drawings, paintings, lithographs, etc., of about that size by members of the American Artists' Congress; all $10. If you trust your judgment, you may pick up a bargain. Closes Dec. 10th.

Arista, 30 Lexington Avenue (23rd)

Preferred by Connoisseurs
Enjoyed by Everyone
COOK'S
Imperial
AMERICAN
Champagne
Produced according to
the original method of
"natural fermentation
in the Bottle"
BERN
HARD







If she drives a car...

OR RIDES IN YOURS

GIVE HER A

VISOR VANITY

One simple movement and Visor Vanity is ready for use.

Conveniently out of sight . . . visor operates normally.

Now . . . give her all the convenience of the *Dressing Table* . . . right in her motor car! For the new VISOR VANITY CASE puts beauty at her finger tips . . . even when she's driving.

Here in one attractive vanity case are Mirror, Comb, Nail File, License Case . . . and compartments for lipstick, compact or cold cream, hairpins, facial tissues, cigarettes . . . (Men can use the compartments for papers, cigarettes, lighters, maps, etc.)

It fits right over the *Visor* of any car (yet never interferes with the operation of the shield). A simple movement of the hand brings everything in full view. An upward movement and it disappears from sight . . . *completely out of the way*. Occupies only 4½" x 13" space. Opens to 9½ x 13. Comes in following colors: Tan (cowhide grain), royal blue and green (pigskin grain). An extraordinary value at $2.50. No matter what ELSE you give her, you'll be amazed at her delight with VISOR VANITY. Get it at stores listed below, or mail coupon today and we will ship direct same day your order is received. Satisfaction GUARANTEED or money back. Specially priced at **$2.50.**

FOR SALE BY

All John David Stores

Lewis & Conger

Hammacher Schlemmer

MAIL COUPON NOW.

Major Marketing Co. Inc.
Dept. N, 21 West Street
New York

Send .... VISOR VANITIES at $2.50 each. Enclosed is check or money order to cover. It is understood that you guarantee satisfaction or money back.

NAME ....

Crane, and others; from $1 to $10.

Contemporary Arts, 38 West 57th: "Paintings for the Christmas Budget," by selected Americans; $5 to $50.

Julien Levy, 15 East 57th: A set of the Walt Disney water colors on celluloid for "Snow White," more decorative than they sound; $5 to $75. Prints and drawings by Dali, Berman, Chirico, and others of the younger moderns.

Midtown Gallery, 605 Madison Avenue (58th): Water colors by Betty Parsons; $15 to $100. Also, examples in the same price range by Waldo Peirce, Jacob Getlar Smith, and others.

Milch Gallery, 108 West 57th: "Art for the Home," paintings by Americans from 1890 on; $250 and up. Water colors by Lucile Blanch, George Picken, and other younger Americans; from $75.

Perls Galleries, 32 East 58th: Continuing their policy of Art for the Young Collector, they feature small paintings by Utrillo, Dufy, and others of the School of Paris; $50 to $300.

Perhaps the most notable recent development in the field of reproductions is the launching of color prints made by the Gelatone Process, which produces extraordinary softness and clarity. These are issued at $7.50 a print by Associated American Artists, 420 Madison Avenue (48th). The list includes such modern Americans as Grant Wood, Thomas Benton, Raphael Soyer, and Adolf Dehn. The Color Proof process, of course, is not quite such a novelty. The list of artists presented by the Artist Color Proof Associates, 37 West 57th Street, includes Kormendi, Jean Charlot, and a dozen others.

The dealers in prints in more standard categories—ship, sporting, and so on—are so numerous that we list only a few of the important houses:

F.A.R. Gallery, 19 East 61st: Reproductions of French and Americans, including at the moment an especially fine set of Degas pastels.

Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Avenue: Prints by Rockwell Kent, in a special Christmas show.

Arthur H. Harlow, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th): Conservative subjects, including animal and sporting prints.

Kennedy & Co., 785 Fifth Avenue (59th): Animal prints, Americana, etc.

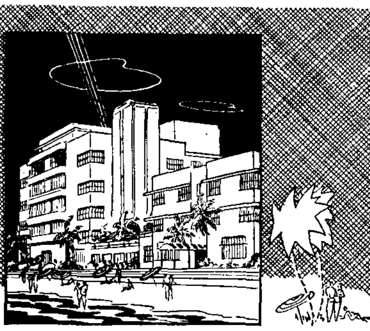
Keppel & Co., 71 East 57th: All the standard names, Old Masters, etc.

Living American Art, 55 Fifth Avenue (13th): Brooks, Karfiol, Blume, and other modern Americans in a series of excellent reproductions.

Old Print Shop, 150 Lexington Avenue (30th): Americana mostly; also, currently, flower-and-fruit prints of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Westermann Gallery, 20 West 48th: Specializes in color prints of most of the European moderns.

E. Weyhe, 794 Lexington Avenue (62nd): A swell set of Audubons, in the "elephant folio" size, as well as a



FLORIDA *as you like it!*

Isolated, relaxed, soaking up sunshine — yet just around the corner from all that's going on along this carefree "Gulf Stream Coast." A new and modern hotel, directly on the ocean, midway between Miami and Palm Beach. Homelike and friendly —ownership management. Spacious lounges, sun deck, patio, beach walk. Ocean bathing directly from your room. One hundred and fifty rooms, all with bath, steam heat. American Plan, superior cuisine. Private parking.

Restricted Clientele
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NEW YORK CHANGES

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A WORLD-FAMOUS RESTAURANT. FOOD AND SURROUNDINGS UNCHANGED FOR 56 YEARS

FINEST IMPORTED WINES

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The Luchow instrumental quartet plays nightly

110-112 EAST 14th STREET

MORE FUN!

WITH DOOR-EASE

ALL-WEATHER SKI WAX

You'll get a bigger bounce out of your skiing, if you use this wax that's clean and easy to handle and apply. Won't soil hands or clothing. For racing, running, climbing More speed,

At ski shops and sporting goods dealers everywhere—

35c

OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

"WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY . . ."

"WHY doesn't somebody take a shot at him?" one hears everywhere in Europe these days, but nowhere so often as at the small tables in the back room of the Dôme, where the old, slow waiters still have their stations. There, sitting for four or five hours arguing over a two-franc glass of coffee, are the real and *soi-disant* artists of Montparnasse, everywhere about them the unwashed models. At other tables, too, dull-eyed with worry and idleness, wearing someone else's clothes, with frayed collars and cuffs, are those German and Austrian refugees who once were minor writers, editors, and artists.

They sit silently, their eyes following each dish as it is carried out of the kitchen to the front of the restaurant. They come here to be warmed by cigarette smoke, the hum of conversation, the sound of glass and saucer clicking. More than anything else they miss their *Kaffeehaus*. They say that maybe, if someone did take a shot at him, someone worse might take his place. Göring might be better, but Goebbels would certainly be worse. It is impossible anyway, they say, because the Führer is too well guarded.

I thought of all this when a man who owns a small, low-winged plane took me on a flight to the Parteitag. In the early morning, ahead and below, a neat arrangement of small, upstanding pencil stubs the color of pearls, appeared Nuremberg, and near it the immense Zeppelin field, large even from where we were. In another ten minutes it would have been easy to drop some bombs on it, but before we got any further I heard a whistling sound above us, a Heinkel dived, came alongside, and signalled us to go to a suburban field. There we were informed that the air around Nuremberg for a radius of a hundred kilometres was locked—*Luftsperre* is the technical term. The plane, which followed us down, took off again and we were very happy that all our papers were in order and that a search of our plane and persons revealed nothing that seemed to worry anybody. We took a train to Nuremberg, and here, in strange contrast to the thorough policing of the air, we saw no special precautions taken; he

We stood opposite his hotel, the Deutscher Hof, the street bathed in ovation. His car came slowly to a halt, he stood up in it, turned in all directions, smiled and waved, and slowly walked up the steps. In an hour he came out of his hotel, stood quite still for a few moments, walked down slowly, and drove away, again standing up in his car, not twenty paces away from us. Anyone could get near him. We both had cameras and everyone around us seemed to have one. No questions had been asked, no passes were required, and the cameras had not been examined. It would have been simple to build a gun into a camera, to aim it carefully, and shoot with unhurried steadiness.

A FEW weeks after this I came to Berchtesgaden. This old town is the Palm Beach of Germany, with mountains taking the place of sea. It is a German paradise that exists in a perpetual Sunday afternoon. The fragrance of pine needles, roast goose, and stale beer hangs in the sunlit air, and on every turn of the beautiful promenades are benches on which the Aryan Berchtesgadener can repose and look at his beautiful land. In this peaceful, patient, unostentatious postcard scenery, a gate opens and a road, nine kilometres long, leads up to the famous chalet.

A retired major of artillery explained to us that here he is superbly protected. The major sat on one of the benches, and his cane waved over the ring of mountains and crisscrossed the firmament with the trajectory of imaginary projectiles that came from anti-aircraft guns sunk in cement up on the mountains, their mechanical ears listening into the sky day and night, champion crews waiting to serve them. He pointed at the firs and larches, at all the trees on the estate, and explained that under them were machine-gun nests, camouflaged with mountain greenery. He said that everywhere electric eyes watched, and herds of ferocious dogs guarded all approaches. At the house itself are the hand-picked sentries.

It is neither palace nor castle. It is a simple peasant house made livable, and it fits well into the scenery. Its interior is free of useless pieces of furni-

For the world's finest
Old Fashioned
—*try mixing one with*
OLD BUSHMILLS
IRISH WHISKEY

Perhaps it's the full-bodied richness of "Old Bush" that does it. Perhaps it's the maltier, "peat-free" flavor. The fact remains that this great whiskey makes the perfect Old Fashioned, and is equally good in any other whiskey drink. Send for free Bushmills Recipe Booklet. Address National Distillers, 120 Broadway, New York.

Old Bushmills Irish Whiskey
A Blend 86 Proof

Your Guide to Good Liquors

9 YEARS OLD
Famous since 1784

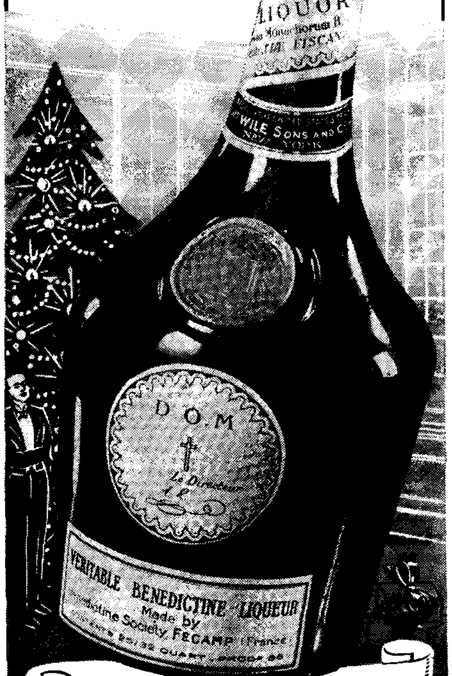
THE WHISKEY THAT HAS EVERYTHING
Robust as Old Rye
Mellow as Old Bourbon
Tangy as Old Scotch

Delicious

Worth-Wile Ideas for Practical Gifts

BENEDICTINE
D.O.M*

The perfect solution to your gift problem. Created in Fécamp, France, in 1510 . . . a truly aristocratic gift. Today, 428 Christmases later, Bénédictine is America's gift choice among imported liqueurs. In fact, last Christmas time, sales figures from all states publishing them show Bénédictine was the largest selling imported liqueur by more than 2 to 1!



Start tonight to enjoy the importations of Julius Wile. Taste glorious flavours that have inspired poets, enchanted kings, intrigued monks.

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York. Sole U. S. Agents. *Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. 86° proof.

Julius WILE

place such as one would find in the possession of a man of some means and sober tastes.

Next to the tiled oven in the living room is a couch, and on this rest two pillows. One has "*Ruhe sanft*" embroidered on it, the other "*Nur ein Viertelstündchen.*" The pillows are two of several thousand that sentimental *Hausfrauen* from all over Germany have made and sent to him. The others have been handed down for lesser heads of government to rest on.

The house is bombproof and gasproof, and the cooks, the guests, and the butlers are all good members of the Nazi Party.

YET when I saw the Führer next, in Munich, he sat three tables away, lunching at the Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten, an open target. Later at dinner that evening he invited danger in a small, common inn behind the Church of Our Lady. This restaurant is a low, smoke-stained room for the Munich middle class, but the food and beer are so good that one also finds the place frequented by *Oberregierungsräte*, high officials, and aristocracy. There are never less than six dachshunds here, seated next to their masters, waiting with quivering lips for the ends of a Bratwurst. Occasionally one of them howls on account of a waltz which a man plays on an asthmatic concertina, wandering from table to table.

In this room he sat, his back exposed, a dachshund next to him. The fattest of the four waitresses appeared from behind a pyramid of beer glasses and brought him a tin plate, on which, in a bed of sauerkraut, rested six little Bratwürste. She went back and brought beer, placing a seidel on a brown felt beer pad in front of him.

IT was a civil functionary with the Swastika on a porcelain macaroon in the lapel of his coat who told me afterward that most probably it was not he. This officer counted the reasons on his thin fingers: first of all, the Führer had no dachshund; second, he ate no meat; third, he never took alcohol in any form. The man was most probably one of his doubles, a young soldier who sat with us agreed, and both men told me that there were four official doubles, one of whom even had a voice like Hitler's. There are perhaps more, they said, but it is difficult to say which is an official double and which is not. There is an army of cranks, formerly leaning toward Napoleonic impersonation, who

Worth-Wile Gifts for Wise Givers

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
DRY SACK
SHERRY

Dry Sack is a definite brand of sherry and pride of Williams & Humbert, famous sherry shipper of Spain. Connoisseurs acclaim Dry Sack as one of the World's great sherries. Medium dry, with a distinctive, mellow flavour all its own. Some prefer Dry Sack slightly chilled to bring out its delicious "nutty" taste.

Julius WILE
DRY SACK
(SHERRY)
Shipped & Bottled by
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
LONDON, ENGLAND

In 1877, Julius Wile brought his first importation of the Old World's choicest wines to the United States. Regular importations have followed ever since.

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York. Sole U.S. Agents. Alcohol 20½% by volume.

Julius WILE

Worth-Wile Gifts from Europe's Best Cellars

BOLLINGER
CHAMPAGNE

Luxury personified! And your gift does double duty—it solves the New Year's Eve problem, too. He can drink to 1939 with Bollinger 1929, the magnificent Vintage commemorating Bollinger's hundredth anniversary (1829-1929). A favorite for over a century with Englishmen, who demand a true dry champagne. Ask for Bollinger 1929 and Bollinger Brut by name.

100th ANNIVERSARY
1829
BOLLINGER
Extra Quality
BRUT
1929 Vintage

Wile's wines are protected Winter and Summer by air-conditioned warehouses which insure best storage for delicate wines. Perfect handling guards the quality.

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.,
New York. Sole U.S. Agents.

Julius WILE

besides, a large number of Germans and Austrians who by a lucky chance resemble him. These men do everything they can to walk and dress like him, and they look into the mirror every morning to brush the forelock down, to check the mustache.

My friend the civic functionary further beclouded the situation by telling of other dictators and their doubles. Mussolini, he said, had six known doubles and Stalin had nine. He turned around and looked carefully in all directions before speaking the latter dreadful name. He knew for certain about Stalin because a friend of his (that is, a friend before the *Anschluss*) who is a famous Viennese heart specialist was called to Moscow to diagnose Stalin's ailment. Whisked to the bedside, he found a dormitory instead of a sickroom, with ten white beds in a row, all of them alike and in each a Stalin. He had to examine them all and give a report on each one, so even he does not know how Stalin's health really is.

I have heard the Stalin story in Paris and Rome. It is generally accepted. It varies, of course. Sometimes there are four beds, sometimes six. The heart specialist is changed to a dentist, the ailment to a broken leg, and in one version to an alimentary disturbance. There are several disrespectful endings to it, but there are always at least four Stalins.

—LUDWIG BEMELMANS

•

The Gaels, 10 to 6 favorites at the kickoff, held off getting the gong until the fourth quarter, to the nervous prostration of a little band of rotters, who had visions of a disappointing scoreless tie.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

But were finally able to tear down the goal posts, the cads.

•

Robert E. Sherwood completing notes and references for his "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," to be published by Scribner's in about a month.
Robert E. Sherwood has completed the bibliography, notes and references for his "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," which Scribner's will publish in December.—*Variety.*

All right, Scribner's, take it away!

•

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Peterborough* (N.H.) *Transcript*]

A CORRECTION

We wish to correct a typographical error which appeared in our last issue in the advertisement for rent of Maryland Farm. By mistake "bar" was printed in place of

Worth-Wile Greetings from the House of Wile

B AND B* LIQUEUR
BENEDICTINE AND BRANDY

New this year, and already a taste sensation, B AND B Liqueur is the famous Bénédictine combined with selected Cognacs. Skilfully blended in the centuries-old cellars in Fécamp, France, it's far superior to hurriedly mixed Bénédictine and Brandy. One pour gives uniform B AND B's every time! Give B AND B "To Those Who Prefer a Drier Liqueur."

AND
LIQUEUR
D.O.M.
B AND B
Made by
S. A. FECAMP

Every Wile product bears the heritage of its proud history. The present officers are direct descendants of the founders, averaging in service over 25 years.

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York. Sole U. S. Agents. *Trademark Reg. Applied For. 86° Proof.

Julius WILE

Worth-Wile Ideas for Practical Gifts

LEMON HART

RUMS

What man wouldn't appreciate a gift of Lemon Hart Rum! Marvelous in punches, egg-noggs, hot drinks! Rich, smooth, pungent rums, both light and dark, from sunny Jamaica, across the Spanish Main. Tropical, tangy rums, some as high as 151° proof, from hot Demerara in British Guiana. Voyaged in casks to England and bottled on the famous London Docks.

90°, 96°, 114°, 151° proof

Wile represents only firms with fine, long-established reputations abroad. It insists that the products it represents be identical with the goods that built those reputations.

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York. Sole U.S. Agents.

WESTERN CIVILIZATION AT SCHWARZ

IT seems too bad that while they were burying objects in the Immortal Well at the World's Fair, they didn't think of including an F. A. O. Schwarz Christmas catalogue. They wouldn't have had to bury anything else. It is a perfect microcosm of our modern civilization, and the curious archeologists of 6939 would have learned everything they needed to know about us in a conveniently condensed form.

The catalogue made me realize for the first time that the implements of our daily life are the toys of our nonchalant children, who take apart and put together, break, and grow tired of our monstrous buildings, railroads, Army and Navy, aircraft, telephone and telegraph systems, public parks, fire and police departments—all in accurate miniature. You and I grew up intimidated by the machine age and dampened in spirit by the march of science, but not little Mimi, for whom Santa will doubtless bring a Bricky Building Set No. 22/153, so that she can construct the Empire State Building to scale with Bricky Bricks. And certainly not Brother, who will find under the tree on Christmas morning an Official Boy Scout Signaler—a combination radio, night blinker, and telegraph signal, capable of sending and receiving messages in the Morse code from attic to cellar. "What a thrill for the boy," the Schwarz catalogue points out, "to flash messages same as the Navy sends night signals from one ship to the other or to sound the telegraph just as in railroad work." Thrill, indeed. In the first place, Brother *has* the Navy. His Uncle Harry gave it to him last Christmas. Brother maneuvers the fleet around by magnetic control, and only the other morning he built the Queen Mary, assembling balsa hull, metal lifeboats, anchors, propellers, chocks, winches, and davits. Brother's Electric Trix Twin Railway has anything any railroad has, except the wage problem. His BiPass Speed Way is just as good as Mr. Moses', and his Electric Eye a bit more versatile than the Pennsylvania Station's.

THE Schwarz Catalogue for Christmas, 1938, is also a tribute to the unselfishness of the American parent. There are pages of things that make a fearful noise or that produce a queer smell and possibly a mess on the rug. Other things listed are great big things

Worth-Wile Gifts for Wise Givers

GARNIER

CREME DE MENTHE

Imported—of course! Made just a step from Paris since 1859. Its true, natural mint flavor is a Garnier secret. Available in both green and white. 26 other popular Garnier liqueurs make wonderful presents, too! In gift-like bottles, jugs and other fancy shapes.

Abricotine, Curaçao, Crème de Cacao, All 60° proof

Liqueur d'Or, 86° proof

The House of Wile has represented P. Garnier in this country for 54 years! You can depend on products bearing the Garnier and Wile Seals.

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York. Sole U.S. Agents.

Worth-Wile Greetings from the House of Wile

ESCHENAUER
BORDEAUX

No gift more gracious than Chateau Olivier 1934! This famous white Graves is crisp and dry with a fresh, delicate, fruity flavor of its own. Chateau bottled, and bearing the name of Eschenauer whose Sauternes, Medoc, Margaux and many other wines are known and respected throughout France. Look for the large red "E" on the label.

GRAVES ESCHENAUER
CHATEAU OLIVIER
1934
Julius WILE
CHATEAU OLIVIER
LOUIS ESCHENAUER BORDEAUX

Without the lapse of a single day in 63 years, three generations have contributed their knowledge of wine to the building of the House of Wile.

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York. Sole U.S. Agents.

Julius WILE SONS & CO INC

house, and draw freely on the water supply and electric current.

I can't help but admire the loving father who is even now ordering, from a page headed "Real Good Instruments," a No. 43/12 Organ—"Not a toy but an honest-to-goodness soft tone organ made by Estey . . . compactly built yet with wonderful range, full-bodied power." Or a No. 3/22 Boys' Jazz Drum Set. "Every year," the catalogue says, "we sell hundreds of these jazz sets for boys. Consists of 14″ bass drum heads on both sides, metal foot pedal with a cymbal striker, 2 cymbals, triangle, tom-tom drum, trotting block, cowbell, 6″ tambourine, cricket and drum spurs." Parents with more than the usual number of children can buy their musical tots a Child's Symphony Orchestra (nine pieces).

A quiet toy, but somehow disturbing, is the Telephone Booth, natural color, five feet high, with shatterproof window bearing typical telephone sign. They'll be telephoning in drugstores soon enough, is the way I would look at it if they were my children, but Schwarz and the modern parent feel that "to make a business telephone call is so much more fun than just telephoning . . . this booth with telephone on shelf and note pad fills a real need." Releases the house telephone, too, probably. And the aesthetic twinge which a mother feels when she finds a public telephone booth set up in the nursery must be a very minor affair compared with the forebodings she must suppress on the day before Christmas when a glass-blowing set arrives with a generous assortment of glass tubes and an alcohol burner, or the chemistry outfit with 101 different chemicals and pieces of apparatus for 639 interesting and instructive experiments. Or perhaps even an Electrikiln ("Not just a toy, but workable equipment for making permanent art objects. . . . We supply you with a plaster mould, a quantity of pottery clay, and a package of finishing glaze. . . . For 110 volts, A.C. or D.C."). Valiant is certainly the word for her as she sits entertaining her friends in a living room which is gradually filling up with permanent art objects while the Boys' Jazz Drum Set renders selections overhead and instructive experiments go forward in the basement.

—ELEANOR GILCHRIST

●

FOR SALE—Kitchen table and 4 chairs, linoleum, $7.00. Party breaking up. Phone 2659.—*Norwalk (Conn.) Hour*

Worth-Wile Gifts from Europe's Best Cellars

CHANSON
SPARKLING BURGUNDY

Your gift must be exciting, extraordinary? Here's the answer: Chanson 1926 *Vintage* Sparkling Burgundy. It glorifies a Christmas roast, gladdens a Christmas gathering, enhances your reputation as a giver. Among still Burgundies, the 188-year-old house of Chanson suggests: 1929 Chablis (white), 1929 Pommard (red). Look for the name *Chanson*.

Julius WILE
SPARKLING BURGUNDY
Chanson Père & Fils
VINTAGE 1926

We will be happy to answer any question about imported wines and liquors without obligation. Send two three-cent stamps for booklets of recipes.

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York. Sole U.S. Agents.

Julius WILE

At Home about Town

Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Watts Jr., Blue Book elegantsia, enjoying smart vista of Pierre's Neptune Room, upper Fifth Avenue.

Robt. Burns de Luxe

CARRYING into the new season its smoking keynote of the year, society graces all occasions with the Robt. Burns Panatela de Luxe. Men of taste find the ultra-mild richness of its 100% choice Havana filler precisely to their liking. Sophisto-critical ladies comment on its suave, jaunty gracefulness. Try one... be in tune with sophistocrats.

Robt. Burns

Panatela de Luxe

"THE SOPHISTOCRAT OF CIGARS" 10¢

THE CURRENT CINEMA

For Mild Tastes

NOBODY wants Luise Rainer to try to be rowdy, I am sure, yet just a touch of lightness now and then, even in her tragic rôles, might make us love her a tiny bit more. She seems young and fragile, after all, to be the incarnation of the tragic muse. I must say the part she plays in "Dramatic School," that of an ambitious student who must support herself by night work in a factory, a program complicated by unhappy love, doesn't allow her much chance for girlish fun and high spirits. However, she has some lively moments before she knows her lover is going to leave her for a night-club dancer of the Mexican style, and certainly a tremendous triumph at the end when her Joan of Arc is the sensation of Paris. There are enough obvious clumsy details in the general management of the film, slighted scenes of jealousies and school intrigue, and careless direction, to make Madame Rainer herself seem a rather hapless victim of the whole production. Perhaps she was meant to be a martyr always, and it was logical to cast her as the Maid of Orleans, with the stake just behind the backdrop.

AS it's humorous about prison life, "Up the River" must be considered a little unusual. Against a setting of cell blocks and prison yards, a Sing Sing background, farce seems extraordinary, and you may find yourself surprised. A couple of cardsharps (Preston Foster and Tony Martin) are rebooked in dear old Rockwell, the Sing Sing of the film, where they have been incarcerated off and on in the past, and where they are welcomed at once by old acquaintances, the more so as they are invaluable on the football team and an assistance, too, in the prison dramatics. A dip into plot takes the story away from the gaieties of penitentiary society, and even requires a jailbreak of the two cardsharps, who just slip out nicely in women's clothes during the prison "Follies."

"Just Around the Corner" isn't an unconventional film, but it belongs among the pleasanter of the Shirley

MOTION PICTURES

LOEW'S LEADS IN NEW YORK
LEXINGTON LEX & 51 St.
ZIEGFELD 54th & 6th
PARADISE IN THE BRONX
72nd ST. 83rd ST.
CALL BRYANT 9-7800 FOR TIMES OF SHOWS
in Technicolor
"MEN WITH WINGS"
FRED MACMURRAY
RAY MILLAND
—plus—
JUDY GARLAND
FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW
"LISTEN DARLING"
83rd & Par. Dec. 8-14
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RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
LUISE RAINER • PAULETTE GODDARD
in
DRAMATIC SCHOOL
an M.G.M. picture
GALA STAGE REVUE • SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
1st Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

Capitol
BROADWAY & 51st STREET
"OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS"
Lewis STONE • Mickey ROONEY
Cecilia PARKER • Fay HOLDEN
a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

LESLIE HOWARD
In Bernard Shaw's
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Produced by GABRIEL PASCAL • A M. G. M. Picture
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25 West 43rd Street New York City

Miss Temple is a heroine who softens the heart of a wicked, rich, and ancient killjoy. Bert Lahr and Bill Robinson assist Miss Temple in some of her musical numbers, and Charles Farrell is presented as a father fortunate enough to have so gifted a daughter. He is also presented as the house engineer of an establishment something like our Hampshire House, a place run by a Franklin Pangborn type—a rôle played, in fact, by Mr. Pangborn with authentic Hampshire House aplomb, even though at one time he is dropped down the laundry chute.

Aside from a hopelessly negligible snack called "Thanks for the Memory," about the early married life of a novelist and a model, the other films happen to be French. Annabella undertakes the responsibility of opening Park Avenue's first movie house. The Normandie Theatre is right up there by Goldfarb's and is a modish, trim place with lots of leg space in the orchestra and fine chairs adapted to a limousine spread. Miss Annabella's "Sacrifice d'Honneur," chosen for the great occasion, has a suitably old-fashioned plot, with nothing novel or vulgar or odd in it. Though a sea battle requires a little shooting and noise during one fraction of the story, and there is a court-martial which reveals a badly dressed mob of sightseers, most of the movie is devoted to polite talk of officers and their ladies, all of whom are beautifully mannered and aware of genteel behavior. It's very correct drama, and some will think it dull. Such as these had best take the crosstown bus to Broadway.

Lovers of Danielle Darrieux will have to be loyal to their passion not to find "Abus de Confiance" dull. It's slow. As a sort of pretty Portia, Danielle grows ever more long-faced while she interprets a poor girl whom men will paw and paw. She can't make an honest living for the life of her in any courtroom. Tears of joy finally conclude the prolonged sob.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

HEADQUARTERS

At his desk the planner works,
From his desk he never shirks;
If he kills us, it will be
As per plan, his soldiers we.

Therefore let us with good grace
Die, who know a soldier's place.
He will help us play the man
With one plan or another plan.

THEATRE
1938

How about a "Pair" of Theatre Tickets
FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT or
For your bread-and-butter gift to your weekend hostess.
You can buy them at the box office or at ticket brokers. But the Ticket Broker must display our certificate of accreditability. Ask to see it.
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EDDIE DOWLING presents
By PHILIP BARRY
BOOTH THEATRE, W. 45th St., Evgs. 8:40
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40 Ci. 6-5969

A Group Theatre Production
ROCKET TO THE MOON
By CLIFFORD ODETS
"In many respects the most absorbing drama of the season." —Lockridge, Sun
BELASCO THEATRE—44 St. E. of B'way. Mats. Thurs. Sat.

6 Holiday Matinees: Dec. 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 & 31
"Virtually rolls 'em in the aisles. The bigger they are the harder they laugh."—NEWS
OLSEN and JOHNSON'S Musical Hit
HELLZAPOPPIN
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Matinees WED. and SAT., $1.10 to $2.20.

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• New Musical Comedy
The BOYS FROM SYRACUSE
ALVIN THEATRE
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"I believe it will be regarded as the greatest musical comedy of its time." Whipple, World-Tel.

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Brock Pemberton presents
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A new comedy by Clare Boothe
Directed by Antoinette Perry
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Dwight Deere Wiman Production
DENNIS KING VERA ZORINA VIVIENNE SEGAL WALTER SLEZAK
in the RODGERS & HART MUSICAL COMEDY
I MARRIED AN ANGEL
with AUDREY CHRISTIE • CHARLES WALTERS
SHUBERT THEA., W. 44 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

GLADYS and PHILIP MERIVALE present
Spring Meeting
Comedy by M. J. Farrell & John Perry
with GLADYS COOPER
A. E. MATTHEWS JEAN CADELL
Play Directed by JOHN GIELGUD

THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY presents
"AMERICAN LANDSCAPE"
By ELMER RICE
CORT Theatre, W. 48 St. BRy. 9-0046
Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

WALTER HUSTON in
The New Musical Hit
"KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY"
By MAXWELL ANDERSON & KURT WEILL
Ethel Barrymore, W. 47 St. Ci 6-0390
Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

RAYMOND MASSEY in
ROBERT E. SHERWOOD'S New Play
"ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS"
Plymouth Theatre, W. 45 St. Cir. 6-9156
Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

ALVIN THEA., W. 52 St.—COl. 5-4114
Final Performance
THIS SUN. EVE. 8:40
NORMAN PINCUS presents
THE THEATRE OF
Angna Enters
'First mime of our day'—New Yorker
NEW NUMBERS SEATS NOW

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A New Revue
Music & Lyrics by HAROLD ROME
Conceived & Directed by CHARLES FRIEDMAN
MUSIC BOX TH., 45th St. W. B'way. Evs. 8:40
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

MAURICE EVANS' HAMLET
(IN ITS ENTIRETY)
Extended 4 WEEKS!
Final Perf. JAN. 21
•
ST. JAMES Theatre, W. 44th Street
Evgs. 6:30. Mat. Saturdays 1 P.M. to 5:15
No Performances Week of Dec. 19

VINTON FREEDLEY presents
WILLIAM GAXTON And VICTOR MOORE
In the Cyclonic Musical Comedy Hit
LEAVE IT TO ME!
with SOPHIE TUCKER and TAMARA
Play by BELLA and SAMUEL SPEWACK

BOOKS

For Christmas

We hope this list will be helpful; it's not in the least exhaustive. Only a few novels are listed; fiction prescriptions are apt to be too hit-or-miss. Consult your bookseller on the limited editions here noted: they may be sold out by the time this reaches you. Also consult him on publications of restricted interest—sporting items, gardening books, that sort of thing. When over $5, the price is quoted. Here, then, are:

AMERICA AND AMERICANA

Adventures of America 1857-1900: A Pictorial Record from Harper's Weekly, by John A. Kouwenhoven. This is something: 256 pictures and 30,000 words of sound explanatory text. The pictures, drawn from those old *Harper's Weekly* bound volumes, form a first-rate album of nineteenth-century American life. They are by turns amusing, sentimental, horrifying, and pretty instructive, too. Painless history for practically everybody.

They Found a Way, by Iveagh Hunt Sterry and William H. Garrigus. Quaint stories about the Nutmeg State's "restless people."

County Fair, by Phil Stong, photographs by Josephine von Miklos and others. The photographs and text get it all in, from prize horses to lost children.

This Was California, assembled and edited by A. Sheldon Pennoyer. Over 300 woodcuts and engravings, carrying the story from pioneer days to the nineties. 1,250 copies; $10.

Trending Into Maine, by Kenneth Roberts. Expert local-color stuff. There is a trade edition and also a limited edition of 1,075 copies (1,000 for sale); $12.50.

A Southerner Discovers the South, by Jonathan Daniels. Fair-minded, well-written, first-hand account.

The American Guide Series, compiled by the Federal Writers Project. These make excellent, sensible gifts, particularly for motorists. The 1938 additions to the series include "Philadelphia," "New Hampshire," "New Orleans," "Connecticut," "New York Panorama," and "U. S. 1: Maine to Florida."

The Ohio Gateway, by D. E. Crouse. How the Northwest Territory was settled, told in simple text, plus thirty-five illustrated maps drawn by the author and forming the main feature of the book.

Suwannee River, by Cecile Hulse Matschat; Powder River, by Struthers Burt. Two additions to the excellent Rivers of America Series.

American Village, by Edwin Valentine Mitchell. Standard reminiscence, illustrated with material from the Dearborn Museum in Greenfield Vil-

pleasant book for antiquarians. Illustrated.

American Needlework, by Georgiana Brown Harbeson. "The history of decorative stitchery and embroidery from the late sixteenth to the twentieth century." Six full-color illustrations, 128 halftones; $15.

Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads, collected by John A. and Alan Lomax; revised and enlarged edition. Words and some music of pioneer ballads and songs of the range. American folk song at its best.

Minstrels of the Mine Patch: Songs and Stories of the Anthracite Industry, by George Korson. Ballads, with some tunes and interesting commentary.

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Benjamin Franklin, by Carl Van Doren. The most distinguished biography of the year.

The Hidden Lincoln: From the Letters and Papers of William E. Herndon, edited by Emanuel Hertz. An important contribution to Lincoln lore and a good book in itself. There's also a de-luxe edition at $15.

The Big Four, by Oscar Lewis. Huntington, Stanford, Crocker, Hopkins, and the story of Western railroading chicanery.

Life of Christ, by Hall Caine. Reverent, "modern," and very long.

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Elihu Root, by Philip C. Jessup. Full-dress two-volume biography; $7.50.

Andrew Jackson, by Marquis James. The first-rate Pulitzer Prize biography now in a single volume, popularly priced.

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The Horse and Buggy Doctor, by Arthur E. Hertzler. Salty memories of an old Kansas country doctor. Pretty nearly everyone's read it, though.

The Summing-Up, by W. Somerset Maugham. Absorbing, urbane mixture of memoirs, literary shoptalk, and personal prejudices.

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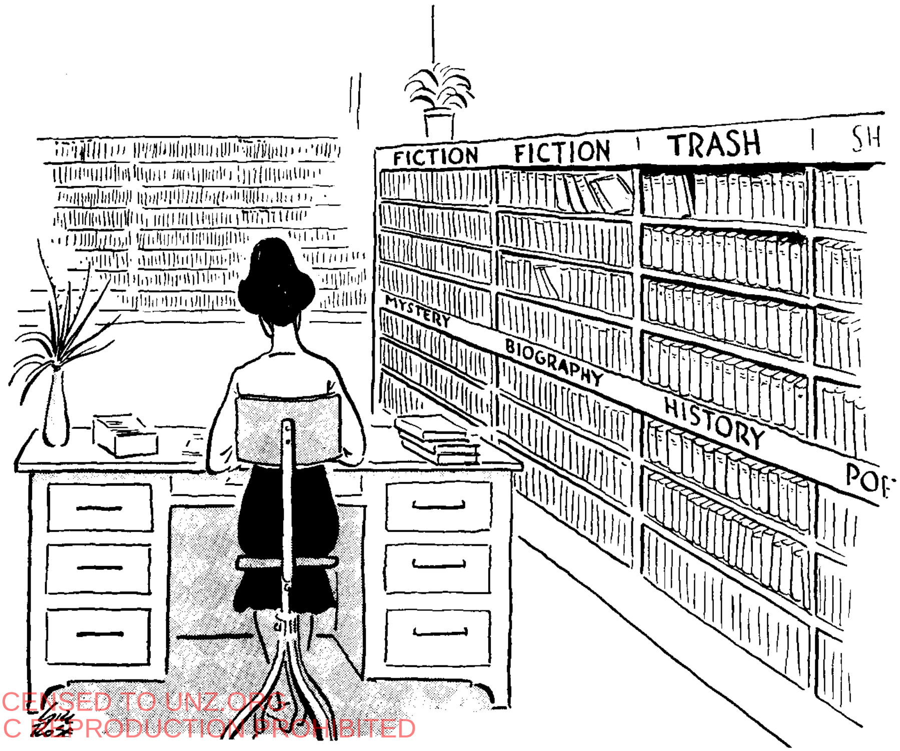
The Growth of the American Repub-



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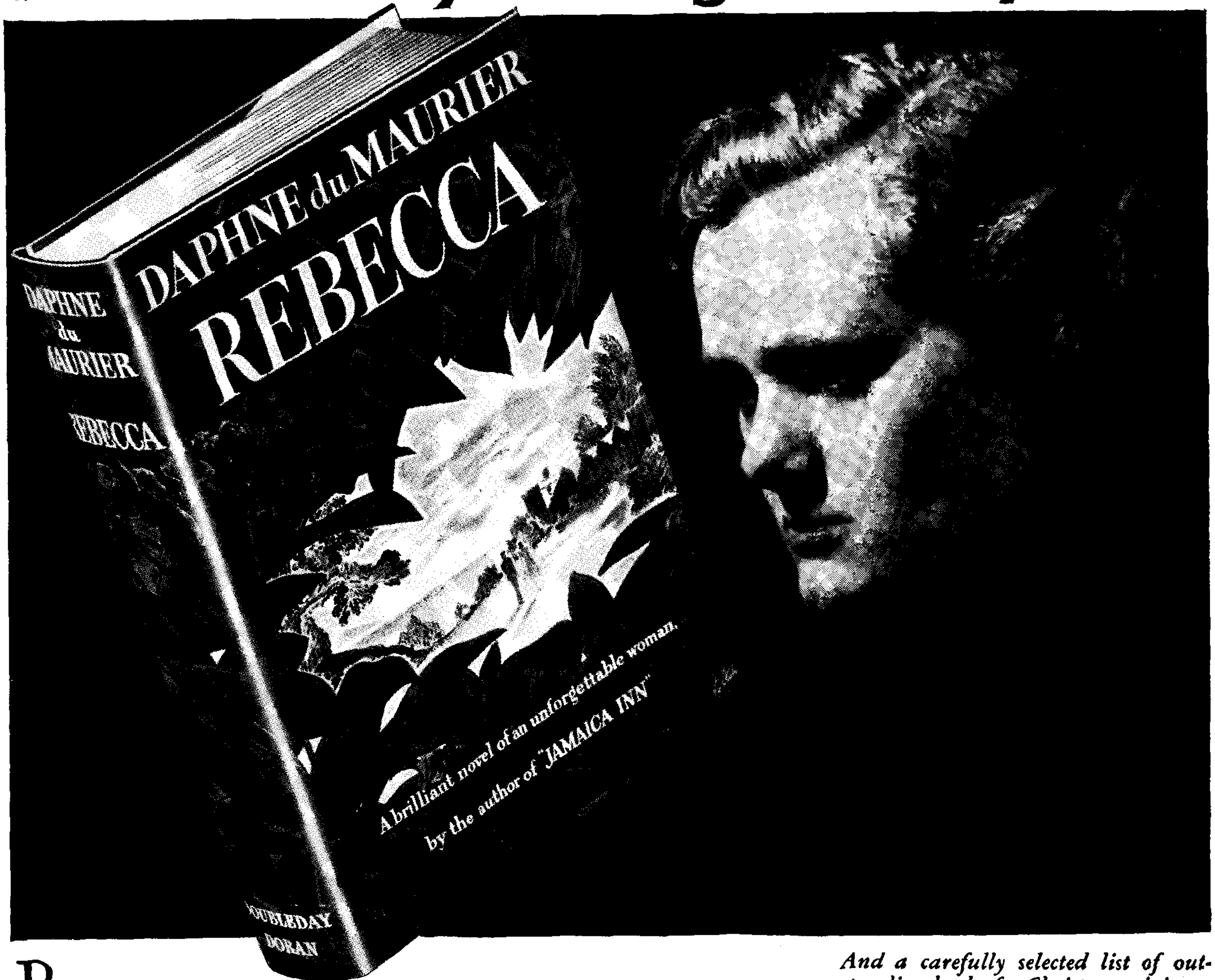
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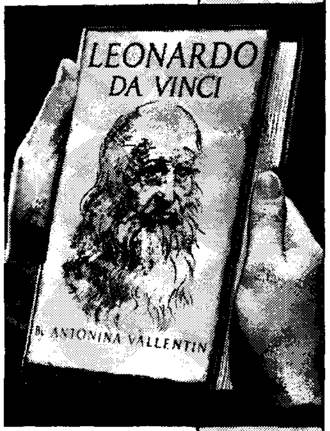

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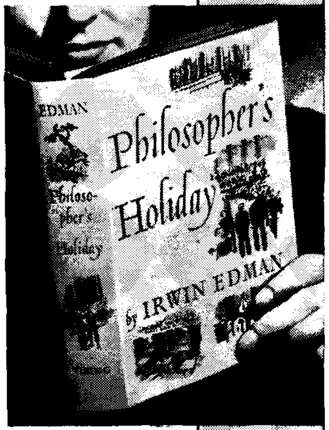

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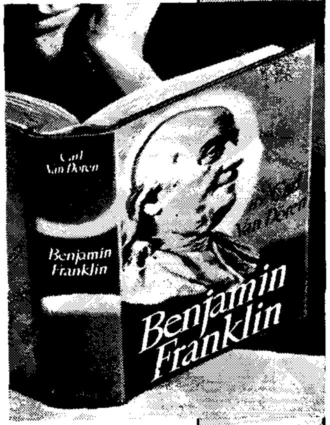

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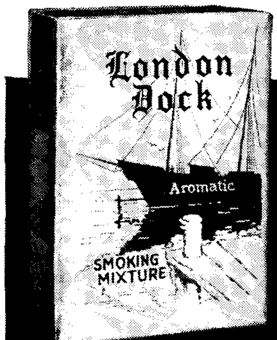

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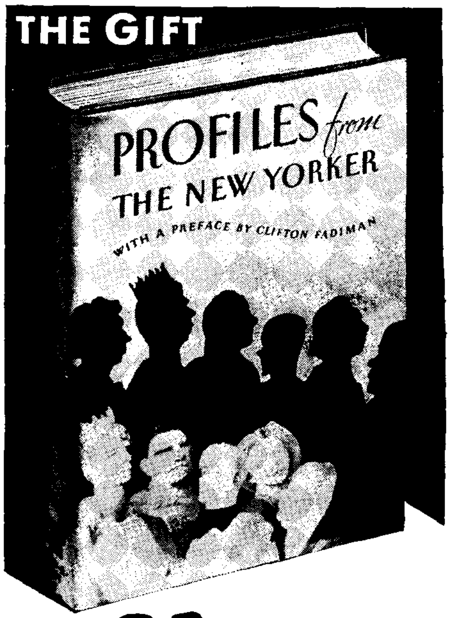
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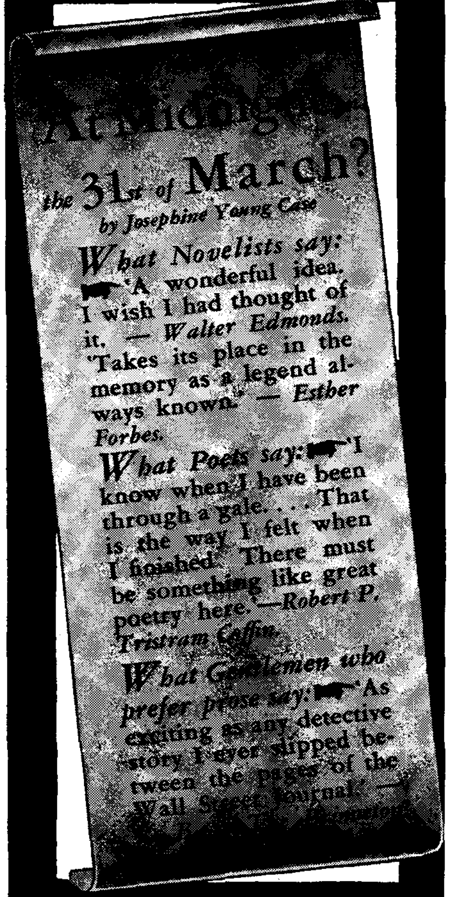
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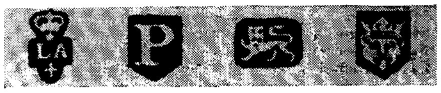

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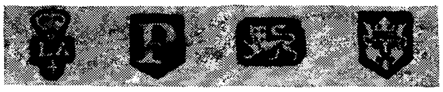

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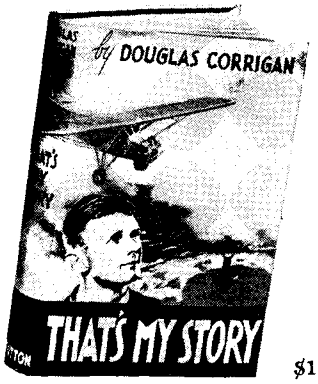
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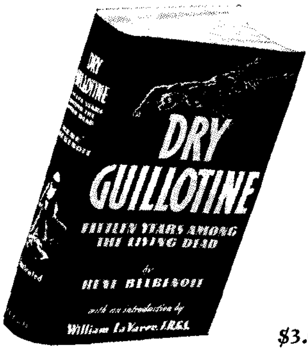
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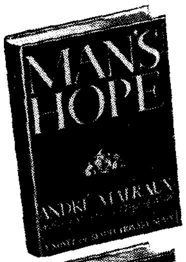

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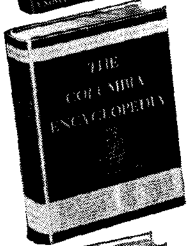

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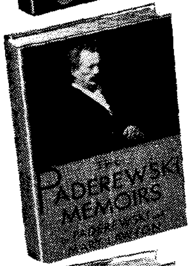

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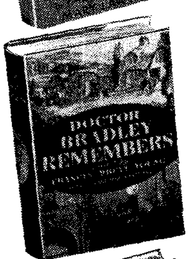

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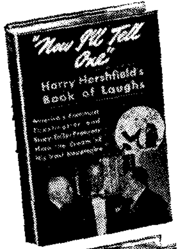

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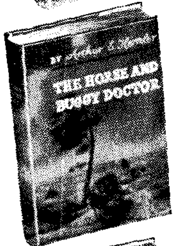

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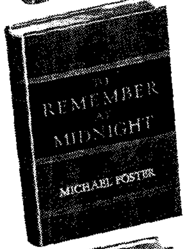

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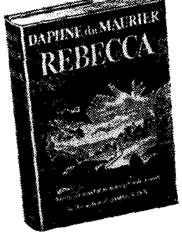

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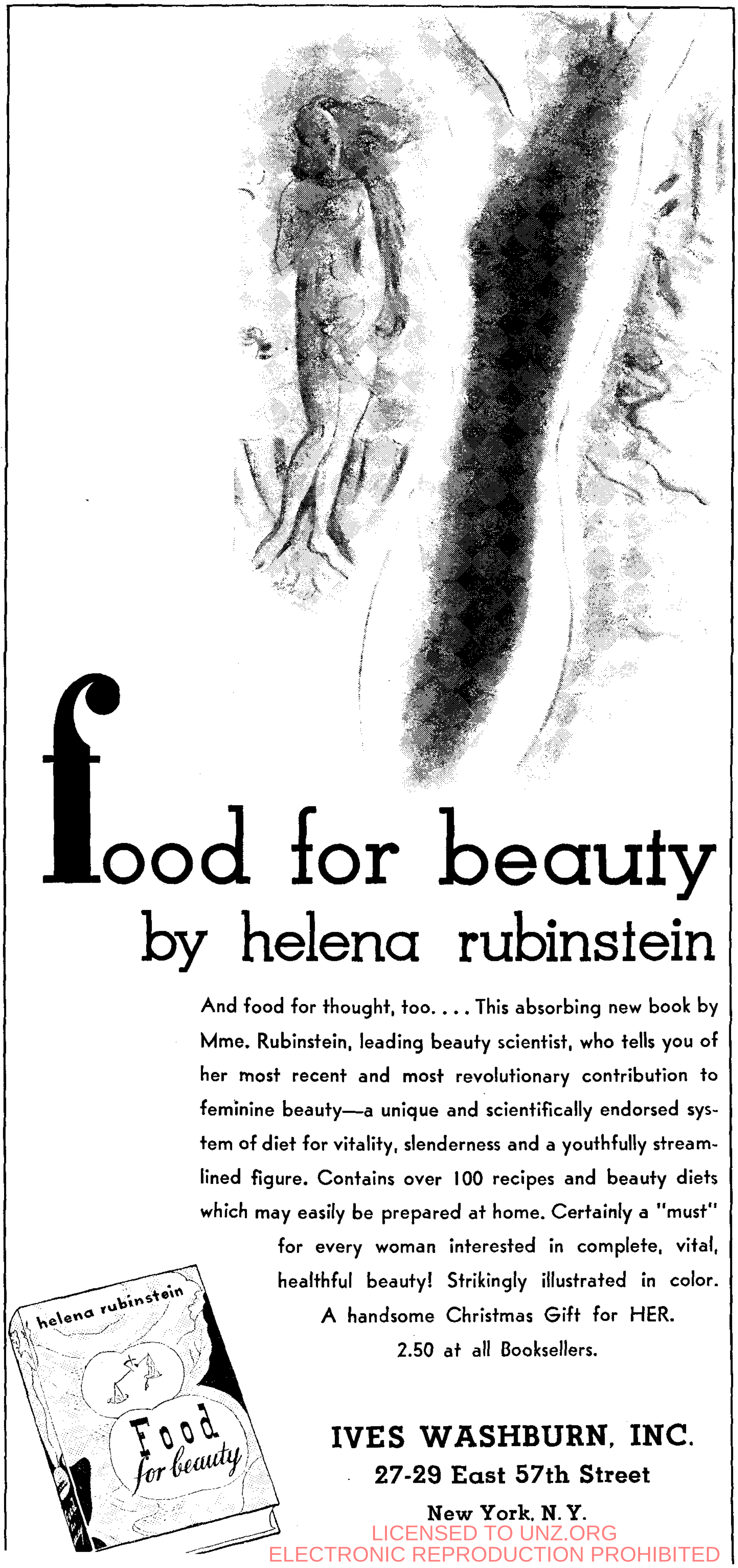

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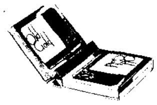

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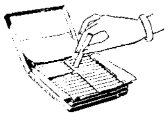

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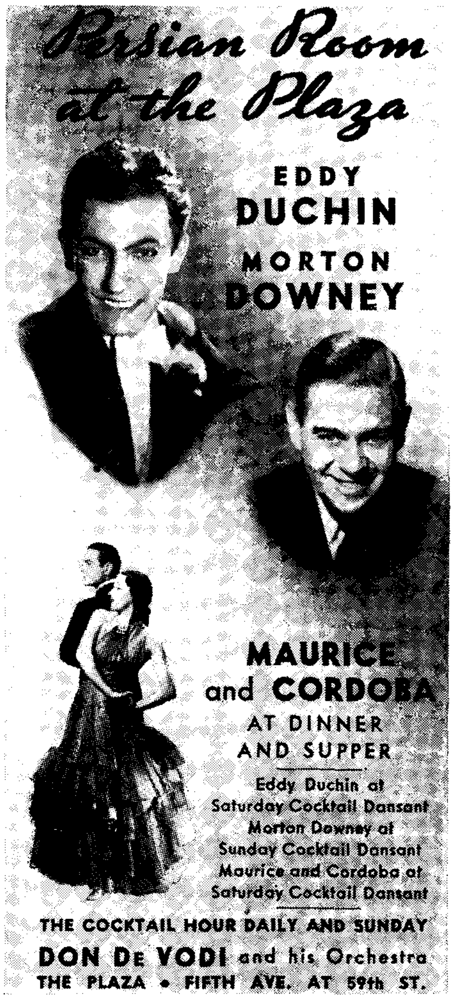
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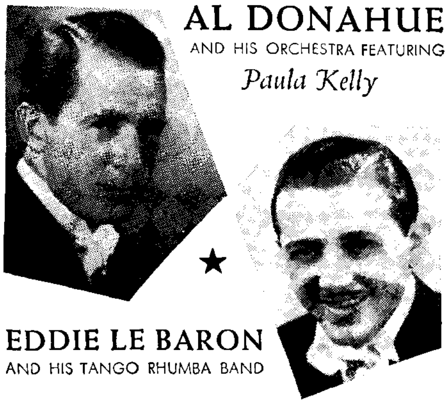
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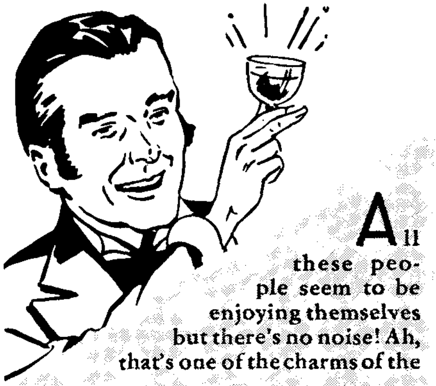

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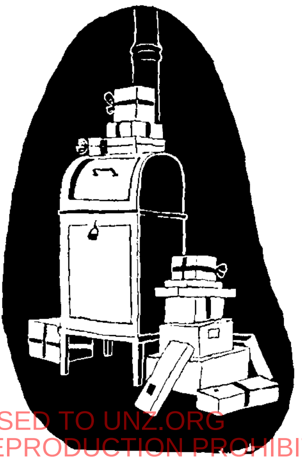

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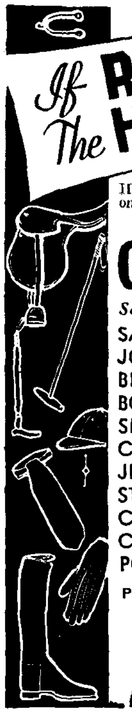

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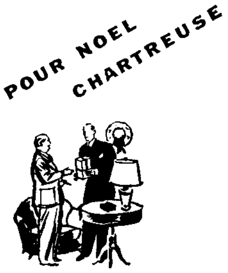

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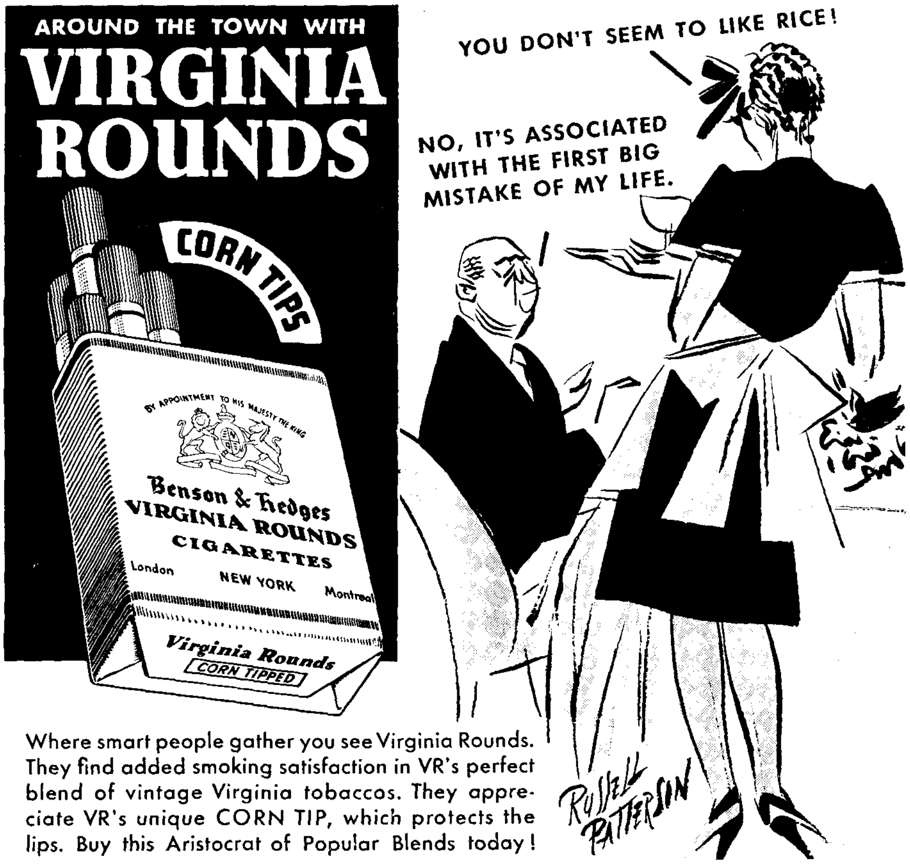
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•

John Whitney of York was crowned "Miss Livingston" at the annual sheep breeders' banquet at Batavia recently.—*Mount Morris (N.Y.) Picket Line Post.*

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•

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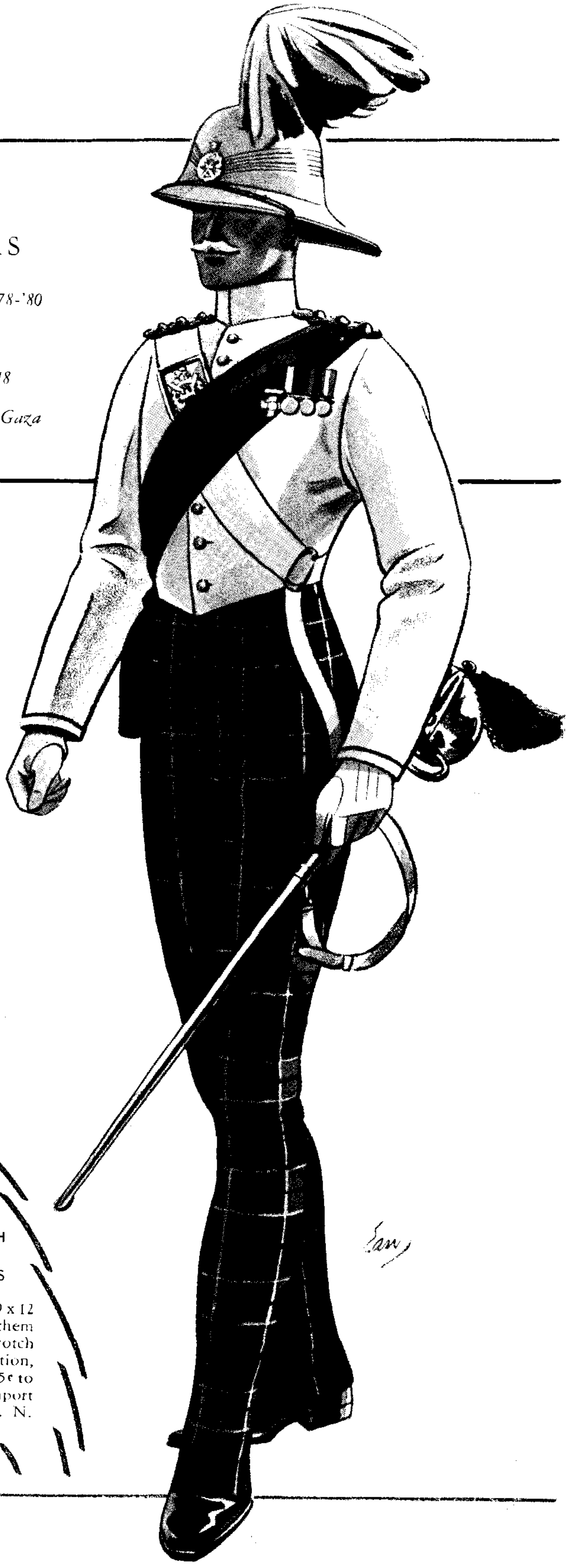

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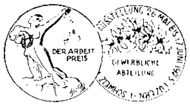
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